

T H E
P S A L M S,

TRANSLATED OR PARAPHRASED
In ENGLISH VERSE,

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R E A D I N G,
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P R E F A C E.

THE following attempt on the Psalms, though a mixture of Translation and Paraphrase, will, I hope, be found to contain little more of the latter kind than what may be useful either in opening the sense, or in pointing out the connexion, of the Original. The defects of it, great as they must be, would probably have been much greater, had it not been favoured with a revisal by a gentleman, whose various and well-known abilities, together with his singular acquaintance with the Hebrew Poetry, rendered him peculiarly qualified for the office. The Reverend Doctor LOWTH, Prebendary of Durham, having read a part of the work, was pleased to express a desire of seeing

the whole: The Author of it was too sensible of the advantage which was likely to result from his inspection of it, to decline such an offer; and takes this opportunity of publicly acknowledging the very great service which he has received from this gentleman's assistance; who, after having in a most friendly and candid manner proposed his objections where he judged them necessary, was pleased to encourage and advise the publication of the work. My thanks are also particularly due to my very worthy and learned neighbour JOHN LOVEDAY, Esq; to whose perusal the several parts of the work were submitted, almost as soon as composed, and whose accurate criticisms have rendered it less unworthy of the public light; to which, without consulting such judicious friends as himself and the gentleman above-mentioned, it had been presumption to expose it: As the latter of these gentlemen (whose son Mr. JOHN
LOVEDAY,

P R E F A C E.

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LOVEDAY, of Magdalen College, Oxford, a young gentleman of distinguished abilities and learning, has seconded him in every office of friendship and humanity towards me) has most readily assisted me in considering the sense of the Original whenever I have applied to him, so the former has favoured me with a great number of observations on the Hebrew Text; which I may hereafter (if God give me health) commit to the press, together with many others communicated to me by persons of very great learning and eminence, and with such remarks as have occurred to myself in comparing my Version or Paraphrase with the Original. Though the annotations which I have received from Dr. LOWTH were written in a very expeditious manner, without consulting many commentators, yet the singular attention which that learned gentleman appears (in his admirable lectures on the Hebrew Poetry) to have paid to the Psalms, as well

as to the other poetical parts of Holy Scripture, had so prepared him for the work which he has thus obligingly taken upon him, that they will, I am persuaded, be found worthy of their author. As those annotations which have been put into my hands are (many of them at least) such as will not be understood by any persons who have not applied themselves to the study of the learned languages, I have rather chosen to reserve them for a separate volume than to subjoin them to the Version or Paraphrase which is here presented to the reader. The inconveniences arising from my situation, remote from any of the most public libraries, have been in a great measure remedied by my access to the large and well-chosen libraries of a gentleman before mentioned, and of my late pious, learned, and ingenious friend, the Reverend Doctor BOLTON Dean of Carlisle, as also by the favour of the most Reverend the Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY ;

P R E F A C E.

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TERBURY ; who has (in addition to the many other instances, which I have experienced, of his Grace's goodness and condescension) been pleased to honour me, on this occasion, with the voluntary offer, and the use, of some of the most considerable expositions of the Psalms ; such as those of Geierus, Michaelis, and Houbigant ; together with Celsius's Hierobotanicon, Hillerus's Hierophyticon, and several new Versions of the Psalter in different languages. As the communication of these valuable helps demands my humblest gratitude, so it likewise encourages me to hope (though my own incapacity and a long course of ill health will scarce allow me to think of attempting a regular Comment on the Psalms) that it may be in my power, in some instances, to confirm by sufficient authorities such interpretations of several difficult texts as I have followed, and, in others, to discover the errors which I have committed.

It

It may be proper to advertise the reader, that The Version or Paraphrase of the Psalms now put into his hands has not been calculated for the uses of public Worship. The translator knew not how, without neglecting the Poetry, to write in such language as the common sort of people would be likely to understand: For the same reason he could not confine himself in general to stanzas, nor, consequently, adopt the measures to which the tunes used in our Churches correspond. However, as his measures are all of the Lyric kind, his work may, he hopes, answer the purposes of private devotion. Two of the Psalms, the hundred and eleventh and the hundred and twelfth, have indeed been purposely translated or paraphrased in the measure which answers to the tune of the hundredth Psalm, as it is sung in the Church, on account of its known excellence.

The

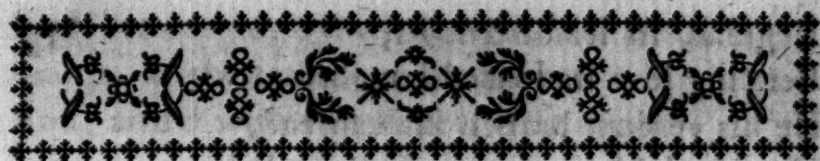
The judicious reader will not, it is hoped, be offended, if he finds the same phrases, and even the same lines, sometimes occur in different Psalms, when he considers what liberty of repetition the Hebrew Poetry admits in one and the same Poem, and, consequently, how often the same expressions are likely to be found in a collection of many Hebrew Poems composed on similar subjects. The candid Critic may the better judge what degree of indulgence the translator of such a work may stand in need of, if he knows to how great difficulties no less able a writer than CORNEILLE was reduced on a like occasion: whose words, in the Preface to his poetical Version and Paraphrase of Thomas a Kempis, are as follows.—

Sur tout les redites y sont si fréquentes, que quand nostre Langue seroit dix fois plus abondante qu' elle n' est, je l' aurois épuisée fort aisément, et j' avoüe que je n' ay pu trouver le secret de diversifier mes expressions,
toutes

toutes les fois que j'ay eu la mesme chose à exprimer.

Whatever imperfections may be discovered in the following performance, when examined with a critical view, I shall by no means think my labour either useless or unrecompenced, if any pious persons shall find their devotion assisted and improved by it, or their love more strongly excited towards the great Author of our Salvation, so evidently pointed out in the course of these divine Compositions.

June 5, 1765.



A
VERSION or PARAPHRASE
OF THE
P S A L M S.

P S A L M I.

O How blest the Man, whose ear
Impious counsel shuns to hear,
Who nor loves to tread the way
Where the Sons of Folly stray,
Nor their frantic mirth to share, 5
Seated in Derision's chair,
But, possess'd with sacred awe,
Meditates, great God, thy Law,
This by day his fix'd employ,
This by night his constant joy. 10
Like the Tree that, taught to grow
Where the streams irriguous flow,
Oft as the revolving Sun
Through the destin'd Months has run,
Regular,

Regular, its season knows, 15
 Bending low its loaded boughs,
 He his verdant branch shall spread,
 Nor his sick'ning leaves shall shed;
 He, whate'er his thoughts devise,
 Joyful to the work applies, 20
 Sure to find the wish'd success
 Crown his hope, his labour blest.
 See, ah! see a diff'rent fate
 God's obdurate foes await;
 See them, to his wrath consign'd, 25
 Fly like chaff before the wind.
 When thy Judge, O Earth, shall come,
 And to Each assign their doom,
 Say, shall then the impious Band
 With the Just assembled stand? 30
 These th' Almighty, These alone,
 Objects of his Love shall own,
 While his vengeance who defy
 Whelm'd in endless ruin lie.

P S A L M II.

WHY thus enrag'd, ye Tribes profane?
 Why strive the Nations thus in vain?
 Earth's scepter'd Lords rebellious rise
 Against the Ruler of the Skies,
 And Him, on whose distinguish'd head 5
 His hand the sacred oil has shed.
 "Quick let us each renounce their Sway,
 "And cast their hated bands away,"

God

P S A L M II.

3

God from on high their threats shall hear,
Laugh, as the tumult meets his ear, 10
And, arm'd with vengeance, thus aloud
Superior quell the frantic Croud:

“ Yet, Mortals, yet your Monarch see,
“ And bow to Him the humble knee;
“ His throne on *Sion's* hill my hand 15
“ Has built, and what I build shall stand.”

Thy Will, great Father, I obey;
Pleas'd I accept the offer'd Sway,
And through the Earth's extended frame
The Counsels of thy Love proclaim. 20

“ Thou art my Son, on this blest Day
“ Begotten; (thus I hear thee say;)
“ Prefer thy wish, and to thy hand
“ Lo! I consign each heathen Land,
“ And bid thee rule the Nations round, 25
“ Far as to Earth's remotest bound.

“ Though join'd in firmest league, thy foes
“ With vain attempt thy pow'r oppose:
“ Thy arm the iron rod extends;
“ Behold them, as the stroke descends, 30
“ Crush'd like the potter's brittle store,
“ And scatter'd, to unite no more.”

Ye Kings, from Error's sleep arise,
Ye Judges of the Earth, be wise.
While Ye in-duteous zeal conspire, 35
And serve with joy th' eternal Sire,
O, lest Ye perish from the way
That leads to realms of endless day,

B

With

With awful love, with holy fear,
 His Son, the World's great Hope, revere: 40
 If yet but kindling in his hand
 The vengeful bolt uplifted stand,
 Thrice happy, who on Him depend,
 And thankful own th' almighty Friend.

P S A L M III.

BEHOLD, my God, what num'rous foes
 With dire intent my steps inclose,
 While, flush'd with hope, the impious Band
 In haughty triumph round me stand:
 "Lo! there, they cry, our obvious prey," 5
 "The wretch, whom God has cast away."
 But see Omnipotence my shield!
 My head aloft by Thee upheld,
 Thy fav'ring beams around me shine;
 Thou, Lord, from *Sion's* hallow'd shrine 10
 With kind regard shalt hear my cry,
 And instant grant the wish'd reply.
 Oppress'd with toil, I sought repose,
 I laid me down, I slept, I rose;
 For Thou, my God, wert waking still, 15
 To guard my slumbring head from ill.
 Though Myriads, leagu'd, against me rise,
 My heart secure their rage defies.
 Thy aid, blest Lord, indulgent yield:
 Oft, as I trod the doubtful field, 20
 Each hostile cheek has felt thy stroke;
 Thy rod their teeth vindictive broke;

O yield

P S A L M III.

5

O yield (nor shall I ask in vain,) That oft experienc'd aid again.
'Tis thine, great God, 'tis thine to save 25
Thy Servants from th' expecting grave,
'Tis thine to bless them from above,
And crown them with eternal Love.

P S A L M IV.

DEFENDER of my rightful cause,
While anguish from my bosom draws
The deep-felt sigh, the ceaseless pray'r,
O make thy servant still thy care.
That aid, which oft my griefs has heal'd, 5
That aid again, intreated, yield.
How long, ye sons of pride, how long
Shall falshood arm your impious tongue,
And erring rage your breast inflame,
My pow'r to thwart, my acts defame? 10
To God my heart shall vent its woe,
Who, prompt his blessings to bestow
On each whose breast has learn'd his fear,
Bows to my plaint the willing ear.
Him wouldst thou please? With rev'rent awe 15
Observe the dictates of his Law:
In secret on thy couch reclin'd
Search to its depth thy restless mind,
Till hush'd to peace the tumult lie,
And wrath and strife within thee die. 20
With purest gifts approach his shrine,
And safe to Him thy care resign.

B 2

I hear

I hear a hopeless train demand,
 "Where's now the wish'd Deliv'rer's hand?"
 Do Thou, my God, do Thou reply, 25
 And let thy presence from on high
 In full effusion o'er our head
 Its all-enliv'ning influence shed.
 What joy my conscious heart o'erflows!
 Not such th' exulting lab'rer knows, 30
 When to his long expecting eyes
 The vintage and the harvests rise,
 And, shadowing wide the cultur'd-foil,
 With full requital crown his toil.
 My weary eyes in sleep I close, 35
 My limbs, secure, to rest compose;
 For Thou, great God, shalt screen my head,
 And plant a guard around my bed.

P S A L M V.

THE words that from my lips proceed,
 My thoughts (for Thou those thoughts canst
 read,)

My God, my King, attentive weigh,
 And hear, O hear me, when I pray.
 With earliest zeal, with wakeful care, 5
 To Thee my soul shall pour its pray'r,
 And, e'er the dawn has streak'd the sky,
 To Thee direct its longing eye:
 To Thee, whom nought obscur'd by stain
 Can please; whose doors to feet profane 10
Inexorable

PSALM V.

Inexorable stand; whose Law
 Offenders from thy fight shall awe.
 Let each whose tongue to lies is turn'd,
 Who lessons of deceit has learn'd,
 Or thirsts a brother's blood to shed, 15
 Thy hate and heaviest vengeance dread.
 But I, whose hope thy Love supports,
 (How great that Love!) will tread thy Courts,
 My knees in lowliest rev'rence bend,
 And tow'rd thy shrine my hands extend. 20
 Do Thou, just God, my path prepare,
 And guard me from each hostile snare;
 O lend me thy conducting ray,
 And level to my steps thy way.
 Behold me by a troop inclos'd, 25
 Of falshood and of guilt compos'd:
 Their throat a sepulchre displays,
 Deep, wide, insatiate; in their praise
 Lurks flatt'ry, and with specious art
 Belies the purpose of their heart. 30
 O let the mischiefs they intend
 Retorted on themselves descend,
 And let thy wrath correct their sin,
 Whose hearts thy mercy fails to win.
 May All whose trust on Thee is plac'd 35
 Peace and delight perpetual taste,
 Sav'd by thy care, in songs of joy
 Their ever grateful voice employ,
 And share the gifts on those bestow'd,
 Who love the name of Jacob's God. 40

To each, who bears a guiltless heart,
 Thy grace its blessing shall impart;
 Strong as the brazen shield, thy aid
 Around him casts its cov'ring shade.

P S A L M VI.

O Spare me, Lord, nor o'er my head
 The fulness of thy vengeance shed.

With pitying eye my weakness view,
 Heal my vex'd Soul, my strength renew,
 And O, if yet my sins demand
 The wise corrections of thy hand,
 Yet give my pains their bounds to know,
 And fix a period to my woe.

Return, great God, return, and save
 Thy servant from the greedy grave. 10

Shall Death's long-silent tongue, O say,
 The records of thy pow'r display,
 Or pale Corruption's startled ear
 Thy praise within its prison hear?

By languor, grief, and care, oppress'd, 15
 With groans perpetual heaves my breast,
 And tears, in large profusion shed,
 Incessant lave my sleepless bed.

My life, though yet in mid career,
 Beholds the winter of its year 20
 (While clouds of grief around me roll,
 And hostile storms invade my soul,)

Relentless from my cheek each trace
 Of youth and blooming health erase,

And

P S A L M VI.

9

And spread before my wasting sight 25
The shades of all-obscuring night.

Hence, ye profane: My Saviour hears;
While yet I speak, he wipes my tears,
Accepts my pray'r, and bids each foe
With shame their vain attempts forgo, 30
And, struck with horror from on high,
In wild disorder backward fly.

P S A L M VII.

O Save me, Lord, and to my foes
Do Thou (in Thee I trust) oppose
Thy pow'r, and let the arm divine,
Stretch'd in my cause, bespeak me thine:
Left, while I mourn thy absent aid, 5
The Lion fierce my soul invade,
Pleas'd, with my blood his thirst allay,
And rend the unresisting prey.
My God, if truth their censure guide,
If guilt be in my facts descried, 10
If e'er from my dissembling heart
My Friend has found the hostile part,
If, urg'd by wrongs, I taught my Foe
The terrors of my hand to know,
That Foe's worst vengeance let me meet, 15
Till trampled underneath his feet
Low in the dust my life be laid,
And Earth's dark womb my glory shade.

Rise, mightiest Lord, triumphant rise
O'er each whose hand thy pow'r defies; 20
Nor

Nor let thy foes thy wrath decline,
But hear (for judgement, Lord, is thine,)
Thy servant's pray'r: In awful state,
While circling crouds the doom await,
Ascend thy throne, great God, again, 25
And vindicate thy ways to Men.

O Thou, on whom our fates depend,
My cause, my guiltless cause, defend;
Sin's baneful growth do Thou controul,
And guard from ill the upright soul; 30
For Thou, just Lord, with searching eye
The heart and inmost reins canst try.

To God, my Soul, for help repair,
Who makes the faithful heart his care,
Th' impartial Judge, whose eyes each day 35
Cast o'er the Earth their strict survey,
Indignant, and, where'er they turn,
New scenes of daring guilt discern.

If Man his Law refuse to know,
He whets his sword, he bends his bow, 40
His hands, in fiercest wrath applied,
The instruments of death provide,
And tip with fire the winged dart
Ordain'd to pierce th' Oppressor's heart.

With mischief teem their breasts, but woe 45
And frustrate hope attend the throe:
They dig, and with exactest care
A pit, but for themselves, prepare;
They toil, and each, condemn'd to gain
The luckless harvest of his pain, 50

P S A L M VII.

11

Ills for a brother's head design'd
Retorted on his own shall find.
Thy justice, Lord, shall on my breast
In sure remembrance stand impress'd,
With grateful joy my heart inspire, 55
And wake to ceaseless praise my lyre.

P S A L M VIII.

IMMORTAL King! Through Earth's wide frame
How great thy honour, praise, and name!
Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,
Whose glory heav'n's vast height transcends.
From infants Thou canst strength upraise, 5
And form their lisping tongues to praise:
By these the vengeance-breathing Foe
Thy mightier terrors taught to know
In mute astonishment shall stand,
And bow beneath thy conqu'ring hand. 10
When, rapt in thought, with wakeful eye
I view the wonders of the sky,
Whose frame thy fingers o'er our head
In rich magnificence have spread,
The silent Moon, with waxing horn 15
Along th' ethereal region borne,
The Stars with vivid lustre crown'd,
That nightly walk their destin'd round,
Lord! What is Man, that in thy care
His humble lot should find a share, 20
Or what the Son of Man, that Thou
Thus to his wants thy ear shouldst bow?

His

His rank awhile, by thy decree,
 Th' Angelic Tribes beneath them see,
 Till round him thy imparted rays 25
 With unextinguish'd glory blaze.
 Subjected to his feet by Thee
 To Him all Nature bows the knee;
 The beasts in Him their Lord behold,
 The grazing herd, the bleating fold, 30
 The savage race, a countless train,
 That range at large th' extended plain,
 The fowls, of various wing, that fly
 O'er the vast desert of the sky,
 And all the watry tribes, that glide 35
 Through paths to human sight denied.

Immortal King! Through Earth's wide frame
 How great thy honour, praise, and name!

P S A L M IX.

WARM'D to its inmost depth, my breast
 Thanks not by words to be express'd
 Conceives, nor shall my grateful tongue
 E'er leave thy wondrous acts unsung.
 Thee, Lord, I boast my bliss supreme, 5
 Thy praise my song's exhaustless theme:
 O higher than the highest, hail!
 Thou, Thou hast bid my cause prevail,
 And from the terror of thine eye
 My foes with stumbling step shall fly, 10
 Or, struck by thy resistless hand,
 In heaps promiscuous strew the Land.

For

P S A L M IX.

13

For Justice, Lord, supports thy throne,
And Her decrees and Thine are one.

Thy stern rebuke the Heathen feel; 15

Their name Oblivion's shades conceal;

And o'er their guilt-polluted plain

Destruction, Death, and Horror reign;

While, where the rural waste extends,

No more the village smoke ascends, 20

No more their cities brave the sky,

But (ras'd by Thee,) forgotten lie,

Scarce ev'n in shapeless ruins view'd,

That mark where once the Wonder stood.

But Thou, when Time shall reach its end, 25

Unchang'd the scepter shalt extend,

Then fill, as now, thy awful seat,

While at thy word assembled meet

Earth's various Tribes, and hear thee thence

The true, th' impartial Doom dispense. 30

Come Ye, who in the dang'rous hour

Wish for your guard the strong-built tow'r;

Each terror to the winds resign'd,

In God a surer refuge find.

The Souls, that erst oppress'd with woe 35

Have learn'd thy name, great God, to know,

Their hope on Thee shall still sustain,

Whom none has sought, and sought in vain.

In *Sion* God has fix'd his rest;

O be his praise aloud confest; 40

His Acts through ev'ry clime resound,

Far as to Earth's extremest bound.

He

He from the proud Oppressor's hands
The poor man's guiltless blood demands,
And (nor with unregarding ear,) 45
His just complaint from heav'n shall hear.

Thy servant's woes attentive view,
While impious men my steps pursue,
O Thou, whose care prolongs my breath,
And lifts me from the gates of death: 50

So shall thy praise employ my tongue,
And *Sion's* portals hear my song,
While with experienc'd heart I show
What joys from thy Salvation flow.

Low in the pit for others made 55
Th' artificers of death are laid,
And, struck with dire amazement, find
Their nets around themselves intwin'd.

His justice thus our God displays,
And mischief with itself repays. 60
Behold the grave its jaws extend,
While to its depths the crouds descend,

Who dare in lawless counsels join,
Forgetful of the will divine.
For think not, O ye Good distrest, 65
That in the all-remembering breast

Your woes and wrongs unnotic'd rise,
That Virtue's hope for ever dies.

Up, Lord, nor let the impious soul
Build sin on sin without controul; 70
Thy balance, mightiest Judge, assume,
Pass on the heathen race their doom,

And

P S A L M IX.

15

And let thy terrors, scatter'd wide,
Correct them, till each son of pride,
By Thee convinc'd, his weakness scan,
And humbled own himself but Man.

75

P S A L M X.

SAY, Lord, why thus thy aiding pow'r
Deserts us in the needful hour,
Why clouds impervious, round thee roll'd,
Thy presence from our sight withhold.

Shall impious men escape thy view,
While thus the guiltless they pursue?

5

O let them, by themselves chastis'd,
The ills sustain for Him devis'd,

Nor longer boast their mad desires,
And acts which headlong rage inspires,

10

Or joyous grasp their lawless gain,
And Thee, the soul's best wealth, disdain.

Proud Wretch! who smuns o'er Nature's face
The footsteps of thy care to trace,

And Thee, th' all-potent Monarch, Thee
Denies, who gav'st himself to be.

15

Behold, while, high above all height,
Thy Judgements, Lord, his distant sight

Elude, this Minister of woe
Blast with his breath each obvious foe.

20

" See, proof to each assault I stand :

" What pow'r shall e'er my fear demand ?

" What ill, to life's remotest day,

" Obstruct the tenour of my way?"

C

Thus,

Thus, swoln with insolence and pride, 25
 His self-deluding heart has cried:
 His venom'd lips, with curses fraught,
 Words ill according to his thought
 Have utter'd, and beneath his tongue
 Lurk fraud, and violence, and wrong. 30
 Beside the solitary way,
 Intent the helpless poor to slay,
 He waits, and with malignant eye
 Insidious marks each passer by.
 As, couch'd within his bushy lair, 35
 The lion fierce with hideous glare
 Around him casts his wide survey,
 And meditates the future prey,
 So longs the man of blood to seize
 The Souls that own thy just Decrees: 40
 If, planted with successful care,
 His nets their captive feet insnare,
 Ah! what his fury shall withstand,
 Or save them from the murth'rous Band,
 That, leagu'd in sin, assist his toil, 45
 And share with him the guilty spoil?
 " Shall Heav'n's high Lord, he cries, descend
 " The human actions to attend?
 " The paths by Me at will pursu'd
 " His mem'ry and his thought elude." 50
 Rise, mightiest Lord, and lift thy hand,
 Nor let the poor thy help demand
 With fruitless pray'r: for why, (ah, why?)
 Should impious tongues reproachful cry,

" 'Tis

“ ’Tis not within th’ Almighty’s plan

55

“ To scrutinize the acts of Man?”

What eyes, like thine, eternal Sire,
Through sin’s obscurest depths inquire?

What Judge, like Thee, on Virtue’s foes

The needful vengeance can impose? 60

The meek observer of thy Laws

To Thee commits his injur’d cause;

In Thee, each anxious fear resign’d,

The fatherless a Father find.

O, break the arm of impious might; 65

So shall their threats no more excite

Our dread, nor thy offended eye

The triumphs of their guilt descry.

Thine is the throne: Beneath thy reign,

Immortal King! the tribes profane 70

Behold their dreams of conquest o’er,

And vanish to be seen no more.

Thou, Lord, thy People’s wish canst read,

E’er from their lips the pray’r proceed;

’Tis thine their drooping hearts to rear, 75

Bow to their wants th’ attentive ear,

The weeping Orphan’s cheek to dry,

The guiltless Suff’rer’s cause to try,

To rein each earthborn Tyrant’s will,

And bid the Sons of pride be still. 80

P S A L M XI.

ON God my stedfast hopes rely:
 Why urge ye then my soul to fly,
 And swift on trembling wings convey'd
 To seek the mountain's cov'ring shade?
 See, prompt to ill, th' insidious foe
 5 Now couch'd in secret bend the bow,
 Now to the string adjust the dart,
 That thirsts to wound the guiltless heart.
 While Justice mourns her Base o'erthrown,
 Say who the injur'd cause shall own?
 10 Thou, Lord, that cause wilt still sustain;
 Thou, thron'd amid thy heav'nly fane,
 Shalt cast, regardful, from on high
 On suff'ring innocence thine eye,
 Each human heart intent to prove,
 15 And bid the souls that seek thy Love,
 Blest objects of thy constant care,
 The fulness of thy bounty share;
 While lawless hands and hearts impure
 Thy wrath and stedfast hate endure.
 20 Behold the lightnings wing their way,
 Behold the fires vindictive stray,
 While from thy hand the baleful draught,
 With storm and mingled sulphur fraught,
 In wild amaze the impious Train
 25 Low to its utmost dregs shall drain.
 For (just himself,) where'er it shines
 To Justice God his Love inclines,

Delighted

PSALM XI.

19

Delighted in the upright mind
His own reflected beams to find. 30

PSALM XII.

O Help me, Lord: For none I see,
Whose acts conform to thy Decree;
Nor truth nor faith my search can trace
Amid the sons of human race:
New arts of fraud each heart has known,
And speaks a language not its own.
But God with vengeance arm'd shall rise,
The tongue of Flatt'ry to chastise,
And Justice to the lip of Pride
Its stroke with aim unerring guide, 10
What force, exclaims the impious Band,
Shall eloquence like ours withstand?
And say, to whom the task belongs
To fix the bridle on our tongues.

“ Enough (th' eternal Sire has cried,) 15
“ Enough my suff'ring Saints have sigh'd,
“ To Me disclos'd their ceaseless fear,
“ And pour'd their sorrows in mine ear:
“ My hand shall see their wrongs redrest,
“ And sooth to peace their troubled breast.” 20

Pure are thy words, almighty Lord,
As Silver, that, by art explor'd,
Has seen the sev'nth tormenting fire
Around th' inclosing vase aspire.
Thy Love thy Servants, Lord, shall share, 25
And, safe in thy protecting care,

Behold, unmov'd, an impious Age
 Aim at their life its fruitless rage,
 While wrong and fraud the Earth o'erspread,
 And Vice triumphant lifts the head.

30

P S A L M XIII.

HOW long shall I, my God, in vain,
 Preſt by a weight of griefs, complain?
 Say, ſhall I ſink in deep deſpair,
 For ever baniſh'd from thy care?
 Condemn'd thy abſent beams to mourn
 Still to divided counſels turn
 My lab'ring thought, and hear the foe
 Exulting triumph in my woe?
 Thy Suppliant's voice attentive weigh,
 And bid, O bid, thy heav'nly ray
 With healing influence o'er me riſe,
 E'er death's dark ſlumber cloſe my eyes.
 What tranſport would my fall impart
 To each incens'd oppoſer's heart!
 " Behold, the hoſtile tongue would cry,
 " Beneath my feet behold him lie,
 " The wretch that, haſting to his end,
 " With pow'r ſuperior durſt contend."
 But, while their ceafeleſs threats I hear,
 Thy mercy, Lord, diſpels my fear;
 My hopes on thy Salvation reſt,
 And fill with conſcious joy my breaſt.
 Well pleas'd that mercy to proclaim,
 To Thee, inſtinct with holy flame,

To

P S A L M XIII.

21

To Thee my tongue from day to day 25
Shall meditate the grateful lay.

P S A L M XIV.

BEHOLD the Fool, whose heart denies
The God who form'd the Earth and Skies:
While, fearless, sin's worst paths he treads,
Mark how the dire example spreads
Through human race. Not one we find 5
To Virtue's Heav'n-taught rules inclin'd,
Who 'midst infectious times has stood
Unstain'd, and obstinately good.
Th' eternal Monarch from on high
Cast on the sons of Earth his eye, 10
If haply some he yet might see
From error's baleful influence free,
Whose lives an impious Age might shame,
Who sought his love, and own'd his name.
He look'd: but ah! not one could find 15
To Virtue's Heav'n-taught rules inclin'd:
Each, led from Wisdom's path astray,
Pursues the tenour of his way.
O say, what frenzy thus could blind
Their souls, that with remorseless mind 20
As bread my People they devour,
Nor suppliant own their Maker's pow'r.
Yet see their thoughts tumultuous roll,
See various terrors shake their soul:
For God amidst the Righteous dwells, 25
And each invading foe repells.

And

And what are Ye, who thus deride
 The souls that in their God confide,
 With wise simplicity of mind
 To his all-just Decrees resign'd? 30

Who, mightiest Lord, to *Israel's* eyes
 Shall bid the wish'd Salvation rise,
 From *Sion's* hill its healing ray
 Extend, and round us pour the day?
 When Thou (Thy Pow'r the work demands,) 35
 Shalt back recall our captive Bands,
 The blest event to *Judah's* shore
 Her Songs of triumph shall restore,
 And ceaseless shouts, through heav'n's wide frame
 Loud-echoing, *Jacob's* joy proclaim. 40

P S A L M XV.

WHO shall tow'rd thy chosen seat
 Turn in glad approach his feet?
 Who, great God, a welcome Guest,
 On thy hallow'd Mountain rest?
 He whose heart thy Love has warm'd, 5
 He whose Will, to thine conform'd,
 Bids his Life unfullied run;
 He whose word and thought are one.
 He who ne'er with cruel aim
 Seeks to wound an honest fame, 10
 Nor with gloomy joy possess'd
 Can a Brother's peace molest,
 Or to Slander's tongue severe
 Stoops with easy faith his ear:

Who

P S A L M XV.

23

Who from servile terror free
 Spurns at those who spurn at Thee,
 And to each who Thee obeys
 Love and lowliest rev'rence pays.
 What he swears, with stedfast will
 To his loss he shall fulfill,
 Nor by avaritious loan
 Make the poor man's bread his own;
 Nor can bribes his sentence guide
 'Gainst the guiltless to decide.
 He who thus, with heart unstain'd,
 Treads the path by Thee ordain'd,
 He, great God, shall own thy care,
 And thy constant blessing share.

15

20

25

P S A L M XVI.

FATHER of All! my soul defend;
 On Thee my stedfast hopes depend,
 "Thou, mightiest Lord, and none beside,
 "Thou art my God," my heart has cried:
 In vain, with grateful zeal, I burn
 Thy boundless goodness to return;
 In vain would gifts by Me bestow'd
 Augment the treasures of my God.
 Yet shall my love on All descend,
 Whose Souls to thy Decrees attend,
 My heart's desire to each incline,
 Whose faintlike Virtue marks him Thine.
 Woe to the wretch estrang'd from Thee,
 Who bows to Gods miscall'd the knee;

5

10

Be

Be witness to my guilt, if e'er 15
 Their draughts of offer'd blood I share,
 If, while thy breath my life sustains,
 Their name my hallow'd lip profanes.
 Thee, Lord, my patrimony, Thee
 The portion of my cup I see: 20
 Each blessing by thy care secur'd,
 Life's choicest gifts around me pour'd
 I view; nor finds my searching eye
 A Lot, whose worth with mine shall vie.
 Thee let me bless, the faithful Guide, 25
 Whose counsels o'er my life preside,
 And wisdom to my wakeful breast
 At midnight's silent hour suggest.
 In all my acts, in each intent,
 Thee to my soul my thoughts present, 30
 Whose sure defence my gate has barr'd,
 And planted on my right a guard.
 For this my heart, for this my tongue,
 Shall meditate the joyful song;
 And though (Thy Will has thus ordain'd,) 35
 My flesh to death's dark shades descend,
 Yet Hope ev'n there, its constant Guest,
 Shall smoothe the pillow of my rest.
 Thou from the grave my soul shalt claim,
 Nor leave thy Servant, in whose frame 40
 Thy hallowing Spirit dwells inshrind,
 To pale Corruption's pow'r resign'd,
 But to my eyes, in full survey,
 The op'ning paths of Life display;

Those

P S A L M XVI.

25

Those paths that to thy presence bear; 45
For plenitude of Bliss is there,
And pleasures, Lord, unmix'd with woe,
At thy right hand for ever flow.

P S A L M XVII.

TO Thee, the Judge inthron'd on high,
Shall injur'd Innocence apply:
O let my pray'r by Thee be heard,
From undissembling lips prefer'd;
O let my Doom from Thee proceed, 5
And gracious mark the upright deed.
When night's dark shades were round me pour'd,
Thy thoughts my spirit have explor'd;
Say, to thy all-discerning eyes
If aught of guilt within me rise, 10
If offer'd violence and wrong
Have urg'd to Sin my thoughtless tongue.
Taught by thy Word my stedfast mind
Has each nefarious path declin'd;
O still my Guardian, still my Guide, 15
Forbid my wav'ring feet to slide.
To Thee (for Thou the pray'r canst hear,)
To Thee my suppliant voice I rear;
O treat me not with cold disdain,
Nor let my vows return in vain. 20
O Thou, whose hand th' oppressor quells,
And each invading pow'r repells
From Him whose hopes on Thee repose,
To Me thy wondrous grace disclose.

What

What care the pupil of the eye
Demands, that care to Me apply,
“ And keep, O keep me, King of Kings,
“ Beneath thy own almighty wings.”
Rich in my spoils, with murth’rous hate
A pamper’d Croud around me wait,
Whose heart, with impious fury stung,
To mad presumption prompts their tongue.
With watchful look they mark my way,
As lurks, expectant of the prey,
The Lion, or his tawny Brood
To rapine born, and nurs’d in blood.
Rise, Lord, and let me, by thy aid
Preserv’d, their threatening jaws evade;
With sword unsheath’d, and lifted hand,
Preventive crush the lawless Band,
Whose Days, with Life’s full blessings fraught,
To Earth’s low scene confine their thought;
Whose eyes a num’rous race behold,
To heir their heaps of treasur’d gold.
Far other bliss my soul shall own,
A bliss to guilty minds unknown.
O! when, awaken’d by thy care,
Thy face I view, thy image bear,
How shall my breast with transport glow,
What full delight my heart o’erflow!

P S A L M XVIII.

BLEST Object of my soul's desire,
 To Thee my grateful thoughts aspire;
 On Thee my stedfast hope I build;
 My God, my Rest, my Rock, my Shield,
 The Strength of my Salvation Thee, 5
 And Tow'r of sure defence, I see.
 What foe shall e'er my terror raise,
 While thus I pay my debt of praise,
 And, as the doubtful field I tread,
 To God my suppliant hands outspread? 10
 Woes heap'd on woes my heart deplor'd,
 While Sin's proud torrents round me roar'd;
 The Sepulchre's extended hands
 Had wrapt me in its strongest bands,
 And Death, insulting, o'er my head 15
 Th' inextricable toils had spread.
 My Words, as griev'd to God I pray,
 Wing to his heav'nly fane their way,
 Through adverse clouds their passage clear,
 Nor unaccepted reach his ear: 20
 With strong convulsions groan'd the ground,
 The hills, with waving forests crown'd,
 Loos'd from their base, their summits nod,
 And own the presence of their God:
 Collected clouds of wreathing smoke 25
 Forth from his angry nostrils broke,
 And orbs of fire, with dreadful glare,
 Rush'd onward through the glowing air.

D

Incumbent

Incumbent on the bending sky
The Lord descended from on high, 30
And bade the darkness of the pole
Beneath his feet tremendous roll.
The Cherub to his car he join'd,
And on the wings of mightiest wind,
As down to Earth his journey lay, 35
Resistless urg'd his rapid way.
Thick-woven clouds, around him clos'd,
His secret residence compos'd,
And waters high-suspended spread
Their dark pavilion o'er his head. 40
In vain reluctant to the Blaze
That previous pour'd its streaming rays,
As on he moves, the clouds retire,
Dissolv'd in hail and rushing fire:
His voice th' almighty Monarch rear'd, 45
Through heav'n's high vault in thunders heard,
And down in fiercer conflict came
The hailstones dire and mingled flame.
With aim direct his shafts were sped,
In vain his foes before them fled; 50
Now here, now there, his lightnings stray,
And sure destruction marks their way:
Earth's basis open to the eye,
And Ocean's springs, were seen to lie,
As, chiding loud, his fury past, 55
And o'er them breath'd the dreadful blast.
God in my rescue from the skies
His arm extends, and bids me rise

Emergent

Emergent from the flood profound,
 Whose waves my struggling soul surround. 60
 His hand my strongest foes repell'd,
 Their force by force superior quell'd,
 And I, unequal to the fight,
 Ev'n I have triumph'd in his might.

Oppress'd with languor, grief, and pain, 65
 E'er yet my nerves their strength regain,
 His fierce assault th' Invader gave;
 But Thou wert present, Lord, to save:
 My spacious path by Thee outspread,
 With course secure behold me tread, 70
 Blest in the favour of my God,
 And speak the grace on all bestow'd,
 Who guiltless hands to Him can raise,
 And offer unpolluted praise.

His precepts, fix'd before my view, 75
 My thoughts with steadfast aim pursue,
 Nor error's cloud nor arts of sin
 My soul from his obedience win.

Thou seest, eternal Judge, my breast
 Each taint of inward guilt detest: 80
 My will subdu'd to thy Commands,
 And wash'd in innocence my hands,
 Thine eyes delighted have survey'd,
 Thy pow'r with fullest bliss repaid.

Thy ways to ours conform: in Thee 85
 The Holy shall the Holy see,
 The Pure the Pure; the Perfect Mind
 In Thee Perfection's self shall find;

Their arts the men of froward turn
 By deeper art eluded mourn: 90
 While These their pow'rs with effort vain
 Unite, the meek and pious Train
 Thou, ever watchful, ever nigh,
 Defendest; and the haughty eye,
 Chastis'd by thy afflicting stroke, 95
 Bends to the earth its humbled look.
 While night's thick shades around me stand,
 My lamp, illumin'd by thy hand,
 Pours through the gloom its steady ray,
 And turns my darkness into day. 100
 My arm, if Thou thine aid supply,
 Shall bid whole hosts before me fly,
 My feet, if Thou my sinews string,
 High o'er the wall exulting spring.
 Nor stains of sin thy path defile, 105
 Author of Good! nor fraud nor guile
 To Thee belong: On Thy blest Word
 (By Truth's severest flames explor'd,)
 On Thy blest Word who build their trust,
 Shall find their confidence was just. 110
 What God but Thee shall *Israel* know,
 Or Who, O Who can save but Thou?
 'Tis God that arms me for the fight,
 'Tis God that girds my soul with might;
 From Him my feet their path have known, 115
 And, wing'd with vigour not their own,
 Support me, while in air sublime,
 Swift as the hind, the rock I climb,

And

And, safe from each invader's hand,
Fix on its craggy height my stand. 120

By Him inform'd, with surest art
My hands direct the pointed dart,
And forceful break the steely bow,
New wrested from the struggling foe.

Thou, mightiest Lord, hast o'er my head 125
The shield of thy Salvation spread;

By Thy right hand I walk'd upheld,
Great in thy mercy trod the field

With step enlarg'd, and, Thou my Guide,
Nor fear'd to fall, nor knew to slide. 130

With fierce pursuit my foes I press'd,
Beheld my spear their flight arrest,

Nor bade my sword its fury stay,
Till prostrate on the earth they lay.

They bow'd, they fell, distain'd with gore; 135
They bow'd, they fell, and rose no more.

Blest Lord! 'Twas Thy resistless pow'r
That arm'd me for the dreadful hour,

My foes beneath my feet o'erthrown,
To certain conquest led me on, 140

⇒ Their backs expos'd to many a wound,
And stretch'd them breathless on the ground.

Aloud, oppress'd with horror, cried
The rebel Throng; but None replied:

To God they call; but God their pray'r 145
Abhorrent scatters to the air.

Behold their troops before me chas'd,
As dust before the driving blast,

And trampled, as the yielding clay
Extended o'er the beaten way. 150

When factious Crouds against me rose,
How prompt thy hand to interpose!

O'er realms, that but have heard my name,

Through Thee the just command I claim;

The Tribes, that from their God estrang'd 155

Through climes to Me unknown had rang'd,

With flatt'ring lip their homage pay,

And trembling own a foreign sway.

Each dreads my vengeance to sustain,

Nor walls nor forts their fears restrain. 160

Blest be the living God, whose aid,

When impious foes my peace invade,

Their rage instructs me to decline,

And makes his wish'd Salvation mine;

Deals, in my right, th' avenging stroke, 165

And bends the Nations to my yoke,

Each force, that durst my reign contest,

By His resistless strength suppress'd.

For this, thy pow'r my song shall claim,

And distant regions hear thy fame. 170

Behold thy *David*, to the throne

By Thee uprais'd: His temples own

Thy sacred unction; fair success

His counsels and his arms shall bless,

Thy Love on him and on his Line 175

With unextinguish'd lustre shine.

P S A L M XIX.

GOD the Heav'ns aloud proclaim
 Through their wide-extended frame,
 And the Firmament each hour
 Speaks the wonders of his pow'r:
 Day to the succeeding day 5
 Joys the notice to convey,
 And the Nights, in ceaseless round,
 Each to each repeat the sound,
 Prompt, without or speech or tongue,
 In his praise to form the song. 10
 Pleas'd to hear their voice extend
 Far as to her utmost end,
 Earth the Heav'n-taught knowledge boasts
 Through her many-languag'd coasts,
 While the Sun above her head 15
 Sees his tabernacle spread,
 And from out his chamber bright
 Like a Bridegroom springs to light:
 See him with gigantic pace
 Joyous run his destin'd race, 20
 Now to farthest regions borne
 Onward speed, and now return,
 And to All, with welcome ray,
 Life and genial warmth convey.
 Warmth and life each thankful heart 25
 Feels thy Law, great God, impart;
 Clear from ev'ry spot it shines,
 And the guilt-stain'd Thought refines;

Truth's

Truth's firm base its frame upholds,
 While it Mysteries unfolds,
 Which the childlike mind explores,
 And to heav'nly science soars.
 Preft with sorrows, doubts, and fears,
 What like this the spirit chears?
 What so perfect, what so pure?
 What to Reason's eye obscure
 Can such wondrous light afford
 As the dictates of thy Word?
 Where thy Fear its fruit matures,
 (Fruit, that endless years endures,)
 There the mind, to Vice a foe,
 Pants thy blest Decrees to know,
 And (its will to thine subdu'd,)
 Owns them wise, and just, and good;
 Nor can Gold such worth acquire
 From the sev'nth exploring fire,
 Nor the labour of the bees
 E'er in sweetness vie with These:
 Taught by Them, thy Servant's breast
 Joys the Blessings to attest
 Heap'd on those whose hearts sincere
 Learn thy Precepts to revere.
 Best Instructor, from thy ways
 Who can tell how oft he strays?
 Purge me from the guilt that lies
 Wrapt within my heart's disguise;
 Let me thence, by Thee renew'd,
 Each presumptuous sin exclude:

30

35

40

45

50

55

So

P S A L M XIX.

35

So my lot shall ne'er be join'd
 With the Men whose impious mind, 60
 Fearless of thy just command,
 Braves the vengeance of thy hand.
 Let my tongue, from error free,
 Speak the words approv'd by Thee;
 To thy all-observing eyes 65
 Let my thoughts accepted rise:
 While I thus thy name adore,
 And thy healing grace implore,
 Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear,
 God my Strength, propitious hear. 70

P S A L M XX.

MAY He whom Heav'n and Earth obey
 Regard thee in the dreadful day,
 May *Jacob's* Lord above thy head
 His own victorious banner spread.
 May He from out his hallow'd shrine 5
 Reach to thy aid the hand divine,
 And strength into thy soul instill
 From beauteous *Sion's* favour'd hill.
 There may thy incense to the skies
 In sweet memorial ever rise; 10
 Thy victims there in smoke aspire,
 Touch'd by his own celestial fire.
 May He thy ev'ry wish approve,
 May He indulgent from above
 In all thy dangers intervene, 15
 While We, his great Salvation seen,

~~AMEN~~

Affist thy joy, thy triumphs share,
 And bless the God who hears thy pray'r.
 I see, I see th' Almighty shed
 His blessings on th' anointed head, 20
 Attentive from his holy Heav'n
 Protect the crown Himself has giv'n,
 And, cloth'd with terror, to thy foes
 His all-subduing strength oppose.

These urge to Fight the rattling Car, 25
 And Those the fiery Steed prepare,
 Unenvied Both by Us, who see
 Our sure defence, great God, in Thee.
 Driv'n by superior force they fly,
 Or, faln, in heaps promiscuous lie, 30
 While We our heads exulting raise,
 And sing our great Deliv'rer's praise.
 O, when we praise, and when we pray,
 Do Thou, whom Heav'n and Earth obey,
 Accept the praise, confirm the pray'r, 35
 And make our safety still thy care.

P S A L M XXI.

BY Thy unwearied strength upheld
 To Thee the King his thanks shall yield,
 And, taught by blest experience, know
 What joys from Thy salvation flow.
 Thy cares his heart's desire complete; 5
 His pray'r from Thy eternal seat,
 As low to Thee his knees he bends,
 In full acceptance back descends.

Thou,

Thou, Lord, preventive of his want,
 The blessings of thy Love wilt grant, 10
 And bid the golden circlet spread
 Its purest splendors round his head.

He ask'd thee Life, and finds it giv'n,
 Life, lasting as the days of Heav'n.

The conquests, which thy hands bestow, 15
 With grace and glory bind his brow;

He, crown'd with bliss perpetual, He

Thy face in full display shall see,

And (for on Thee his hopes rely,)

Unmov'd each adverse shock defy. 20

Thy hand shall find each latent foe,

And vengeful strike th' unerring blow.

Fierce as the kindled furnace glows,

Whose sides the crackling thorns inclose,

Thy wrath its flames shall round them pour, 25

And quick their boasted strength devour.

Their fruit, a luckless progeny,

Uprooted from the ground shall die,

And Earth their tribe no more behold,

Amidst her families inroll'd, 30

Who, impious, durst resistance give

To Thee, whom None resist and live.

In vain each hostile art they try;

Behold, as trembling back they fly,

Thy shafts, adjusted to the string, 35

Impatient wait upon the wing.

Maker of All, through Earth and Skies

O let thy pow'r conspicuous rise,

And

And furnish to our grateful lays
A theme of everlasting praise.

40

P S A L M XXII.

MY God, my God, O tell me, why
Unheeded still ascends my cry,
Why thus from my afflicted heart
Thy presence and thy health depart.
Eternal Lord, throughout the day
With fruitless plaint to Thee I pray;
Nor sleeps the anguish of my soul,
When night's dark shades involve the pole.
Yet unimpeach'd thy Faith appears,
Thy Sanctity my heart reveres,
O Thou, to whom in homage join
The Sons of *Jacob's* chosen line.
Thee, Lord, our Sires their strength confest,
And found thee, as their stedfast breast
To Thee its full affiance gave,
Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save:
Secure thy wish'd for aid t' obtain,
In Thee they hop'd, nor hop'd in vain.
But what am I? A Man in form,
Yet brother to the trampled worm;
An outcast from the human kind,
To fierce derision's rage consign'd:
They shake the head, they shout, they gaze;
Each eye, each lip, contempt betrays:
"On God, they cry, thy hope was staid;
"Be God, if His thou art, thy aid."

5

10

15

20

25

Thine,

Thine, mightiest Father, thine I am;
 By Thee from out the womb I came,
 From Thee my ev'ry comfort sprung,
 While yet upon the breast I hung. 30

Hail, from my birth and to my end
 My God, my Guardian, and my Friend.

O view me not with distant eye,
 While various griefs await me nigh:

Thy aid withheld, what friendly pow'r 35
 Shall shield me in the dang'rous hour?

See Bulls unnumber'd round me stand,
 Bulls, nurs'd in *Basan's* fertile land;

With wide-extended mouth they roar,
 Nor rage the famish'd Lions more, 40

When nightly through the starless gloom
 Along the howling Wild they roam.

My frame, disjoin'd, in swift decay
 Wastes like the running stream away;

My heart in groans its grief proclaims, 45
 And melts, as wax before the flames.

Fast to my jaws my tongue is chain'd,
 My flesh, its vital moisture drain'd,

Dry as the clay-form'd vase appears,
 And, while thy chastisement it bears, 50

Waits till thy hand resume my breath,
 And lodge me in the dust of death.

Thou see'st my soul by Dogs pursu'd,
 Dogs fierce of kind, and train'd to blood;

Thou see'st a throng, who Thee despise, 55
 In dreadful siege against me rise,

And, while fast-issuing streams the gore,
 My hands and feet relentless bore.
 My starting bones to ev'ry eye
 Expos'd, O Ye that, passing by, 60
 In wonder (not in pity) join,
 O say, was ever grief like mine?
 My raiment each with each divides,
 My vesture, as the lot decides,
 Becomes some new possessor's spoil, 65
 The prize that crowns his impious toil.
 My God, my Strength, recede not far,
 But haste, and make my soul thy care,
 My soul, pursu'd by hostile hate,
 Afflicted, helpless, desolate; 70
 O turn th' impending swords away,
 Nor yield it to the Dog a prey.
 The foaming Lion's wrath assuage,
 Nor let the Oryx, in his rage,
 With headlong force against me borne, 75
 Aim at my life the pointed horn.
 So will I joy thy honour'd name
 Amidst my brethren to proclaim,
 And gath'ring Crouds shall hear my tongue
 Thus to my God awake the song. 80
 " Exalt, ye Saints, the Pow'r divine,
 " Exalt him, All of *Jacob's* line,
 " And let each tribe with duteous fear
 " His boundless Majesty revere.
 " 'Tis not in Him, with cold disdain 85
 " To hear the helpless Poor complain;
 " He

" He (nor with unrelenting eye)
 " Each falling tear, each heaving sigh,
 " Regards, attentive to perceive
 " Their wants, and faithful to relieve." 90

Such Strains thy Mercy shall inspire,
 While in the full-assembled Choir
 To Thee the votive Song I raise,
 And thankful pay my debt of praise.

To You, ye humble, meek, and good, 95
 Who ask from *Israel's* Lord your food,
 His hand indulgent from on high
 Shall yield at full the wish'd supply:

Who seek like You their God, like You
 To Him their praises shall renew, 100
 Whose Love immortal life imparts,
 And swells with joy their conscious hearts.

Maker of All! through ev'ry Land
 Thy Deeds in full record shall stand,
 And farthest Realms converted join 105
 In homage to the Name divine;

Ev'n Kings in Thee their Mightier greet,
 And lay their scepters at thy feet.
 Earth's countless tribes the festal board
 (Thy grace by sacrifice implor'd,) 110

Shall spread; and All, whose mortal frame
 Th' insatiate Grave prepares to claim,
 Thy Pow'r, immortal Judge, shall own,
 And prostrate kneel before thy Throne.

See, while by Thee redeem'd I live, 115
 A Race from Me their birth derive,

(A Race by just possession thine,) 11
 Whose heart thy Spirit shall incline
 The precepts of thy Will t' obey,
 Whose tongue thy glory shall display, 120
 And bid thy righteous Acts engage
 The wonder of the future Age.

P S A L M XXIII.

LO, my Shepherd's hand divine!
 Want shall never more be mine,
 In a pasture fair and large
 He shall feed his happy Charge,
 And my couch with tend'rest care 5
 'Midst the springing grass prepare.
 When I faint with summer's heat,
 He shall lead my weary feet
 To the streams that still and flow
 Through the verdant meadow flow. 10
 He my soul anew shall frame,
 And, his mercy to proclaim,
 When through devious paths I stray,
 Teach my steps the better way.
 Though the dreary vale I tread 15
 By the shades of death o'erspread,
 There I walk from terror free,
 While my ev'ry wish I see
 By thy rod and staff supplied,
 This my guard, and that my guide. 20
 While my foes are gazing on,
 Thou thy fav'ring care hast shown;

Thou

P S A L M XXIII.

43

Thou my plenteous board hast spread,
 Thou with oil refresh'd my head;
 Fill'd by Thee my cup o'erflows; 25
 For thy Love no limit knows:
 Constant, to my latest end
 This my footsteps shall attend,
 And shall bid thy hallow'd Dome
 Yield me an eternal home. 30

P S A L M XXIV.

EARTH, big with Empires, to thy Reign
 Submits, great God, its wide domain;
 Whate'er this Orb's vast bounds confine,
 By just possession, Lord, is thine:
 That Orb amid the watry waste 5
 Thy hands, best Architect, have plac'd,
 And bid th' unfathomable Deep
 Beneath its firm foundations sleep.
 Lord, who shall to thy Hill ascend?
 Who suppliant at thine altars bend? 10
 Whose hands and heart from guilt are free,
 Who ne'er to idols bow'd the knee,
 Nor, studious of deceit, would try
 By oaths to consecrate a lye.
 On such th' Almighty from above 15
 Shall heap the blessings of his Love,
 And, purg'd from sin's transmissive stain,
 Admit them to his sacred Fane.
 Such only form the chosen Choir,
 Whose feet, with licens'd step, aspire 20

To visit *Sion's* blest Abode;
 Who seek the face of *Jacob's* God.
 Lift, lift your heads, each hallow'd Gate,
 Aloft, with sudden spring, your weight,
 Ye everlasting Portals, rear; 25
 Behold the King of glory near.
 And who this King of glory? say.
 That Lord who bears th' eternal sway,
 Who, cloth'd with strength, to war descends,
 And conquest on his sword attends. 30
 Lift, lift your heads, each hallow'd Gate,
 Aloft, with sudden spring, your weight,
 Ye everlasting Portals, rear;
 Behold the King of glory near.
 And who this King of glory? say. 35
 The God, whom Heav'n's high Hosts obey:
 In Him that King of glory view,
 And yield to Him the homage due.

P S A L M XXV.

TO Thee, great God, my soul shall rise;
 On Thee my stedfast mind relies;
 O save me, Lord, from shame and woe,
 And blast the triumphs of my foe.
 Nor shame nor woe the heart attends, 5
 Whose trust on *Jacob's* God depends:
 But grief, confusion, doubt, and fear
 In dire vicissitude shall tear
 The guilty souls, whose love of ill
 To rash transgression prompts their will. 10
 Thy

Thy paths, blest Source of light, display,
And teach my doubting steps thy way.
God of my health, from morn to eve
In Thee my hopes have learn'd to live:
O lead me in thy truth, and store 15
My heart with thy celestial lore.
Thy Mercy, Lord, recall to mind,
Whose beams from earliest age have shin'd,
And let oblivion's thickest veil
Th' offences of my youth conceal, 20
That I with Them my lot may bear,
Whose souls thy kind remembrance share.
Good, Lord, and just art Thou; thy Love
Returning Sinners joy to prove,
And led by thy auspicious ray 25
Correct the error of their way.
In Thee shall each of humble mind
The Friend and sure Instructor find,
And, while the dictates of thy Law
His thoughts to full obedience awe, 30
With joy thy equal paths shall tread,
By Mercy and by Truth outspread.
Thy wonted pity, Lord, impart,
While in the anguish of my heart
The burthen of my guilt I own, 35
And humbled bow before thy Throne.

Ye Souls that to his fear incline,
Secure to God your steps resign,
And learn from his directing hand
What path may best your choice demand. 40

How

How blest, thy precepts, Lord, who knows!
 As o'er Life's pilgrimage he goes,
 See Peace and Safety nightly spread
 Their tent around his favour'd head:

See, rang'd in fair descent, his line 45

The lot which thy Decrees assign

Divide, and, long as time shall last,

The blessings of thy Bounty taste.

Who bow to Thee th' attentive ear,

The secrets of thy will shall hear; 50

Thy Compact, Lord, to such reveal'd,

Shall light and heav'nly transport yield.

Wrapt in the hostile snare I lie,

Yet lift to Thee th' expecting eye,

Till thou my full relief decree, 55

And bid my captive soul go free.

O turn thee, Lord, in pity turn,

Behold me helpless and forlorn;

See various griefs my heart oppress;

My wants supply, my wrongs redress; 60

O let me thy attention win,

And seal the pardon of my sin.

While factious Crouds around me wait,

Inflam'd with rage, and impious hate,

Stretch to my aid the arm of pow'r, 65

And guard me in the dang'rous hour,

Nor let my soul, on Thee reclin'd,

Its sorrows utter to the wind.

Let Truth and spotless Innocence

Their succours to my heart dispense; 70

Indulgent

P S A L M XXV.

47

Indulgent to my pray'r, with Mine
My Country's wish'd deliv'rance join;
God of my hope, thy Love disclose,
And heal, O heal, thy People's woes.

P S A L M XXVI.

I.

BE Thou my Judge: thy searching eyes
My guiltless life have known:
On Thee my stedfast soul relies,
Nor fear of lapse shall own.

2.

O search me still; my heart, my reins,
With strictest view survey:
Thy Love, great God, my hope sustains,
Thy Truth directs my way.

3.

The house of guile, and seat of lies,
With studious care I shun:
From Crouds that impious deeds devise
My steps abhorrent run.

4.

In innocence I wash my hands,
Thy altar compass round,
And grateful lead the sacred Bands,
Whose hymns thy acts resound.

5.

How oft, instinct with warmth divine,
Thy threshold have I trod!
How lov'd the Courts whose walls inshrine
The Glory of my God!

6.

O let me not the vengeance share,
 That waits the guilty Tribe,
 Whose murth'rous hands each mischief dare,
 And grasp the offer'd bribe:

7.

But pour, O pour, while thus I tread
 The path by Thee prepar'd,
 Thy beams of mercy on my head,
 And round me plant a guard.

8.

Thou, Lord, my steps hast fix'd aright,
 And pleas'd shalt hear my tongue
 With *Israel's* thankful Sons unite
 To form the festal Song.

P S A L M XXVII.

THOU, Lord, my safety, Thou my light,
 What danger shall my soul affright?
 Strength of my life! What arm shall dare
 To hurt whom Thou hast own'd thy care?
 When erst, impatient to devour,
 Against me rose each hostile pow'r,
 Their fierce attempts successless found,
 They stumbled, fell, and bit the ground.
 Though adverse hosts the standard rear,
 Thy servant shall without a fear
 The gath'ring War around him see,
 And fix, secure, his trust on Thee.
 One wish, with holy transport warm,
 My heart has form'd, and yet shall form;

5

10

P S A L M XXVII.

49

One gift I ask; that to my end 15

Fair *Sion's* Dome I may attend,

There joyful find a sure abode,

And view the beauty of my God.

For He within his hallow'd shrine

My secret refuge shall assign, 20

And, while the storms around me beat,

Fix on the rock my stedfast feet,

Behold his arm, beneath me spread,

High o'er my foes exalt my head.

For this, with grateful joy bestow'd, 25

My off'ring shall his altar load,

My tongue its note exulting raise,

And dictate to the harp his praise.

O hear me, Lord; on Thee I call,

And prostrate at thy footstool fall: 30

Propitious in my cause appear,

And bow to my request thine ear.

" Seek Ye my face with duteous care,

" And frequent to my Throne repair,"

Thus to my heart I hear thee speak; 35

Thy face, my heart replies, I seek:

Nor Thou to my desiring eye

Thy presence, heav'nly Lord, deny:

O let me, on thy aid reclin'd,

Thee still my great Salvation find, 40

Nor leave me, helpless and forlorn,

The absence of thy grace to mourn.

When, doom'd the Orphan's lot to bear,

No Father's kind concern I share,

Nor

Nor o'er me wakes a Mother's eye, 45
 My wants attentive to supply,
 Adopted by thy care, in Thee
 The Parent and the Friend I see.

Instruct me, Lord, thy path to know,
 And, while with secret art the foe 50
 My doubting steps would turn aside,
 Be Thou my Guardian and my Guide.

O save me from the hand of wrong;
 My soul by each malignant tongue
 With causeless insult loaded view, 55
 And charg'd with guilt it never knew.

O how had grief consum'd my frame,
 But that I hop'd, while yet my name
 Amidst the living stands inroll'd,
 Thy boundless Mercy to behold. 60

With patient hope, with mind sedate,
 On *Israel's* God expectant wait;
 Be strong, be steadfast: So thy heart
 Shall feel his grace its aid impart:
 Though press'd with sorrow's heaviest load, 65
 O fix thy trust on *Israel's* God.

P S A L M XXVIII.

GOD my Strength, to Thee I pray;
 Turn not Thou thine ear away;
 Lest, while to thy Suppliant's cry
 Thou thy answer shalt deny,
 Sudden I my place assume 5
 'Midst the tenants of the tomb.

Gracious

Gracious to my vows attend,
 While the humble knee I bend,
 And, inspir'd with holy fear,
 Tow'rd thy shrine my hands uprear,
 Give me not thy wrath to know,
 Nor to feel the vengeful blow
 By thy just decrees assign'd
 To the Men of impious mind,
 Who, their hearts intent on wrong,
 Smooth with lies their venom'd tongue.
 What shall guilt like theirs demand
 From the Justice of thy hand?
 Let whate'er their thoughts devise,
 (Thus aloud that Justice cries,) 20
 What their ruthless arm has dar'd,
 Meet from Thee its full reward:
 While thy wrath with steady pace
 Step by step their feet shall trace,
 And, though now their stubborn ear
 Shun thy wondrous acts to hear, 25
 Teach them to confess thy pow'r,
 Shatter'd like some Heav'n-struck Tow'r,
 That before th' astonish'd sight,
 Stooping from its airy height, 30
 'Midst the thunder's awful roar,
 Falls, to be rebuilt no more.

Let me (for with pitying ear
 God my pray'r has deign'd to hear,)
 Let me thanks perpetual yield;
 He my Strength, and He my Shield, 35

On his long-experienc'd aid
 See my hope for ever stay'd,
 While my heart, with joy possess'd,
 Dances in my throbbing breast,
 And my tongue, in grateful lays
 Consecrates to Him its praise.

Thou whose arm is o'er us spread,
 Prompt to guard th' anointed head,
 And from each invader's hand
 Vindicate thy chosen Land,
 Save thy People from distress,
 And thy Patrimony bless!
 Give them, Lord, thy Love to share,
 Feed them with a Shepherd's care,
 And their pow'r to latest days
 O'er their foes triumphant raise.

P S A L M XXIX.

SING, ye Sons of Might, O sing
 Praise to Heav'n's eternal King;
 Pow'r and strength to Him assign,
 And before his hallow'd shrine
 Yield the homage that his Name
 From a Creature's lips may claim.
 "Hark! his voice in thunder breaks;
 Hush'd to silence, while he speaks,
 Ocean's waves from pole to pole
 Hear the awful accents roll:
 See, as louder yet they rise,
 Echoing through the vaulted Skies,

Loftiest

Loftiest Cedars lie o'erthrown,
 " Cedars of steep *Lebanon*.
 See, uprooted from its seat,
Lebanon itself retreat;
 Trembling at the threat divine,
Sirion hastes its flight to join:
 See them like the heifer borne,
 Like the beast whose pointed horn 20
 Strikes with dread the sylvan train,
 Bound impetuous on the plain.
 Now the bursting clouds give way,
 And the vivid lightnings play,
 And the wilds by Man untrod 25
 Hear, dismay'd, th' approaching God.
 Cades, o'er thy lonely waste
 Oft the dreaded sounds have past:
 Oft his stroke the Wood invades:
 Widow'd of their leafy shades 30
 Mightiest oaks its fury know;
 While the pregnant Hind her throe
 Instant feels, and on the earth
 Trembling drops th' unfinish'd birth.
 Prostrate on the sacred floor 35
Israel's Sons his name adore,
 While his acts to ev'ry tongue
 Yield its argument of song.
 He the swelling surge commands;
 Fix'd his Throne for ever stands; 40
 He " his People shall increase,
 " Arm with strength, and bless with peace.

P S A L M XXX.

TO Thee, great Ruler of the skies,
 Whose arm its constant aid supplies,
 While vanquish'd foes confess my sway,
 My heart its grateful vows shall pay.
 As, press'd with woe, to Thee I cried,
 Thy hand its healing pow'r applied,
 And, while increasing languors gave
 The signal to th' expecting grave
 This mortal fabrick to receive,
 Revers'd the doom, and bade me live.
 Ye faithful Sons of *Israel*'s name,
 Your Maker's sanctity proclaim,
 And, while his mercies on your breast
 In sweet memorial stand impress'd,
 To Him in joyful accents raise
 The song of gratitude and praise.
 Behold his Wrath's avenging blast,
 How slow to rise, how soon o'erpast,
 How prompt his Favour to dispense
 Its life-imparting influence.
 Grief for a night, obtrusive Guest,
 Beneath our roof perchance may rest,
 But Joy, with the returning day,
 Shall wipe each transient tear away.

As pleas'd I cast my eyes around,
 And view'd my life with blessings crown'd,
 (While, safe in thy protecting hand,
 High on the rock I took my stand,)

In confidence of soul I said,
 "What ills shall e'er my peace invade?" 30
 But, instant, Thou thy face hadst turn'd,
 And prostrate on the earth I mourn'd:
 I mourn'd, and, O my Guard, my Guide,
 (With humbler spirit thus I cried,)
 Shall aught of profit, if the ground 35
 My blood absorb, to Thee redound?
 Or, vocal in thy praise, the Dust
 Proclaim thy Counsels wise and just,
 And wake thy wondrous Acts to tell
 Amid Corruption's dreary cell? 40
 Thy aid, my God, in pity lend,
 And gracious to my plaints attend.

Again the face of joy I wear;
 Thy hand, indulgent to my pray'r,
 The sackcloth from my loins unbound, 45
 With mirth's fair cincture wraps me round.
 For this, my heart with zeal shall burn,
 My tongue the bands of silence spurn,
 And pleas'd, through life, in grateful verse
 Thy Love, eternal Lord, rehearse. 50

P S A L M XXXI.

LORD (for on Thee supported stand
 My hopes,) O let thy aiding hand
 The justice of my cause proclaim,
 And save me from impending shame.
 Thy ear, thou Majesty divine, 5
 Propitious to my pray'r incline;

Haste to my help, and let thy pow'r
My rock present and brazen tow'r:
That rock, that tow'r, my God, in Thee,
Snatch'd from surrounding ills, I see; 10
To life's last period (so thy Name
Shall praise and thanks perpetual claim,)
O let me, by thy counsel led,
Thy path with step unerring tread,
And, sav'd by thy preventive care, 15
Shake from my feet the broken snare.
God of my strength, the Wise, the Just,
To Thee my spirit I intrust;
From Thee, when terrors clos'd me round,
My soul its full redemption found. 20
My thoughts the self-deceiving train,
Enslav'd to superstitions vain,
Abhor, and 'midst increasing woes
Their confidence on Thee repose.
Thy Mercy shall my thanks employ, 25
My constant theme, my highest joy;
For Thou, my soul by griefs pursu'd,
My state with pitying eye hast view'd,
Confess'd me thine, and bid me share
The gifts of thy paternal care. 30
Thy hand, while rang'd in close array
Insulting hosts around me lay,
Gave to the wind their vain designs,
And made the paths of freedom mine.
Once more, my fight with inward grief 35
Consum'd, vouchsafe me thy relief,

Doom'd,

Doom'd, while my soul its ceaseless pains
Deep through its inmost frame sustains,
Life's noon for eve exchang'd to bear,
And Age invited on by Care. 40

The guilt that in my thought revolves
My strength impairs, my joints dissolves;
The scorn of Foes, and, keener yet,
The scorn of Friends, my soul beset;
My lov'd Associates, that before 45
With frequent feet my threshold wore,

If now at distance in their way
Their eye my wasted form survey,
With horror struck the sight forgo,
And shun th' infection of my woe. 50

With lonely step the earth I tread,
Forgotten as the silent Dead,
Or as the vase of meanest clay,
In useless fragments cast away.

My fame opprobrious tongues invade, 55
While terrors wrap me in their shade,
And crowds with meditated rage
Against my life their pow'rs engage,

Yet see me, Lord, in Thee confide;
Thou art my God, my heart has cried; 60
From Thee my time its limit knows;

O save me from devouring foes,
And with resistless arm dispell
The clouds of wrath that o'er me dwell.
O let thy presence on me beam, 65
Thy clemency my life redeem,

Nor

Nor let me, Lord, the shame sustain
Thy aid to ask, and ask in vain.

Theirs be the shame, thy pow'r who brave,
Nor cease their insults, till the grave, 70

Absorbing quick the guilty throng,
In endless silence seal their tongue:

Such silence on their lips impose,
Whose words their pride-swoln heart disclose,

At Wisdom's Sons their malice aim, 75
And blast with lies the guiltless name.

O, how shall All who seek thy Love
The fulness of thy bounty prove!

How joy, while Thou thy treasur'd store
Indulgent in their lap shalt pour, 80

And teach th' admiring World to see
How blest the souls that trust in Thee!

Thy care their sure defence shall yield;
Within thy presence, Lord, conceal'd,

Thy Saints, while breath their life prolongs, 85
At distance from the strife of tongues,

Shall see thy tabernacle spread
Its awful splendors o'er their head.

Blest be the name of *Jacob's* God,
Whose Love, in happiest hour bestow'd, 90

Has giv'n within my lot to fall
The strong-built City's guarding wall,

That fix'd each adverse shock sustains,
And mocks the proud besieger's pains,

Awhile, with uncollected mind, 95
As banish'd from thy sight, I pin'd;

But

But Thou thy Servant's pray'r hast heard,
 In anguish of my heart prefer'd.
 Ye Souls devoted to his fear,
 With thankful love your God revere, 100
 Who wakes your chosen Train to guard,
 And deals to Pride its just reward.
 Be strong, be stedfast: So your mind
 From Him its full support shall find,
 Ye Saints that in his care confide, 105
 Nor own nor ask a help beside.

P S A L M XXXII.

HOW blest the Man, whose conscious grief
 From Thee, great God, has found relief;
 Whose guilt thy boundless Love has veil'd,
 His fears compos'd, his weakness heal'd;
 To whom th' offences of his hand 5
 No longer now imputed stand,
 Who learns thy precepts to revere,
 Whose heart is pure, whose tongue sincere.
 While deep within my lab'ring breast
 My mind its dire disease suppress'd, 10
 Incessant groans, that shun'd controul,
 Betray'd the anguish of my soul.
 See Age-anticipating Care
 My joints dissolve, my strength impair:
 When Night extends its dusky cone, 15
 Beneath thy terrors, Lord, I groan;
 The shades anon retreating see;
 And Day to All restor'd, but Me.

Behold

Behold my frame with drought consum'd,
 That late with youthful vigour bloom'd; 20
 Such drought the blasted fields betray,
 Beneath the dog-star's burning ray.

My humbled Soul its crimes shall own:—
 Behold me bow before thy Throne,
 To Thee my inmost guilt disclose, 25
 And in thy bosom pour my woes.

But lo! while yet my hands I rear,
 The voice of Mercy to my ear
 Descends, and whisp'ring peace within
 Confirms the pardon of my sin. 30

For this shall All who Thee adore,
 E'er yet the day of grace be o'er,
 To Thee with stedfast hope repair,
 To Thee prefer th' unwearied pray'r: 35

So, when affliction's tempests rise,
 And heave the billows to the skies,
 They, safe in Thee, the storm shall brave,
 And distant view the madding wave.

When various griefs my soul surround,
 In Thee my sure retreat is found; 40
 Thy wish'd Salvation meets my eyes,
 And songs of triumph round me rise.

Come, from thy God instruction learn;
 While, prompt from error's path to turn
 Thy feet, thy ev'ry step I scan, 45
 Let Reason's use bespeak thee Man;
 Nor imitate the Steed and Mule,
 Whose brutal mouth, averse to rule,

To

To guard thee from their rage, must feel
 The forceful rein, and curbing steel. 50
 What pangs the impious Tribe await,
 While hope and joy his heart dilate,
 Who trusts in Thee, O King of Kings,
 And Mercy round him spreads her wings!
 Ye Saints, exulting lift your voice, 55
 Ye pure of mind, in Him rejoice,
 Whose presence on the soul impress'd
 With heav'nly transport fills the breast.

P S A L M XXXIII.

YE Saints (to You the task belongs,
 And Praise sits comely on your tongues;) 5
 Wake to *Jehovah's* name the dute,
 Nor let the ten-string'd lyre be mute;
 O sing, in accents loud and strong, 10
 O sing some new-invented song;
 And let the finger's artful stroke
 The psalt'ry's various pow'r provoke,
 And teach the praise of *Israel's* Lord 15
 To vibrate on the sounding chord.
 His words eternal Truth has seal'd;
 His promises in act fulfill'd
 Shall Equity and Judgement prove
 The changeless objects of his love,
 And bid the Earth's wide confines know 20
 The gifts that from his bounty flow.
 His Word yon azure vault outspread,
 E'er Time the Seasons onward led;

Form'd

Form'd by his Breath the starry host
 Their unextinguish'd lustre boast; 20
 While in their cavern'd storehouse sleep
 The treasures of the watry deep.

Thy Maker's name, O Earth, revere;
 And let thy Sons with holy fear
 To Him in low prostration bend, 25
 And duteous his decrees attend.

He spake: And Heav'n, and Seas, and Land,
 Appear'd. He bade: And lo, they stand.

Their counsels vain the Heathen Tribes
 Unite; but God th' event prescribes, 30

And blasts at will each hope that springs
 Within the breast of haughtiest Kings.

Thy counsel, from controul secure,
 Thy counsel only shall endure;

Thy thoughts to Time's remotest bound 35
 With sure effect, great God, be crown'd.

How blest the People that have known

Thee, Lord, their God, and Thee alone;

The Flock thy heritage deolar'd,

And objects of thy fix'd regard! 40

Wide o'er the Sons of Earth his eye

The Pow'r eternal from on high

Extends, (that Pow'r, whose hand, with art

Mysterious, forms the human heart,)

Through life's wild maze their steps pursues, 45

Each act, each thought, attentive views:

Think not, ye Kings, (His aid resign'd,)

In well-arm'd Hosts your help to find:

P S A L M XXXIII.

63

In vain with conscious pride the steed
 Vaunts in the fight his strength and speed; 50
 In vain the Warrior bold and young
 His arm with active vigour strung:
 Nor This shall promise from the sword
 Himself to save, nor That his Lord.
 Hail, sure Protector of the Just! 55
 From Him who builds on Thee his trust
 Thy arm averts with studious care
 Each death that viewless wings the air;
 Thy hand with food his life sustains,
 When drought infests the blasted plains. 60
 Our Souls by Thee, their Help and Shield,
 With patient hope have stood upheld;
 Thy sacred Name our trust, each mind
 From Thee shall joy perpetual find:
 That joy to our desiring heart 65
 O let thy Mercy now impart;
 And give thy Servants, Lord, to see
 How just the hope that rests on Thee.

P S A L M XXXIV.

THEE will I thank, and day by day
 Form to thy praise the joyful lay;
 From morn to eve the song extend,
 Thee boast my Father, Thee my Friend;
 While pleas'd each heart of humble frame 5
 Shall wake, great God, to hear thy fame.
 O come, your voice triumphant raise,
 And sing with Me your Maker's praise.

G

To

To Him my Soul disclos'd its care;
He heard, and present to my pray'r, 10
(His faithful buckler o'er me held,) 11
Each terror from my breast dispell'd.
The souls, that his decree regard,
Like Me his chearing light have shar'd,
And fearless of repulse or shame 15
The promise of his mercy claim.
Behold a heart with woes oppress'd;
Behold, its vows to God address'd,
His hand its healing pow'r display,
And chase each cloud of grief away. 20
His Angel, nigh the just man's tent
Encamp'd, each danger to prevent,
His sure protection round him throws,
Though harness'd Hosts his peace oppose.
O taste with Me, O taste and prove 25
The blessings of his boundless Love.
Hail, Saviour of the human race!
Hail, Fountain of exhaustless grace!
Thrice happy, who on Thee recline,
Nor own nor ask a help but thine. 30
His fear preserve, ye just and pure,
And live from dread of want secure.
The strengthful Lion's tawny brood
With thirst and penury of food
Are stung; but who in God confide 35
Shall find their ev'ry wish supplied.
Ye Children, come; my precepts hear,
And learn the dictates of his fear:

O come;

O come ; if long extent of days,
 With blessings crown'd, thy hope can raise, 40
 Averse from each injurious art,
 Let falsehood from thy lips depart;
 Be Good thy choice ; from Evil cease ;
 And plight the ready hand to peace.
 Him serve, whose fav'ring eyes survey 45
 The hearts that his commands obey ;
 Him serve, whose ever open ear
 With just regard their pray'r shall hear,
 While terrors planted on his brow
 Instruct the stubborn soul to bow, 50
 And vengeance, kindled to a flame,
 Blots from the earth the impious name.
 With suppliant voice, in each distress,
 His sole support, his sole redress,
 From God the Man of faithful mind 55
 Shall seek, and what he seeks shall find.
 He, ever watchful, ever near,
 The meek and contrite soul shall chear ;
 And though the Just, by his decree,
 Awhile a Man of griefs we see, 60
 His Love shall soon its aid bestow,
 And deep oblivion of his woe :
 To violence expos'd, his frame
 Thy fix'd attention, Lord, shall claim ;
 Nor Hell's worst rage one bone shall dare 65
 To break, when Thou hast bid to spare.
 But ill on All who ill intend
 In full proportion shall descend :

Who tow'rd the Just in hatred join,
 Shall feel, great God, the weight of thine. 70
 'Tis thine thy Saints from woes to free;
 Nor Time throughout its course shall see
 The soul, whose hope on Thee is staid,
 Neglected mourn thy absent aid.

P S A L M XXXV.

LORD, make my quarrel thine; my foes
 Let thy resistless pow'r oppose;
 Arise thy speediest help to yield,
 And reach the corset, reach the shield,
 Grasp in thy hand the glitt'ring lance, 5
 And obvious in the breach advance;
 Say to my troubled Soul; "In Me
 "Thy strength and sure salvation see."
 Let shame their glowing cheeks o'erspread,
 Whose ceaseless threats excite my dread, 10
 And let them, struck with wild affright,
 Inglorious backward urge their flight,
 Dispers'd, as chaff before the wind,
 Thy Angel pressing close behind,
 Along the dark and slipp'ry way, 15
 Whose paths their stagg'ring steps betray,
 And from the arm ethereal find
 The vengeance to their guilt assign'd.
 Thou see'st them, Lord, with causeless hate,
 Beside my path insidious wait, 20
 With causeless hate the pit prepare,
 And plant before my steps their snare.

O let

O let destruction's sudden stroke,
 While thus thy justice they provoke,
 Descend, vindictive, on their head; 25
 Fast in the net for Me outspread
 Involv'd, let each repentant groan,
 And reap the mischiefs he has sown.
 But Thou, my Soul, with awful joy
 On God thy stedfast thought employ, 30
 And, his Salvation taught to prove,
 Record the wonders of his Love.
 Each bone whose strength supports my frame
 With grateful transport shall exclaim,
 Lord! Whom like Thee shall Mortals find, 35
 For ever just, for ever kind,
 Like Thee prepar'd th' afflicted poor
 From lawless insult to secure,
 And back their yielded life demand
 From stern Oppression's iron hand? 40
 Thus poor and thus oppress'd with wrong
 Awhile was I: a hostile Throng
 Against me urg'd, to falsehood prone,
 The guilt my breast had never known,
 And left me helpless and forlorn 45
 The friendship ill repay'd to mourn,
 That, when Affliction's weight they bare,
 Had taught my heart their woes to share:
 While sickness wrapt them in its chain,
 And fix'd them on the bed of pain, 50
 I knew their suff'rings to bewail,
 And sunk with grief, with fasting pale,

To God, in sorrow's garb array'd,
 With humblest intercession pray'd,
 And find the pray'r their pride has spurn'd
 With blessings on my head return'd:
 Nor Friend for Friend sincerer woes,
 Nor Brother for a Brother, knows;
 Nor feels the Son his melting breast
 With deeper sense of grief impress'd,
 That grasps a dying Mother's hand,
 And waits to take her last command,
 Or o'er her loss in secret pines,
 And wraps the sackcloth round his loins.
 Not such the pity shown to Me:
 Ev'n abjects my abjection see
 With scornful gaze, as round me stand,
 In adverse league, a lawless Band,
 These taught with well-dissembled art
 To veil the purpose of their heart,
 While Those in open hate engage,
 And ceaseless vent their murth'rous rage,
 Now furious grind their teeth, and now
 Insulting aim the deathful blow.
 How long wilt Thou, my God, how long
 With patient eye behold my wrong?
 How long shall I in vain attend
 Till Thou, my Guardian and my Friend,
 The Lion's dreaded rage controul,
 And rescue my deserted soul,
 That, 'mid th' assembled Tribes, my tongue
 May raise to Thee the thankful song?

O let not my unjur'd foes,
 With speaking eye, amidst my woes,
 As round they stand in close array,

85

The triumphs of their heart betray;
 Behold them, Lord, their arts address,
 The friends of peace and truth t' oppress,
 But chief my name with insults load:

"Thou wretch abandon'd of thy God,"

90

"In vain, they clamour, what our eyes

"Attest, thy conscious tongue denies."

My God, (for Thou their rage hast seen,)

With timeliest succour intervene,

Nor silent long, Almighty Sire,

95

Remain, nor distant far retire.

Awake, thy aiding strength excite,

Awake, and vindicate my right.

Let Justice teach them, by thy stroke,

Their frantic triumphs to revoke;

100

Nor let their heart, its wish complete,

With secret joy transported beat,

Or boasting hail th' expected hour,

That gives me to the Murth'rer's pow'r.

Let All who make my grief their scorn

105

Their blasted hopes astonish'd mourn;

Let stern rebuke and foul disgrace

With shame perpetual clothe their face,

As, nigh me rang'd, with thankful voice

The friends of innocence rejoice,

110

And "Blest, they cry, be Jacob's Lord,

"The God by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,

"Who

“ Who joys his Servant’s cause to plead,
 “ And crowns with peace his favour’d head.”
 While, loudest in the choir, my tongue 115
 To notes of praise shall tune its song,
 And pleas’d through each revolving day
 Thy Justice, mightiest Lord, display.

P S A L M XXXVI.

BEHOLD the wretch, in error lost,
 Whose stubborn heart with impious boast
 His Law rejects, his Fear denies,
 Who form’d the earth, and seas, and skies,
 Nor self-aborrent looks within, 5
 To view the measure of his sin.
 His tongue to falsehood train’d, his mind
 No more to acts of good inclin’d,
 Concerted mischiefs croud his breast,
 And rob his midnight hours of rest. 10
 Nor Wisdom to her paths his will
 Can turn, or wean his soul from ill.

Thy Mercy, Lord, to Heav’n extends;
 Thy Truth the lofty clouds transcends;
 Fix’d as the Mountain’s solid base 15
 Thy Justice stands; who seeks to trace
 The counsels of the Will divine
 By Reason’s aid, with scanty line
 (Prepost’rous,) would the Deep explore,
 And measure with his span its shore. 20
 Nor rest thy cares alone confin’d
 To Us, the Sons of human kind;

Thy

Thy hand th' unconscious Brute sustains,
 And spreads his pasture on the plains:
 But We, with pious trust, who know 25
 What gifts we to thy Mercy owe,
 (O, what that Mercy can excell?)
 Beneath thy soft'ring wings shall dwell.
 To each who seeks thy name behold
 Thy House its richest stores unfold, 30
 And bliss unintermix'd with woe
 In fullest streams their breast o'erflow.
 From out thy Seat, immortal King,
 Forth issues Life's perennial spring;
 Thy light with unextinguish'd rays 35
 Shall o'er our heads auspicious blaze.

Still may the Souls who Thee have known
 The Blessings of thy Mercy own,
 And each who bears a spotless mind
 His refuge in thy Justice find. 40
 Me let thy care, Almighty Friend,
 From Pride's injurious foot defend;
 Each impious hand that seeks my hurt
 Let thy superior strength avert.
 Lo, there they fall, (their triumphs o'er, 45
 And prostrate lie, to rise no more.

P S A L M XXXVII.

LET not the Sinner's wealth or might
 The envy of thy soul excite:
 Anon thine eye shall see him fade
 Quick as the flow'r or vernal blade,

That

That now rejoicing lifts the head,
 Now with'ring on the earth is spread.
 But Thou thy will to Heav'n's high Lord
 (His Faith thy trust, thy rule his Word,)
 Submit, and nourish'd by his hand
 Inherit from his gift the Land. 10
 In Him delight, on Him depend;
 Him chuse thy Guide, thy Way, thy End;
 So shall his Love thy wishes grant,
 His Care anticipate thy want,
 And bid thy acts in light serene 15
 Fair as the rising morn be seen,
 Thy Justice as the noon of day
 Diffusive pour its cloudless ray.
 With patient hope await his will,
 Nor let the sight of prosp'rous ill 20
 Impell thee with disquiet vain
 His wise disposals to arraign,
 Lest wrath and doubt thy conscience blind,
 And urge to acts of guilt thy mind.
 See, from their dwelling torn, th' unjust 25
 To those who fix on God their trust
 (So wills the Majesty divine,)
 Their forfeit heritage resign.
 Wait but awhile; then look around:
 No more the impious race are found; 30
 Nor the proud roof nor wide domain
 The mem'ry of their Lord retain.
 But see the meek and pious Band
 (Advanc'd by God's almighty hand

The

The pow'r among them to divide, 35
To fierce Ambition's sword denied,)
Earth's bounds possess, and, Peace their care,
The fulness of its blessings share.
His wiles the Fool of Sin provides
To slay whom Wisdom's precept guides, 40
Now furious grinds his teeth, and now
Insulting aims the deathful blow:
But God his frantic rage derides,
And sees the Day, as on it glides,
Whose beams, with wrath uncommon red, 45
Shall stream in vengeance o'er his head.
On You, ye Poor, with dire intent,
The sword is drawn, the bow is bent;
But vain each wish, each effort vain,
To root from earth your chosen train: 50
The sword, with better aim impress'd,
Descends into its Owner's breast;
Reluctant to the Archer's will
Bursts the tough bow, and mocks his skill.
Exchange not Ye your scanty store 55
For heaps of guilt-polluted ore:
That God, ye Saints, whose Love ye seek,
The arm of lawless pow'r shall break,
And bid the Just protected stand
Beneath the shadow of his hand: 60
By Him your years determin'd flow;
The Lot, which his Decrees bestow,
From Sire to Son, till time shall end,
In sure succession shall descend:

When

When War's dire flames around you burn, 65
 From You the darts their points shall turn;
 Each blast that taints the red'ning sky
 From Your exempted fields shall fly.

Who know not Thee, great God, to dread,
 As Victims for the slaughter fed, 70
 Consum'd by Heav'n's avenging fire
 Shall perish and in smoke aspire.

While faithless These th' intrusted loan
 With base ingratitude disown,
 His plenteous alms the Just can give, 75
 And pleas'd a Brother's wants relieve.

Earth's goods thy Blessing to the Pure
 Shall grant, and what it grants insure;
 While guilty souls the Curse divine
 To full excision shall consign. 80

The Just, blest object of thy Love,
 Thou, Lord, wilt lead, his path approve,
 Thy faithful hands his steps sustain,
 Nor falls he, but to rise again.

Once was I young, and now am old, 85
 Yet ne'er the Righteous could behold
 By God deserted, nor his seed
 Requesting at my gate their bread:

His heart with gen'rous pity glows;
 Inrich'd by what his hand bestows 90
 He lives, and for his distant heirs
 Prosperity and peace prepares.

From Ill recede; to Good incline
 Thy thought; and endless life be thine.

Delighted

Delighted whom his Laws delight
 Th' Almighty views; nor Day nor Night
 The soul that bows to his Decree
 Abandon'd from his Love shall see.
 Behold, ye Just, th' eternal Doom
 The Sinner's short-liv'd race consume, 100
 While happier Ye to Yours assign'd
 A heritage perpetual find.
 How blest whom Thou, great God, hast taught!
 His lips, with sacred science fraught,
 The lessons of thy truth impart; 105
 And, grav'd within his inmost heart,
 Thy Law, the ever faithful Guide,
 Forbids his steadfast feet to slide.
 Each art the murth'rous tribe essay,
 And mark the guiltless for their prey; 110
 But God his rescue has decreed;
 Himself will rise his cause to plead,
 Refute th' Accuser's perjur'd tongue,
 And save him from the hand of wrong.
 Wait on thy God; observe his ways: 115
 His pow'r aloft thy head shall raise;
 Exerted in thy right his hand
 Shall vindicate to Thee the Land,
 And bid, before thy sight, his foe
 The terrors of his vengeance know. 120
 The prosp'ring Sinner once I view'd;
 Strong as the healthful Tree he stood,
 That, shadowing wide its native soil,
 Nor knows, nor asks, the planter's toil:

I went, I came, and look'd again; 125
 I look'd, but sought his place in vain.
 Behold the Just, and mark his end:
 See Peace his eve of life attend,
 While on the Sinner's latest hour
 The storms of heaviest vengeance low'r. 130
 To God the Just his safety owes,
 Him owns his Strength amidst his woes,
 Assur'd that He shall each defend
 Whose constant hopes on Him depend,
 And, while his foes their peace invade, 135
 Reach, in their cause, his promis'd aid.

P S A L M XXXVIII.

O Spare me, Lord, nor o'er my head
 The fulness of thy vengeance shed.
 Pierc'd by thy shafts, great God, I stand,
 And feel the pressure of thy hand.
 Thou seest, from health estrang'd, my frame 5
 The terrors of thy wrath proclaim,
 While conscious guilt alarms my breast,
 And robs my tortur'd joints of rest.
 Whelm'd with a weight of sins I mourn,
 A weight too heavy to be borne; 10
 My wounds, whose smart those sins repays,
 The wide-infected air betrays.
 See! bow'd, from morn to eve, with woe,
 And wrapt in sackcloth drear, I go;
 My reins with hidden torments wrung, 15
 Each limb diseas'd, each nerve unstrung,

Aloud

Aloud my suff'rings I bemoan,
 And fainting pour the frequent groan.
 But Thou, e'er yet my groans proceed,
 My griefs and inmost wish canst read. 20
 Behold my heart with anguish torn,
 My strength with long affliction worn,
 And stretch'd before my wasted sight
 The shadows of approaching night.
 Each Neighbour's eye with silent gaze 25
 My alter'd lineaments surveys;
 My Friends, and next Allies by birth,
 (Once kind Companions of my mirth,
 When wing'd with health the moments flew,)
 My griefs with distant horror view. 30
 With snares my foes beset my way,
 Intent on death throughout the day
 With fiercest rage my name revile,
 And discipline their thoughts to guile:
 Invented crimes, and taunts severe, 35
 With steadiest patience, Lord, I hear,
 Unmov'd, as One who deaf and mute
 Nor censure feels nor can refute:
 For Thou, best Advocate, art nigh;
 On Thee, great God, my hopes rely; 40
 O vindicate my fame from wrong,
 And silence the reproachful tongue.
 Thou know'st the tenour of my pray'r;
 O let me not their insults bear:
 Mark, when my steps have chanc'd to slide, 45
 The shouts that rise on ev'ry side,

And, echoing through the wounded air,
 The triumphs of their heart declare.
 Thou seest how prone to lapse my feet,
 What woes my eyes incessant meet; 50
 Nor shuns my soul its guilt to own,
 But sorrowing bows before thy throne.
 How strong, how num'rous, are the foes
 That unprovok'd my peace oppose,
 Their veins with health's full current warm, 55
 And strung with active might their arm!
 Ill for my Good return'd I find,
 Nor know from aught (but that, inclin'd
 To Good, their deeds I shun,) to date
 The ground of their prepos't'rous hate. 60
 O let me, rais'd by Thee, no more
 The absence of thine aid deplore;
 God of my life, recede not far,
 But haste, and make that life thy care.

P S A L M XXXIX.

MY steps Discretion's rules shall guide;
 Nor error from my lips shall slide,
 (Thus to myself resolv'd I said;)
 Nor word, in Wisdom's scale unweigh'd:
 While lawless crouds attend me nigh, 5
 And mark me with insidious eye,
 Behold me with the steady rein
 Each effort of my tongue restrain.
 Awhile my soul its purpose keeps;
 A stubborn silence seals my lips: 10

But

But O! from themes of good withheld,
 How oft my full-swoln heart rebell'd!
 My thoughts in various tumult roll;
 At length, impatient of controul,
 Forth from my struggling bosom brake
 The kindled flame; and thus I spake:
 O let me, heav'nly Lord, extend
 My view to life's approaching end,
 And, lesson'd by thy Wisdom, learn
 How soon my fabrick shall return
 To earth, and in the silent tomb
 Its seat of lasting rest assume.
 What are my days? (a span their line;)
 And what my age compar'd with thine?
 Our life advancing to its close,
 While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
 Swift through an empty shade we run,
 And Vanity and Man are one:
 With anxious pain this Son of care
 Toils to enrich an unknown heir,
 And, eying oft his heapy store,
 With vain disquiet thirsts for more:
 Where, Lord, shall I my refuge see?
 On whom repose my hope but Thee?
 O purge my guilt, nor let my foe
 Exulting mock my heighten'd woe.
 Convinc'd that thy paternal hand
 Inflicts but what my sins demand,
 I speechless fate; nor plaintive word,
 Nor murmur, from my lips was heard.

But O, in thy appointed hour
Withdraw thy rod; lest Nature's pow'r,
While griefs on griefs my heart assail,
Unequal to the conflict, fail.

O, how thy chastisements impair 45

The human form, however fair!

How frail the strongest frame we see,

If Thou the Sinner's fate decree!

As when the fretting moths consume

The labour of the curious loom, 50

The texture fails, the dyes decay,

And all its lustre fades away.

Such, Man, thy state: then, humbled, own

That Vanity and Thou are one.

To Thee, great God, my knees I bend; 55

To Thee my ceaseless pray'rs ascend;

O let my sorrows reach thine ears,

And mark my sighs, my groans, my tears.

God of my Fathers! Here, as They,

I walk the Pilgrim of a day; 60

A transient Guest, thy works admire,

And instant to my home retire.

O spare me, Lord, awhile, O spare,

And Nature's ruin'd strength repair,

E'er, life's short circuit wander'd o'er, 65

I perish, and am seen no more.

PSALM XL.

I.

WITH patient hope my God I sought;
He to his Suppliant's want his thought
In happiest hour applied:
He from the dark and miry pit
High on the rock has rais'd my feet;
Nor fear my steps to slide.

2.

His praise inspires my grateful tongue,
And dictates to my lips a song
In strains unheard before.
Admiring crouds his work shall see,
Their strength on Him repose with Me,
With Me his name adore.

3.

Blest, who in Thee, great God, confide,
Nor madly trust the arm of pride,
And helps that but betray.
Thy Mercies, Lord, all praise surmount,
Nor numbers can their sum recount,
Nor words their worth display.

4.

Nor Sacrifice thy Love can win,
Nor Off'rings from the stain of sin
Obnoxious Man shall clear:
Thy hand my mortal frame prepares,
(Thy hand, whose signature it bears,)
And opes my willing ear.

5. And,

5.

And, since the Blood of Victims slain,
And hallow'd Gifts, attempt in vain

T' avert th' Offender's doom,
Myself th' atonement will provide;
Lo! (touch'd with pity thus I cried,)

I come, my God, I come.

6.

Thy Book, by sacred Bards unroll'd,
My full obedience has foretold

To Thy mysterious Will.

His just assent thy Servant gives,

Thy words my Breast with joy receives,

My Hands with zeal fulfill.

7.

The faithful Witness to thy fame,
Aloud thy Justice I proclaim

To *Abraham's* chosen Race:

My lips, Thou know'st, have ne'er declin'd

To preach the Theme by Thee injoin'd,

The Wonders of thy Grace.

8.

With strong desire my bosom glows

Thy Truth and Mercy to disclose,

In Man's relief display'd:

O let that Truth dispell my woe,

That Mercy, Lord, around me throw

Its all-protecting shade.

9. While

9.

While griefs on griefs my cup have mix'd,
On earth my downward looks are fix'd;
The Sins, whose weight I bear,
(Those Sins, that number'd by the eye
The hairs that shade my head outvie,)
My heart with anguish tear.

10.

Haste to thy Servant's rescue, haste;
My Soul, by hostile numbers chas'd,
To Thee directs its pray'r.
In wild confusion backward borne
Their wish defeated let them mourn,
And lost in empty air.

11.

Be shame their just reward assign'd,
While round me with relentless mind
Derision's shout they raise:
Thy Bliss let All who seek thee share,
And, taught thy Love, that Love declare
In songs of ceaseless praise.

12.

While These in thy Salvation joy,
Increasing griefs my thought employ,
And speediest aid demand:
My Helper and Redeemer, hear;
O, instant in my cause appear,
And reach thy saving hand.

PSALM

P S A L M XLI.

BLEST, who with gen'rous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes,

Bows to the poor man's want his ear,
And wipes the helpless Orphan's tear:

In ev'ry want, in ev'ry woe,

5

Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know;

Thy Love his life shall guard, thy hand

Give to his lot the chosen land,

Nor leave him in the dreadful day

To unrelenting foes a prey.

10

When languid with disease and pain,

Thou, Lord, his spirit wilt sustain,

Prop with thine arm his sinking head,

And turn with tend'rest care his bed.

O let me, Lord, thy mercy share,

15

(Thus to my God I form'd the pray'r,)

Health to my fainting soul dispense,

That humbled owns its dire offence.

"When shall he perish?" Thus my foes

With ruthless tongue their wish disclose;

20

"Why lingers Death's appointed hour

"Oblivion on his name to pour?"

Beside my couch, dissolv'd in tears,

The hostile visitant appears,

Dissembling o'er my anguish mourns,

25

While with collected malice burns

His heart, and parted from my gate

Aloud proclaims his settled hate.

Now

Now pleas'd they form some dark design,
Now whisp'ring thus in curses join: 30

" Still may the guilt unpurg'd remain,

" That binds him on the bed of pain;

" Nor let him from that bed arise,

" But close in endless sleep his eyes."

And Thou, the Friend, to whom my heart 35

Its inmost counsels wont t' impart,

For whom the social board I spread,

And broke with lib'ral hand my bread,

With lifted heel, severe return,

The partner of thy breast couldst spurn. 40

Maker of All! be Thou my guard:

Give me, my strength by Thee repair'd,

Give me to teach the faithless band

To own the justice of thy hand.

So, while my pray'rs indulg'd approve 45

My Soul the object of thy Love,

My foes, with inward anguish torn,

Shall each his blasted triumphs mourn;

And I (for Thou thy aid shalt yield,)

In innocence of heart upheld 50

Thy Courts shall ever tread, and there

The fulness of thy presence share.

O thankful bless th' Almighty Lord,

The God by *Jacob's* Sons ador'd.

His fame, e'er Time its course began, 55

O'er Heav'n's wide region echoing ran;

To Him through endless ages raise

One song of oft-repeated praise.

PSALM XLII.

AS pants the Hart for cooling springs,
 So longs my Soul, O King of Kings,
 Thy face in near approach to see,
 So thirsts, great Source of Life, for Thee.
 When shall I reach thy blest abode? 5
 When meet the presence of my God?
 Tears, Lord, Thou know'st, have been my bread,
 By day, by night, profusely shed,
 While thus they urge me to despair:
 "Where's now thy God, thou Outcast, where?" 10
 While griefs like these beset my soul,
 My busied thoughts tumultuous roll;
 And oft in luxury of woe
 Back to those happier hours I go,
 When up fair *Sion's* high ascent 15
 The Tribes in long procession went,
 And, while thy praise in grateful songs
 Resounded from a thousand tongues,
 I, rank'd amid the festive Train,
 Exulting trod thy hallow'd Fane. 20

Why thus, my Soul, with care oppress'd?
 And whence the woes that fill my breast?
 In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
 On God thy steadfast hope repose;
 To Him my thanks shall still be paid, 25
 My sure Defence, my constant Aid.

Thy mercies, Lord, before my eyes
 Shall yet in sweet remembrance rise,

Though

Though now with mournful step and slow
 O'er *Jordan's* lonely banks I go, 30
 And, exil'd from thy much lov'd *Dome*,
 On distant *Hermon* pensive roam.
 Deep to confed'rate Deep aloud
 Have call'd, and from the bursting cloud
 Their licens'd rage the storms have shed, 35
 And heap'd the billows o'er my head.
 Yet 'midst the storm, and 'midst the wave,
 Thy Love the beams of comfort gave;
 Thy Name to rapture prompts my tongue,
 My Joy by day, by night my Song; 40
 To Thee my soul ascends in pray'r,
 And in thy bosom pours its care.
 God of my strength, attend my cry,
 Say why, my great Preserver, why,
 Excluded from thy sight I go, 45
 And bend beneath a weight of woe;
 Why sharper than the biting steel
 Th' insulting Foe's reproach I feel,
 While thus they urge me to despair:
 "Where's now thy God, thou Outcast, where?" 50
 Why thus, my Soul, with care oppress'd?
 And whence the woes that fill my breast?
 In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
 On God thy steadfast hope repose;
 To Him my thanks shall still be paid, 55
 My sure Defence, my constant Aid.

PSALM XLIII.

O Weigh me, Lord, in equal scale,
And let my injur'd cause prevail:

O save me from an impious Throng,
The Sons of Violence and Wrong.

God of my strength, to Thee I cry;

Say why, by Thee rejected, why,

I bend beneath a weight of woe,

And bear the insults of the Foe.

O let thy Light attend my way,

Thy Truth afford its steady ray,

To *Sion's* Hill direct my feet,

And bring me to thy hallow'd Seat:

Admitted to thy Altars there,

My hands to Thee the gift shall bear,

Whose Mercies, to my heart reveal'd,

A theme of endless transport yield.

Thy praise, O God, my God, the lyre

Shall wake, thy Love its song inspire.

Why thus, my Soul, with care oppress'd?

And whence the woes that fill my breast?

In all thy cares, in all thy woes,

On God thy stedfast hope repose;

To Him my thanks shall still be paid,

My sure Defence, my constant Aid.

P S A L M XLIV.

TAUGHT by our Sires, great God, our ear
 Thy wondrous Acts has wak'd to hear,
 The Mercies to their Tribes reveal'd,
 When Ages long o'erpast beheld
 By Thee dislodg'd an impious race 5
 Yield to their chosen Seed a place,
 And *Israel's* Sons, thy foes o'erthrown,
 Succeed to labours not their own.
 There, planted by the hand divine,
 With large increase their prosp'ring Line 10
 Are bless'd, and nourish'd by thy care
 The fulness of thy bounty share.
 For not the arm of human might,
 Nor sword of steel, upheld their right;
 Thy pow'r exerted in their aid, 15
 Thy presence o'er their heads display'd,
 Proclaim'd them favour'd from on high,
 And bade each force before them fly.
 Thee, Lord, my King, and Thee alone,
 Attentive to thy Laws I own; 20
 Indulgent still, Almighty Friend,
 Thy Arm in *Israel's* cause extend.
 Through Thee our Hosts unmov'd shall stand,
 Strike with the horn each adverse band,
 Thy name invok'd, their fury meet, 25
 And tread them breathless at their feet.
 Not from my sword or from my bow
 My soul such confidence shall know;

Thou, Lord, each adverse pow'r shalt quell,
 Thy strength their gath'ring troops dispell: 30
 That strength our boast, thy hallow'd name,
 Our hymns of loudest praise shall claim,
 While Time shall roll its rapid tide,
 And Day and Night thy works divide.

But now, thy wonted aid withheld, 35
 Repuls'd, asham'd, we quit the field;
 No more we see, to battle led,
 Th' Almighty Conqu'ror at our head,
 But quick retreat in wild dismay,
 Abandon'd to our foes a prey. 40

As Beasts for food decreed we die,
 Or, spar'd, as worthless in thine eye
 See! sold for nought our Lords we change,
 And lost through distant climates range.

Each neighb'ring Realm with scornful gaze 45
 Thy People's ruin'd state surveys;
 Our name, amid the Nations round,
 A proverb in each mouth is found;
 Assembled Crouds insulting stand,
 And fierce Derision claps the hand. 50

How feels my heart the dire disgrace!
 How glows with ceaseless shame my face,
 While thus, divested of thy fear,
 With keen reproach they wound my ear,
 And with revengeful hand fulfill 55

The dictates of their lawless will!
 Yet, torn with grief, with dread oppress'd,
 Thy eyes can witness that our breast

Its trust from Thee has ne'er remov'd,
 Nor faithless to thy Compact prov'd. 60
 No Lord but Thee thy Servants greet,
 Nor wander from thy paths our feet,
 Though 'midst the dragon's haunts we tread,
 And death's dark shades are round us spread.
 If e'er, averse to thy command, 65
 To Stranger-Gods we lift the hand,
 Say, shall our crime thy search elude,
 Whose eyes our inmost thoughts have view'd?
 Thy Cause we still avow; thy Cause
 The hostile sword against us draws, 70
 And numbers to the death our train,
 As Sheep, whose blood the hallow'd fane,
 Before the altar's kindled flames,
 By regular allotment claims.
 Arise, eternal God, arise; 75
 Why sits this slumber on thine eyes?
 Awake, nor from thy care expell
 Thy once regarded *Israel*.
 Why veils th' impervious cloud thy face?
 Say why to our afflicted race 80
 Thy ear its pity still denies,
 Nor hears thy captive People's cries,
 As sunk with sorrow's weight we bend,
 And prostrate in the dust descend.
 Arise, thy saving pow'r disclose, 85
 And heal with pitying hand our woes.

PSALM XLV.

MY heart its noblest Theme has found:
 O Thou, with regal splendor crown'd,
 To Thee the grateful strains belong;
 Thy Worth shall bid my willing tongue,
 Quick as the pen of readiest art,
 The dictates of my soul impart.
 Hail, fairer than the Sons of Men!
 Grace on thy lips and Beauty reign,
 That speak thee honour'd from above,
 And blest with God's eternal Love.
 Hail, Thou whom Nations own their Lord!
 Gird on thy thigh the glitt'ring sword;
 By Mercy, Truth, and Justice led,
 Ride glorious on, thy conquests spread:
 Thy stubborn foes, a guilty race,
 Thy hand with faithful search shall trace,
 Mark, as their crimes for vengeance call,
 And teach thy terrors where to fall:
 While, edg'd with wrath, thy ev'ry dart
 Shall pierce some proud Opposer's heart,
 Assert the cause of Judah's King,
 And dip in impious blood its wing:
 Through ages lasts, great God, thy Throne,
 Thy Scepter Justice calls her own,
 And (for thy heart his Law pursues,
 And guilt with fix'd abhorrence views,)
 Thy God, the God who rules the skies,
 Has o'er thine Equals bid thee rise,

And,

And, pleas'd, the oil of gladness shed
 In large profusion on thy head. 30
 Myrrh, Aloes, Cassia, to the sense
 Their all-reviving sweets dispense,
 While, recent from the iv'ry cell,
 Their mingled odours round thee dwell.
 Their Daughters mightiest Kings behold 35
 Amid thy Virgin Train inroll'd;
 And, seated on thy right, the Queen
 In fairest robes array'd is seen,
 That stiff with gold, in *Ophir's* mine
 Matur'd, with fadeless lustre shine. 40
 Hear, Daughter, and attentive weigh
 The precepts of the Heav'n-taught Lay.
 Within thy thought retain no more
 Thy Father's house and native shore:
 So shall the King delighted see 45
 Thy spotless Form; and O, be He,
 That Lord whom Heav'n's high Hosts revere,
 Thy only Love, thy only Fear.

Imperial *Tyre*, that, thron'd on high,
 O'er subject seas extends her eye, 50
 Her Gifts, O Prince, shall bring to Thee,
 And suppliant Nobles stoop the knee.
 The Virgin (Offspring of a King,
 Whom now thy happy Choice we sing,
 (Herself with each perfection blest) 55
 E'er Thee she greets, the various vest
 Assumes; where 'mid th' inwoven gold
 A thousand colours we behold,

That,

That, kindled by the beams of day,
 The needle's utmost art display.
 By eminence of beauty known
 Amidst her fair Associates, on
 She moves, and joys with them to tread
 The paths that to thy presence lead:
 No more the Patriarchs of thy line
 In Time's long records chief shall shine;
 Thy greater Sons, to Empire born,
 Its future annals shall adorn,
 Thy Pow'r to Them deriv'd display,
 And stretch through Earth their boundless sway. 60
 That Earth, while thus to Thee I raise
 A lasting Monument of praise,
 With thankful voice shall join the strain,
 And own the Blessings of thy Reign. 65

P S A L M XLVI.

ON Thee, great Ruler of the Skies,
 On Thee our steadfast hope relies:
 When hostile pow'rs against us join,
 What Aid so present, Lord, as thine?
 By Thee secur'd, no fears we own,
 Though Earth, convuls'd, beneath us groan,
 Though tempests o'er her surface sweep,
 And whirl her hills into the Deep:
 Though, arm'd with rage, before our eyes
 That Deep in all its horrors rise,
 While, as the tumult spreads around,
 The mountains tremble at the sound. 10

Behold

Behold fair *Sion's* blest retreat,
 Where God has fix'd his awful Seat:
 No Tempests there licentious stray,
 But soft along their level way

15

The sacred Streams their course maintain,
 And crown with health her happy plain.
 God, ever watchful, ever nigh,
 Bids storms around her harmless fly;
 His early care each foe withstands,
 And backward turns the yielding Bands.

20

See, rous'd by Discord's fierce alarms,
 The headlong Nations rush to arms;
 But God aloud asserts his sway,
 And Earth's whole fabrick melts away.

25

On Heav'n's high Lord our trust we build;
 The God of *Jacob* is our Shield.

O come, behold a scene of dread,
 Behold a World with slaughter spread;
 And know, 'tis God who bids each Land
 Thus feel the terrors of his hand.

30

'Tis His, again the Earth to chear,
 To break the bow, to snap the spear,
 To wrap in flames the glitt'ring car,
 And hush the tumult of the war.

35

Bow then, ye Sons of Pride, and own
 That I am God, and I alone:
 Exalted o'er each Heathen Land,
 Exalted o'er the Earth, I stand;
 I bind all Nature to my Will,
 And bid the factious World be still.

40

On

On Heav'n's high Lord our trust we build;
The God of *Jacob* is our Shield.

P S A L M XLVII.

1.

ARISE, ye People, clap the hand;
Exulting strike the chord:
Let ev'ry Isle, and ev'ry Land,
Confess th' Almighty Lord.

2.

How awful his mysterious Name!
How high advanc'd his Seat!
Who bids the Nations own our claim,
And casts them at our feet.

3.

He to our lot a Land assign'd,
His favour'd *Jacob*'s boast,
And blest with gifts of various kind
Her health-incircled coast.

4.

Hear, while the shouts wide-echoing round
Th' ascending God proclaim,
The answ'ring trump through Heav'n resound,
And shake its vaulted frame.

5.

Sing to our God; in loudest strain
Perpetual praises sing:
O'er Earth's wide bounds extends his reign;
O praise our God and King.

6. Prepare,

6.

Prepare, prepare, with tuneful art,
 In one assembled throng,
 Your shares of harmony to part,
 And raise the Heav'n-taught Song.

7.

His sway the Sons of human kind
 With humblest homage own;
 And Sanctity with Pow'r combin'd
 Supports his lasting throne.

8.

Kings from afar conven'd behold,
 Whose breasts with zeal have glow'd,
 Among the tribes to stand inroll'd,
 That bow to *Abraham's* God.

9.

For He, whose hands amid the skies
 Th' eternal scepter wield,
 To Earth's whole race his care applies,
 And o'er them spreads the shield.

P S A L M XLVIII.

I.

GREAT is our God: With warmest zeal
 O let his name be blest,
 Within the precincts of his Hill,
 And City of his rest.

2. Fair

2.

Fair is that Hill; how wondrous fair!
 Imperial *Sion's* Seat:
 There centers, Earth, thy Joy, and there
 Its measure owns complete.

3.

Her Walls, while there his lov'd recess
 The Northern Heav'n surveys,
 With safety God vouchsafes to bless,
 And pleas'd her scepter sways.

4.

Earth's haughty Monarchs thither came;
 They came, they saw, they fled.
 Amazement shook their inmost frame,
 And undissembled dread.

5.

Such fears they share as Matrons find
 That feel th' increasing throe,
 Struck by that God, whose ratt'ring wind
 Thy Ships, O *Tharfis*, know.

6.

Lord! what our ears long since have known,
 Our eyes delighted trace,
 Thy Love in long succession shown
 To *Salem's* chosen race.

7.

Thrice blest Abode! whose ev'ry tow'r
 By Thee supported stands,
 That God whose wide-extended pow'r
 Th' ethereal Host commands.

8. When,

8.

When, prostrate at thy hallow'd Shrine,
Thy mercies each surveys,
Transported with the view, we join
In wonder, love, and praise.

9.

Thy Name, through Earth's wide confines spread,
Eternal honours crown;
Each sentence by thy hand decreed
Fair Justice stamps her own.

10.

Let Sion's Heav'n-devoted Mount
With shouts of triumph ring,
And Judah's Daughters pleas'd recount
The Judgements of her King.

11.

Go, walk her sacred streets along,
And let her tow'rs be told;
With curious eye her bulwarks strong
And beauteous domes behold.

12.

So shall the fair description last,
Preserv'd in full record,
And tell what glories once have grac'd
The Seat of Jacob's Lord.

13.

To Him our thankful hearts shall bow,
Nor own a God beside;
To life's last period Him avow
The ever faithful Guide.

K

P S A L M

P S A L M XLIX.

YE Nations, hear : Ye Sons of Earth,
 Of highest or obscurest birth,
 Ye who from wealth's full board are fed,
 And Ye who eat with toil your bread,
 My words with just attention weigh;
 And listen to the hallow'd Lay. 5
 My lips shall Wisdom's lessons yield,
 My heart, with noblest science fill'd,
 Shall prompt me with obedient ear
 The Heav'n-descending truths to hear, 10
 While, touch'd with holy fire, my tongue
 Forms to the harp the mystic song.

Why should my soul with anxious dread
 Behold the foes around me spread,
 Who build on wealth their trust, and store 15
 In boasted heaps the glitt'ring ore ?
 Cease, Mortals, cease your pride ; nor dream
 That riches shall from death redeem,
 Or from the all-disposing hand
 A Brother's forfeit life demand ; 20
 But, taught the Soul's just price to know,
 At once the frantic thought forgo :
 In vain would Friendship's zeal essay
 The full equivalent to pay,
 In vain the flitting breath to save, 25
 And plead exemption from the grave,
 Though envied *Ophir's* wealthiest mine
 Its treasures to the purchase join.

Thou

Thou seest the Man in Wisdom's school
 Long tutor'd, like the untaught fool, 30
 To death submit, and leave his heir
 His heaps of gather'd wealth to share.
 Though Art extends them all its aid,
 Mortality's strong grasp t' evade,
 And bids them build the Dome sublime, 35
 Proof to the rage of eating Time,
 While Lands subjected to their claim
 Take from their haughty Lord a name,
 Yet Man, with erring pride elate,
 And high in pow'r, in honour great, 40
 Shares with the Brute an equal doom,
 And sleeps forgotten in the tomb.
 Their hope thus fond thus faithless found
 Their Sons assume; in endless round
 Another and another race 45
 Their Fathers' wayward steps shall trace.
 Together now behold them laid,
 As Sheep, when Night extends her shade,
 While Death within the vaulted rock,
 Stern Shepherd, guards the slumb'ring flock. 50
 Corruption there its work shall ply,
 And, wrapt in darkness as they lie,
 Each feature fair, each boasted grace,
 With unrelenting hand efface:
 Ye Just, exulting lift your eyes; 55
 Behold the promis'd Morn arise,
 That bids you, o'er each haughty foe
 Exalted, endless triumphs know.

My Soul, amidst your happy train,
 The wish'd redemption shall obtain, 60
 By God adopted, Death shall brave,
 And mock the disappointed Grave.
 Let not the Sight thy heart dismay,
 If Man's proud Offspring thou survey
 With growing wealth incircled round, 65
 Or mark his house with honours crown'd;
 Nor think his treasures, at his end,
 Shall with him to the grave descend,
 Or the vain pomp, that strikes thy view,
 Through Death's dark shade its Lord pursue. 70
 His life with each enjoyment fraught,
 How bless'd his pamper'd Soul its lot!
 And Thee, while pleasure crowns thy days,
 Admiring Crouds perchance may praise;
 Yet Thou, like Him, the way shalt tread, 75
 Which, one by one, thy Sires have led,
 And 'midst th' impenetrable gloom
 Shalt find with Them thy lasting home.
 For Man, with erring pride elate,
 And high in pow'r, in honour great, 80
 Shares with the Brute an equal doom,
 And sleeps forgotten in the tomb.

P S A L M L.

THE Lord, th' Almighty Monarch, spake,
 And bade the Earth the summons take,
 Far as his eyes the realms survey
 Of rising and declining day.

Reveal'd

Reveal'd from *Sion's* sacred bound, 5
 The Seat with matchless beauty crown'd,
 Our God his course shall downward bend,
 Nor silent to his Work descend.
 Devouring flames shall march before,
 And mightiest tempests round him roar. 10
 Heav'n from above shall hear his call,
 And Thou, the vast terrestrial Ball;
 While Man's whole race their Judge shall meet,
 In countless throngs before his Seat
 Assembled. "From the distant poles 15
 "My Saints collect; the faithful Souls,
 "With whom my compact firm has stood,
 "Seal'd with the spotless Victim's blood."
 Th' applauding Heav'ns the changeless Doom,
 While God the balance shall assume, 20
 In full memorial shall record,
 And own the Justice of their Lord.
 With humblest awe, my People, hear;
 For God, thy God, his voice shall rear:
 Myself, O *Israel*, will attest 25
 The guilt that stains thy erring breast.
 Not ritual Sacrifice withheld
 My theme of just complaint shall yield:
 Still let thy Stall the Steer detain,
 Still let thy Goat untouch'd remain 30
 Amidst his herd-mates: from thy hands
 Nor Goat nor Steer thy Lord demands:
 Mine are the Beasts that range the wood,
 Mine all the tame or savage Brood

Whose train the Earth's wide pasture fills, 35
And wanders o'er her thousand hills.
Each fowl, that from its airy flight
Descends upon the mountain's height,
Each brute that o'er the champaign strays,
My all-observing eye surveys. 40

Admit, I hunger; shall thy God
Descend from Thee to ask his food,
Lord of the World and all its Store
Thy aid, thou Child of Earth, implore?
Shall Bulls to ease my want be slain, 45
Or blood of Goats my thirst restrain?

Go, suppliant at my altar bow,
And pay thy thanks, and pay thy vow:
(Be this thy Off'ring :) In thy woes
On Me with steadfast hope repose; 50
So shall my ear receive thy pray'r,
And, grateful, Thou my mercy share.

Thou Wretch by discipline unaw'd,
(Thus to the Impious speaks my God,)
Thy secret crimes to Me are known; 55

I see my Laws behind thee thrown:
And Thou, dost Thou with lips profane
The precepts of my will explain,
And, rank'd thyself amid my foes,
My terms of offer'd grace propose? 60

Say, has the Thief to Thee applied,
And Thou thy wanted aid denied?
Or fail'd th' Adult'rer e'er to see
A partner of his guilt in Thee?

Thy

Thy tongue to fraud has loos'd the reins,
 And lye with lye connected feigns.
 Hast thou not sat, with cruel aim
 Reflecting on a Brother's fame,
 And with invented scandal stain'd
 Whom erst one womb with Thee contain'd? 70
 While silent thus thy crimes I see,
 Thy folly pictures me like Thee:
 But soon my op'ning lips shall yield
 The just rebuke so long withheld,
 And bid, before thy conscious eyes, 75
 Thy guilt in all its horror rise.
 Ye Souls forgetful of my fear,
 With full regard my dictates hear;
 Left, at my word, your life the Grave
 Demand, and none be nigh to save. 80
 Who yields the Sacrifice of praise,
 His best-accepted homage pays:
 Who forms his steps aright, shall know
 What Joys from my Salvation flow.

P S A L M LI.

LORD, let thy clemency divine
 Conspicuous in my pardon shine;
 O let the fulness of thy grace
 Each error of my life efface,
 Its influence to my soul convey, 3
 And wash my ev'ry stain away.
 My conscious heart its guilt shall own;
 My Deed to Thee, and Thee alone,
 Obnoxious,

Obnoxious, nor the day nor night
Conceals from my abhorring sight. 10
Just is thy sentence, holiest Lord,
And Truth eternal seals thy word.
Thou from the birth my soul couldst view,
As shap'd in sin my breath I drew,
And see'st me guilt's transmissive stain 15
Through life's revolving course retain.
But deep within my inmost frame
(Nor dares my soul contest thy claim,)
Thy just decrees, Almighty Sire,
Integrity and Truth require; 20
Thy hand, corrective of my will,
Shall wisdom in my breast instill;
With hallow'd hyssop sprinkled o'er,
My soul its spots shall mourn no more,
But, cleans'd by Thee, the whiteness know, 25
That clothes the new-descended snow.
How shall my ear thy pard'ning voice
Transported welcome! How rejoice
My bones, with vital moisture fill'd,
That, crush'd by Thee, by Thee are heal'd? 30
O turn, great Ruler of the Skies,
Turn from my Sin thy searching eyes,
Nor let th' offences of my hand
Within thy book recorded stand.
Give me a will to thine subdu'd, 35
A conscience pure, a soul renew'd,
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence roam,

Or absent mourn th' ethereal Guest,
Whose visits cheer th' afflicted breast. 40

O let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more his quick'ning aid impart,
My mind from ev'ry fear release,
And sooth my troubled thoughts to peace.

So shall the souls, whom Error's sway 45
Has urg'd from Thee, blest Lord, to stray,
From Me thy heav'nly precepts learn,
And humbled to their God return.

O would thy healing grace bestow'd
Absolve me from my debt of blood, 50
How should my tongue thy Justice sing,
Invisible, Immortal King,

And, long as breath extends my days,
The God of my Salvation praise !
Not Victims, Lord, in solemn rite 55
Presented, thy desire excite ;

Else should my hand with zealous care
Th' exacted holocaust prepare :
A Spirit griev'd is sacrifice
Delightful to th' all-seeing eyes ; 60

The heart, that, taught its guilt to know,
Repentant heaves with inward woe,
Shall find its pray'r, its groans, its sighs,
To Thee in full acceptance rise.

Thy grace to *Sion*, Lord, extend, 65
And bid fair *Salem's* walls ascend :
So shall the Sons of *Jacob's* line
With purest offerings load thy Shrine,

And,

And, while in many a lengthen'd wreath
 Their incense shall its odours breathe, 70
 Before thy altar doom'd to bleed
 The slaughter'd steer the flames shall feed.

P S A L M LII.

1.

WHY, Tyrant, boasts thy heart the pow'r
 To work a Brother's woe;
 While God his mercy bids each hour
 In streams unmeasur'd flow!

2.

With joy thy tongue, to falsehood prone,
 Its venom deals around;
 Nor razor sharpen'd on the stone
 Inflicts so deep a wound.

3.

Thy lips far readier Ill than Good
 And Lies than Truth have sought;
 Nor e'er has word that aim'd at blood
 Unwelcom'd met thy thought.

4.

But God, whose wrath thy crimes inflame,
 Shall pluck thee from thy home,
 Root from the land of life thy name,
 And seal thy changeless doom.

5.

The Just, with thankful awe possess'd,
 Shall view thy blasted pride.

And.

And, from their fiercest foe releas'd,
Thy impious boasts deride.

6.

“ Lo there the Wretch in trespass bold,
“ Who God's support disdain'd,
“ And on his heaps of treasur'd gold
“ His frantic hope sustain'd.”

7.

Fresh as the verdant olive, I
Within thy Courts shall stand,
And, fix'd, indulgent Lord, rely
On thy protecting hand.

8.

Thy Acts my praise shall ever claim,
Thy Name, amidst my woes,
(How grateful to thy Saints that Name!)
My ev'ry fear compose.

P S A L M LIII.

BEHOLD the Fool, whose heart denies
The God who form'd the Earth and Skies:
While, fearless, sin's worst paths he treads,
Mark how the dire example spreads
Through human race. Not one we find
To Virtue's Heav'n-taught rules inclin'd,
Who 'midst infectious times has stood
Unstain'd, and obstinately good.
Th' eternal Monarch from on high
Cast on the Sons of Earth his eye,

5

10

If

If haply some he yet might see
 From error's baleful influence free,
 Whose lives an impious Age might shame,
 Who fought his Love, and own'd his Name.
 He look'd: But Ah! not one could find 15
 To Virtue's Heav'n-taught rules inclin'd:
 Each, led from Wisdom's path astray,
 Pursues the tenour of his way.

O say, what frenzy thus could blind
 Their Souls, that with remorseless mind 20
 As bread my People they devour,
 Nor suppliant own their Maker's pow'r.
 Yet see their thoughts tumultuous roll,
 See causeless terrors shake their soul:
 Wide o'er the field the bones are spread 25
 Of Chiefs who by thy sword have bled,
 And speak the doom that All must share,
 Whom God abandons from his care.

Who, mightiest Lord, to *Israel's* eyes
 Shall bid the wish'd Salvation rise, 30
 From *Sion's* hill its healing ray
 Extend, and round us pour the day?
 When Thou (Thy pow'r the Work demands,)
 Shalt back recall our captive bands,
 The blest event to *Judah's* shore 35
 Her songs of triumph shall restore,
 And ceaseless shouts, through heav'n's wide frame
 Loud-echoing, *Jacob's* joy proclaim.

P S A L M LIV.

I.

THY Name my stedfast heart avows ;
 Do Thou my injur'd cause espouse,
 And be thy Strength my aid :
 My plaints, eternal Monarch, hear,
 And let them by thy pitying ear
 With full regard be weigh'd.

2.

For Nations from thy fear estrang'd,
 With Tyrants fierce, against me rang'd,
 My guiltless soul pursue :
 But 'midst my helpers Heav'ns high Lord
 Shall stand, and faithful to his word
 Each adverse pow'r subdue.

3.

O let my heart, their rage repell'd,
 Itself a willing off'ring yield ;
 To Thee its praise shall flow,
 While to my thought thy Mercies rise,
 That gave me with exulting eyes
 To see my prostrate foe.

P S A L M LV.

O Hear my voice, All-potent Sire,
 Nor distant from the pray'r retire,
 Whose accents to thine ear impart
 The anguish of my heaving heart.

L

A

A Croud, whose thoughts from Thee have stray'd, 5
With falsehood arm'd, my peace invade;

Oppression's shouts around me roar,

Death's blackest horrors whelm me o'er,

And griefs and fears, that shun controul,

Shake to its inmost depth my soul. 10

O who shall give me (thus my breast

Its vain inquietude express'd,)

The Dove's light wing, that through the air

A wretched fugitive may bear,

And grant me safe from harms to dwell 15

Within the rock's sequester'd cell?

How would I mount the wafting wind,

How leave the wrathful storms behind,

And in the Desert's lone retreat

Contented fix my lasting Seat! 20

Thy vengeance, Lord, inflict; their tongue

Divide; for Tumult, Strife, and Wrong,

Where'er I turn, before my eyes

In giant forms amid them rise;

Within their wall's unhallow'd bound 25

By day, by night, they take their round;

Nor cease their guilty streets to hear

The voice of falsehood, grief, and fear.

Not threaten'd Rage, or Hate profess,

My fame insult, my peace molest; 30

My soul, when Foes had aim'd the wound,

Some safe recess perchance had found,

Or, disciplin'd by previous care,

Had learn'd th' expected ill to bear;

But

But Thou, 'twas Thou, the Friend disguis'd, 35
 The Man, whom chief of Friends I priz'd,
 To whom, its Counsellor and Guide,
 My soul in ev'ry doubt applied :
 In bands of sweetest union join'd,
 Each wish, each secret of the mind, 40
 We shar'd, and 'midst th' assembled Train
 Familiar trod the hallow'd Fane.
 Let death (eternal Justice cries,)
 Let death their impious race surprize ;
 Let Earth its op'ning jaws extend, 45
 While living to the grave descend
 The lawless Throng ; whose Land profane
 Hell's worst-invented mischiefs stain.
 But God my vows solicit ; He
 From each distress my soul shall free ; 50
 He, as with fervent lips I pray,
 At dawn, at noon, at close of day,
 Shall stoop to my complaint his ear,
 And instant in my cause appear.
 He, when the battle round me bled, 55
 From hostile myriads screen'd my head,
 Gave to my pray'r the wish'd for peace,
 And bade the dreadful tumult cease.
 That Pow'r, who fate inthron'd above,
 E'er Heav'n's vast Orbs were seen to move, 60
 Whose Counsels, fix'd through ages past,
 Shall time's remotest date outlast,
 That Pow'r my contest shall decide,
 And humble to the dust their pride.

See, upprovok'd, the restless foe 65
 Aim at thy Saints the deathful blow,
 Thy fear, great God, behind him thrown,
 And compacts oft confirm'd disown.
 While War's fierce flames within him burn,
 As milk new foaming from the churn 70
 Smooth are his lips; as oil his words;
 Yet wound they deep as keenest swords.
 O cast thee fearless on thy God;
 He, prompt to save, the grateful load
 Within his soft'ning arms shall bear, 75
 And feed thee with a parent's care.

Author of good! beneath thy hand
 Secure from lapse the Just shall stand,
 While (such thy Mandate!) on his foes
 Destruction's pit its mouth shall close. 80
 Who thirst for blood, who falsehoods raise,
 To death shall yield, e'er half their days
 Be number'd, while, exulting, I
 On Thee with steadfast hope rely.

P S A L M LVI.

O Reach me, Lord, thy aiding pow'r,
 While hostile troops my strength devour;
 My strength devour, and day by day
 With fiercest threats my heart dismay;
 Yet Trust in Thee my spirit cheers, 5
 And checks my sighs, and wipes my tears.
 Thy promise, Lord, to notes of praise
 In each distress my song shall raise:

God.

God in my cause his arm will rear ;
And Man, shall Man excite my fear ? 10
My words they torture ; and, their thought
Each hour with deepest malice fraught,
In impious council nightly meet,
And watch, with murth'rous aim, my feet.
On wrong, and superstition vain, 15
Their hope the frantic tribe sustain ;
But teach them, Lord, thy wrath to know,
And quell the insults of my foe.
My grief to thine observing eye,
As chas'd from realm to realm I fly, 20
In full display, great God, appears ;
O treasure in thy vase my tears :
But see ! already by thy hand
Recorded in thy book they stand.
Whene'er to Thee, my God, I cry, 25
Secure of aid the fight I try,
While hosts beneath my falchion bleed,
And back with headlong flight recede.
Thy word my breast with joy shall swell,
Thy promise, Lord, my woes dispell : 30
God in my cause his arm will rear,
And Man, shall Man excite my fear ?
Their thanks, their vows, (thy just demand,)
My lips shall yield : Thy fav'ring hand
My feet from error, from the grave 35
My fainting soul, has deign'd to save,
And bids me still, to Thee allied,
Within the land of life reside.

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P S A L M LVII.

TH Y Mercy, Lord, amidst my woes,
Thy Mercy to my eyes disclose;
Let me, my hope on Thee reclin'd,
Beneath thy wings a refuge find,
Till thy prevailing beams dispell
The clouds of grief that o'er me dwell. 5

To Him, the God who reigns on high,
To Him with suppliant voice I cry,
Assur'd that He, indulgent still,
My plaint shall hear, my pray'r fulfill, 10
His timeliest aid from heav'n extend,
My fame from obloquy defend,
And bid his Truth and Mercy shed
Their kindest influence on my head.

The Lions round me roar aloud; 15
And, fir'd with causeless rage, a Croud
Advance, (thy foes, eternal Lord,)
Whose teeth are spears, whose tongue a sword.
Inthron'd thyself above the skies,
O bid thy fullest glory rise, 20
And to the earth with cloudless ray
The wonders of thy pow'r display.
Oft, as amid the snares I tread,
Each hour by hostile fraud outspread,
What fears, what woes, my bosom prove! 25
Yet, sav'd by thy preventing Love,
Th' artificers of death I see
Faln in the pit prepar'd for me.

My

P S A L M LVII.

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My heart is fix'd, Almighty Sire,
 My heart is fix'd: To Thee aspire 30
 My thoughts, and dictate to my lays
 An argument of endless praise.
 Awake (thou glory of my frame)
 Awake, my tongue, to loud acclaim;
 Awake my lute, and new-strung lyre; 35
 Instinct, myself, with holy fire
 I wake; and lo, the dawning sun
 Already hears the strain begun.
 From Me assembling crouds shall burn
 The triumphs of thy Love to learn, 40
 And, rapt with zeal, the Nations round
 Catch from my lips the sacred sound.
 Lo! to the clouds thy Truth extends,
 Thy Mercy Heav'n's vast height transcends:
 Inthron'd thyself above the skies, 45
 O bid thy fullest glory rise,
 And to the earth with cloudless ray
 The wonders of thy pow'r display.

P S A L M LVIII.

YE whose lips the cause decide,
 Say, does Truth your sentence guide?
 Are your thoughts by Justice sway'd,
 And in Reason's balance weigh'd?
 Let your conscious tongues attest 5
 What ye harbour in your breast.
 Hearts ye bear, that deep within
 Cherish each suggested sin,

And

And the dictates of your will.
 With remorseless hands fulfill. 10
 From the womb, in error's way
 See the infant sinner stray:
 Nurtur'd in deceit and wrong
 See him with advent'rous tongue
 (Prompt his earliest skill to try,) 15
 Lisp the meditated lye.
 See their veins with venom swell;
 Arm'd with such, the Adder fell
 Stops her ear, in many a fold
 'Mid the shelt'ring brake uproll'd, 20
 While each note the Charmer tries,
 And his utmost art defies.

Smite, great God, the Lions' cheek,
 And their fangs indignant break.
 While they arm them for the war, 25
 And their quiver'd stores prepare,
 Let th' Oppressors feel thy pow'r,
 Let thy sword their strength devour;
 Let them waste in swift decay,
 As the Torrents pass away, 30
 As the earth-bred Snails consume,
 As th' Abortions of the womb
 (Life's short circuit scarce begun,)
 Perish e'er they see the sun.

E'er the Caldron learn to glow 35
 From the kindling thorns below,
 Let thy hotter wrath be shed
 Quick on each rebellious head:

Let

Let the Storms, that through the sky,
 Ministers of vengeance, fly, 40
 Instant, Lord, at thy behest,
 Sweep from earth the living Pest:
 While the Souls that trust in Thee
 Pleas'd their cause aveng'd shall see,
 And, the dreadful conflict o'er, 45
 Wash their steps in hostile gore.
 " Doubtless, each convinc'd shall cry,
 " Doubtless, there's a Judge on high;
 " And who His commands regard,
 " Reap at length their full reward." 50

P S A L M LIX.

TH' impending storm, my God, assuage;
 High o'er the foes, that round me rage,
 Exalt me, (foes, whose stubborn mind,
 To wrong and violence resign'd,
 Thy sacred Laws has long withstood,) 5
 And save me from the Man of blood.
 Assembling crouds the deadly snare,
 Without my crime, great God, prepare;
 Without my crime, in sin allied,
 To diff'rent paths their course divide: 10
 O, obvious to my pray'r, arise,
 Nor let their guilt escape thine eyes.
 Leader of Hosts, and *Israel's* God!
 Stretch o'er the Heathen tribes thy rod,
 Nor let them, unchastis'd, each hour 15
 With mad presumption brave thy pow'r.

When

When eve's dark shades o'er heav'n are hung,
 See! as the Dog with fury stung,
 While hideous yells their wrath betray,
 From street to street they urge their way. 20
 Swords in their lips, without a fear
 Their threats they vent: for who shall hear?
 By Thee, by Thee, those threats are heard;
 Superior Thou each frantic word,
 Eternal Monarch, shalt deride, 25
 And check with just reproach their pride.
 Rock of my strength! To Thee on high
 My Soul shall lift the stedfast eye,
 Whose aid, e'er yet invok'd, each foe
 Beneath my conqu'ring feet shall throw. 30
 Let not thy wrath, O God our shield,
 Their name to full excision yield,
 Left, vanish'd from th' observing eye,
 Th' example of the vengeance die;
 But, arm'd with pow'r, through foreign lands 35
 Distribute wide their vanquish'd Bands.
 Such vengeance from thine arm, great Sire,
 Their tongue's repeated crimes require,
 Their thoughts, inflam'd with impious pride,
 Their oaths to guile's worst ends applied, 40
 And urge thee with impartial doom
 Each bold transgressor to consume:
 Strike, Lord, O strike the needful blow,
 And teach an erring World to know,
 That *Jacob's* Sons thy pow'r obey, 45
 And Earth's wide confines own thy sway.

When

When eve's dark shades o'er heav'n are hung,
 Still, as the Dog with fury stung,
 Still let them, clam'ring for their prey,
 From street to street pursue their way, 50
 Infatiate; while their destin'd spoil
 Elusive mocks their fruitless toil.
 I, Lord, secure in Thee, thy might
 Will praise, and with the rising light
 Thy Love, that in the dreadful day 55
 Redeem'd me, on my harp display,
 Thee own my Refuge, (heav'nly King!)
 And Mercy's unexhausted Spring.

P S A L M LX.

REPULS'D, dispers'd, chastis'd by Thee,
 O grant us, Lord, thy face to see,
 And let the People, once thy care,
 Again thy fav'ring presence share.
 How trembles this divided Land 5
 Beneath the terrors of thy hand!
 O Thou, the God whom we adore,
 Its breaches heal, its peace restore.
 Thy just Decrees to *Israel's* eyes
 Have bid a scene of sorrow rise, 10
 And to his pallid lips the wine
 Of dire Astonishment consign.
 Yet see, thy hands a standard rear;
 Beneath it Each, who owns thy fear,
 Engag'd in Truth's neglected cause, 15
 His sword, secure of conquest, draws.
 Such,

Such, objects of thy tend'rest Love,
 Defend propitious from above;
 Let Me with Them thy Mercy share,
 And hear, O hear, my ceaseless pray'r. 20
 God with an Oath his purpose seals;
 My hand with joy his word fulfills:
 Behold me *Sichem's* plain divide;
 My line, to *Succoth's* vale applied,
 Its bound describes; Thee mine I see, 25
 O *Gilead*, and, *Manasses*, Thee.
 Thou, *Ephraim*, art my strong defence,
 Thou, *Judah*, shalt my Law dispense;
 A diff'rent lot shall *Moab* find,
 A Vase to vilest use assign'd; 30
 A doom like his let *Edom* meet,
 And wipe the dust from off my feet.
Philistia, pleas'd thy tribute bring,
 And own in Me thy future King.
 Who, as our troops in close array 35
 To *Edom's* forts direct their way,
 Arm'd with resistless strength shall bid
 Her gates unfold, her bolts recede?
 Behold us, Lord, oppress'd with woe,
 As exil'd from thy care we go: 40
 Shall *Israel's* hosts, thy aid withheld,
 Still unsuccessful take the field?
 Our hope, on Man repos'd in vain,
 O let thy Strength, great God, sustain:
 Thus arm'd, each adverse pow'r we dare, 45
 And dauntless meet the rushing war,

While

While from thy sword our foes retire,
Or trampled in the dust expire.

P S A L M LXI.

OPPRESS'D with grief, in exile lost,
To Thee from *Judah's* utmost coast

My voice, eternal God, I send:

O hear my plaint; my pray'r attend.

High on the rock my footsteps rear;

There let me stand unmov'd, and hear

The storms, that now around me beat,

At distance roll beneath my feet.

Thee, Lord, I seek, whene'er my foes

With dire intent my path inclose,

And own thee in the dang'rous hour

My steadfast Hope, my strongest Tow'r.

Remote from fear, within thy shrine

Thou, Lord, my dwelling shalt assign;

Thy wings shall wrap me in their shade;

Thou, Thou hast heard me when I pray'd,

And yielded to my wish the joys

Of Those whose care thy Will employs.

Long Life shall *Israel's* King behold,

And ages count on ages roll'd:

Safe in thy presence let him stand,

And share the blessings of thy hand;

His dwelling let thy Truth defend,

Thy Mercy on his steps attend.

So shall thy Love awake my song,

Thy Name the willing note prolong,

M

While,

While, warm'd with zeal, my vows I pay,
And bless thee to my latest day.

P S A L M LXII.

MY Soul in God its rest has found;
When various griefs beset me round,
His Love shall sure deliv'rance yield;
By Him through life I walk upheld,
And safe from lapse my course maintain, 5
Or, falling, instant rise again.
How long, Artificers of ill,
Shall schemes of death employ your skill?
Behold the mischiefs ye intend
Retorted on your heads descend: 10
Your semblance see yon loosen'd Wall,
Yon Bulwark, nodding to its fall.
Vain are the wiles for Him prepar'd,
Whom Heav'n's high Lord vouchsafes to guard,
And, crown'd with honours from above, 15
Proclaims the object of his Love.
See, vers'd in fraud, the impious Throng
With blessings charge their guileful tongue,
While deep within the heart's disguise
The secret curse envelop'd lies. 20
But Thou, my Soul, on God reclin'd,
In Him thy wish'd for rest shalt find;
His Love shall sure deliv'rance yield;
By Him through life I walk upheld,
Superior brave the hostile Train, 25
And safe from lapse my course maintain.

Thee,

Thee, Lord, my Glory, Thee alone
My Rock, my Health, my Strength, I own :
Ye Tribes, in God your help behold,
To Him, with me, your hearts unfold ; 30
Each want confess, each grief reveal ;
For who, O who like Him can heal ?
O Vanity, thy name is MAN :
Intent the human mind to scan,
Come, try, if aught of weight there seem ; 35
Suspend the balance, fix the beam :
In vain.—With equal ease were weigh'd
The flitting air, or empty shade.
Trust not in Wrong and Fraud ; no more
On Hope's light wing presumptuous soar ; 40
Let gather'd wealth before thee lie
Beheld with unretorted eye,
Nor let the glitt'ring heap impart
One wish to thy deluded heart.
Once from his throne th' Almighty spake, 45
And forth again the accents brake :
“ I claim the universal sway,
“ I mark if Man my will obey,
“ And, where my Fear the mind impells,
“ (For Pow'r in Me with Mercy dwells,) 50
“ Each act observe with kind regard,
“ And pleas'd confer the just reward.”

P S A L M LXIII.

THOU art my God; to Thee my eyes
 I lift, e'er yet the dawn arise:
 With sacred thirst, O Lord, I burn,
 My Heart, my Flesh, thy absence mourn,
 As o'er th' unhospitable way 5
 Amidst a barren waste I stray,
 Yet here, by heav'nly Wisdom led,
 Expectant wait, till o'er my head
 Thy beams in mild effulgence play,
 And turn my darkness into day; 10
 Those beams which oft my eyes beheld
 From *Salem's* hallow'd Shrine reveal'd:
 Thy Love my lips shall ever tell,
 (Can Life itself that Love excell?)
 Nor cease, while breath prolongs my days, 15
 In thankful notes the hymn to raise.
 To Thee thy Servant, Lord, as now,
 His hands shall rear, his knees shall bow.
 For nought like this my soul can cheer;
 Nor marrow from the fatted steer 20
 Could e'er to the luxurious sense
 Such full delight, my God, dispense,
 As what my satiate soul enjoys,
 Whene'er thy praise my tongue employs.
 Thou Moon, be witness if my bed 25
 Forgetful of my God I spread;
 And Thou, revolving Sun, if e'er
 I wake unconscious of his care.

Safe in the shadow of thy wings,
 In Thee I joy, O King of Kings; 30
 When dangers threaten to devour,
 Superior to each adverse pow'r
 Thy Arm extends the help divine,
 And long Experience calls it mine.
 Behold my foes in dread retire, 35
 Or prostrate at my feet expire:
 While to my conqu'ring sword they yield,
 The Beasts that nightly range the field
 Amid the slaughter'd heaps shall stray,
 And rav'nous seize their licens'd prey. 40
 By Thee exalted to the throne
 Shall *Judah's* King thy mercies own;
 And blest be Each, my God, whose tongue
 With Him shall raise the grateful song,
 Who suppliant at thy shrine shall kneel, 45
 While shame the Lyar's lips shall seal.

P S A L M LXIV.

THY Suppliant's voice propitious hear;
 My life, Blest Lord, from hostile fear
 Secure, while Men of impious mind,
 Their pow'rs in secret league combin'd,
 With factious rage my soul pursue, 5
 And hide, O hide me from their view.
 Behold the slaughter-breathing Throng
 Whet as a sword their baleful tongue,
 And words, as arrows keen, prepare,
 That edg'd with death shall walk the air, 10
 M 3 Conceal'd

Conceal'd from sight each fear disclaim,
 And level at the Just their aim,
 Nor rest, till in the blameless heart
 Their hand has lodg'd the sudden dart.
 Their dire designs, in guilt allied, 15
 They form; secure, their snares provide;
 "And who our aim shall thwart? What eye
 "(They ask,) the hidden death defery?"
 With future mischiefs teem their breasts,
 (As each to each new wiles suggests,) 20
 And seek in art's obscurest veil
 Their guilty purpose to conceal.
 Ah! Wretches, whither will ye fly?
 Behold the arrow from on high
 Descend, that bears upon its wing 25
 The wrath of Heav'n's offended King:
 The fatal shaft its errand knows,
 And red with hottest vengeance glows.

Their tongue, that seeks another's hurt,
 Itself their footsteps shall subvert, 30
 And passers by with inward dread
 Behold them on the earth outspread.
 Each heart shall own, with rev'rent thought,
 That Thou the work, great God, hast wrought,
 And, pleas'd, thy chastisements shall trace, 35
 Inflicted on their guilty race,
 While, rescu'd from their rage, the Just
 Exulting fix on Thee their trust.

P S A L M LXV.

THEE *Sion's* praise, O Lord, attends,
 To Thee the frequent vow ascends
 From each whom *Salem's* walls behold
 Among her faithful sons inroll'd :
 To Thee, whose ready ear the pray'r 5
 Prevents, shall Man's whole race repair :
 Amidst them at thy footstool I,
 Press'd with a weight of guilt, apply,
 Assur'd from Thy free grace to win
 The wish'd atonement of my sin. 10
 Blest, who by sweet experience knows,
 What Joys thy Presence, Lord, bestows,
 The Man, who, privileg'd by Thee,
 Thy face in near approach shall see,
 Behold thy beams effulgent play, 15
 And in thy Dwelling fix his stay.
 Let *Israel's* Tribes, their foes o'erthrown,
 The terrors of thy Justice own,
 O Thou, the Hope of human race,
 Of all whom Earth's wide arms embrace, 20
 Of all who tost by tempests sweep
 The surface of the pathless Deep.
 In Thee they trust, who girt with pow'r
 Hast bid the Mountains heav'nward tow'r,
 And, fix'd on strongest base, defy 25
 The warring blasts that round them fly :
 In Thee — Who know'st at will to rein
 The insults of the foaming Main,

Check

Check the brute waves that roar aloud,
And still the madness of the Croud. 30
Remotest Realms with dire dismay
Thy wonders, mightiest Lord, survey;
And, as they walk th' ethereal Round,
The Morn and Eve thy praise resound.
Thy visits teach the grateful soil 35
To recompense the tiller's toil:
By unexhausted springs supplied
Thy River pours its copious tide,
And bids the strength-infusing grain
Earth's countless Family sustain. 40
The Clouds, in frequent show'rs distill'd,
Drop fatness on the pregnant field,
Break the tough glebe, the furrows chear,
And crown with good the gliding year.
The pastures of th' extended Waste 45
Thy gifts in rich profusion taste;
The hills around exulting stand,
And own the bounty of thy hand.
Nurs'd by thy care the fleecy train
Invests with white the rural plain, 50
While, as beneath the fav'ring skies
In crowded ranks the harvests rise,
The laughing Vale assumes a tongue,
And bursts triumphant into song.

P S A L M LXVI.

YE Sons of Men, in God rejoice;
 Lift in one choir your thankful voice,
 And spread through Earth's extended frame
 The honour of your Maker's name.
 How awful are thy Works, how great ! 5
 (Thus let the song his praise repeat,)
 Thy late obdurate foes behold,
 By thy superior strength controul'd,
 With flatt'ring lip their homage pay,
 And Earth's whole empire own thy sway. 10
 Each tribe of human race to Thee
 Shall suppliant bend the humble knee,
 Each tongue in hymns of praise shall join,
 And joyful blest the name divine.
 O come, and view with rev'rent thought 15
 The Acts by Heav'n's high Monarch wrought,
 His wonders shown since Time began,
 And friendlike intercourse with Man.
 His word the Deep's vast channel dried,
 And backward roll'd th' obedient Tide : 20
 Now safe athwart its sandy bed
 By Him our rescu'd troops are led,
 Now lost in grateful transport stand,
 And shouts of triumph shake the strand.
 Time's latest period long o'erpass, 25
 His pow'r shall self-supported last ;
 Each realm to his observing eyes,
 From pole to pole, subjected lies,

And

And sees its rebel Sons in vain
 With strength combin'd oppose his reign. 30
 Ye Nations All of various tongue,
 To *Jacob's* God exalt the song;
 Sing, sing aloud, that Nature's ear
 His praise through all her bounds may hear,
 Whose wakeful care within our breast 35
 (Though countless foes our peace infest,)
 Still gives the vital pulse to beat,
 And guards from dread of lapse our feet.
 Oft has thy hand, All-potent Lord,
 By various proof our faith explor'd, 40
 And bid the flame each heart refine,
 As silver recent from the mine:
 Now round us waves the net, and now
 Beneath oppression's weight we bow,
 While o'er our heads the Sons of pride 45
 With hostile scorn exulting ride.
 Through fires, through torrents, led by Thee,
 At length th' expected Land we see,
 Where streams irriguous cleave the soil,
 And crown with wealth the tiller's toil. 50
 Lo, to thy Dome, my God and King,
 The sacred holocaust I bring,
 That late, oppress'd by sorrow's cloud,
 To Thee with fervent lip I vow'd:
 Before thy Altar's kindled fire 55
 The promis'd victims shall expire,
 Here bleed the full-fed Goat, and here
 The fleecy Ram, and stubborn Steer.

O come,

O come, Ye Souls that fear your God,
 And learn his grace on Me bestow'd, 60
 As, supplicating loud, my tongue
 Wak'd to his praise the hallow'd song.
 Had conscious guilt my bosom stain'd,
 How had his ear my pray'r disdain'd,
 That upward now through tracts of day 65
 In sure acceptance wings its way!
 Blest be my God, who, thron'd on high,
 Rejects not from his care my cry,
 Nor, while afflictions round me rise,
 His mercy to my soul denies. 70

P S A L M LXVII.

MAY God his sav'ring ear incline,
 And bid his face on *Israel* shine,
 That All thy counsels, Lord, may know,
 Where Earth extends, or Oceans flow,
 And, thankful, to their wondring eyes 5
 Behold thy wish'd Salvation rise.
 To Thee, of Life th' eternal Spring,
 Invisible, All-potent King,
 One chorus let the Nations raise,
 One shout of universal praise. 10
 Exult each Tribe, exult each Land;
 Heav'n's mighty Lord with equal hand
 The balance holds, and Earth's domain
 Shall own to latest age his reign.
 To Thee, of Life th' eternal Spring, 15
 Invisible, All-potent King,

One

One chorus let the Nations raise,
 One shout of universal praise.
 So, warm'd by genial suns, the field
 With full increase its fruits shall yield, 20
 And God, thy God, O *Israel*, shed
 His choicest blessings on thy head.

God shall on Us his blessings show'r,
 And Man's whole Race revere his pow'r.

P S A L M LXVIII.

LET God arise, and let his foes,
 His arm unable to oppose,
 Back from the field, with wild affright
 O'erwhelm'd, precipitate their flight.
 Behold, great God, the impious Host 5
 Like smoke in quick dispersion lost:
 Behold them, at thy look, expire,
 Dissolv'd, as wax before the fire;
 While all who own thy just command
 Exulting in thy presence stand, 10
 And bid the shout of triumph rise
 Loud echoing to the distant skies.
 O, while his Acts your lips inspire,
 And animate the vocal lyre,
 A path for *Israel's* God prepare, 15
 Who, seated on his regal Car,
 Triumphant o'er the Desert wide
 In solemn state is seen to ride:
 His Name *JEHOVAH*; Theme of praise
 Exhaustless! in his presence raise 20

The

The grateful strain, and joyous sing
 The Mercies of your heav'nly King.
 Their Parent Him the Orphans hail;
 He bids the Widow's cause prevail,
 And, shin'd above th' empyreal sky, 25
 Extends to All his equal eye,
 A mansion to the Outcast gives,
 The Captive from his chain relieves,
 But bids the Sinner wear away
 In barren wilds his shorten'd day. 30
 When o'er the long-extended Waste
 Thy glory, First of Beings! past,
 And, beaming o'er thy People's head,
 Their Bands to certain conquest led,
 Earth, groaning, to its centre reel'd, 35
 The Heav'ns, in clouds dissolv'd, beheld
 The footsteps of th' approaching God,
 And *Sinai* own'd, with lowly nod,
 Thy visits, everlasting Lord!
 The Pow'r by *Jacob's* Sons ador'd. 40
 While yet the burning sands they tread,
 Thy kindest rains, around them shed,
 Bespeak them fav'rites of thy care,
 And Nature's wearied pow'rs repair.
 Thus joy the Tribes whom Thou hast lov'd, 45
 Thus boast their lot by Thee improv'd,
 Whose aid the humble and the poor
 Shall ne'er with fruitless vows implore.

Heav'n's mighty Monarch gave the word;
 His mandate *Sion's* Daughters heard,

50
 And

And thus in one assembled throng
With sweet accordance form the Song:

“Kings with their hosts have fled; and We,

“Who fate from toils of battle free,

“ (Content the household’s care to guide,) 55

“The Victor’s richest spoils divide.”

Again (their form obscur’d awhile

By tasks of servitude and toil,) 60

Again the Sons of *Abraham’s* line

Array’d in spotless lustre shine, 65

As Doves, while obvious to the Sun

From plume to plume the splendors run,

Their wings in silver dipt unfold,

And necks that glow with living gold.

See Peace (for God thy wars has fought;) 65

See Peace, thy full deliv’rance wrought,

While back thy foes, O *Israel*, turn,

Present amid thy gloom a Morn,

Unfollied as the glitt’ring snow,

Diffus’d o’er *Salmon’s* ample brow. 70

No more, O *Basan*, vaunt thy height,

That strikes with awe the distant sight,

No more, ye swelling Mountains, rise

In haughty triumph to the skies:

On humbler *Sion’s* favour’d head 75

His tent th’ eternal King has spread,

Her sacred Hill his choice confest,

And lasting mansion of his rest.

Ten thousand Cars, and yet again

Ten thousand Cars, in lengthen’d train 80

Along

Along her hallow'd way proceed,
 While God the Pomp vouchsafes to lead,
 And *Israel* views within her shrine
 (Blest seat of Majesty divine,)
 The scene that erst his Tribes beheld 85
 On *Sinai*'s mystic top reveal'd.

Admiring Crouds with upcast eye
 Have seen thee, Lord, ascend on high :
 Behind thee move a captive Train,
 Fast fetter'd with the servile chain, 90
 While gifts through Thee on All below
 From Heav'n's high throne transmitted flow.
 A Race, who shun'd thy Laws to own,
 The Blessings of thy hand have known,
 And, objects of thy tend'rest care, 95
 With Us the heav'nly presence share.

To God, our ever constant Aid,
 Be thanks and ceaseless honour paid :
 On Him thy wish'd salvation rests ;
 Him, *Israel*, praise ; whose high behests 100
 Death's dreaded march through Earth's domain
 To paths by Him prescrib'd restrain.
 To Each whose heart rejects his sway,
 His terrors shall their guilt repay ;
 Intent on plans of future ill 105
 His stroke the hairy scalp shall feel,
 And share the vengeance, thus aloud
 Denounc'd on the rebellious Croud.

" Once more from *Basan*'s fertile plain,

" Once more from the divided Main 110

" Thee, *Jacob*, my resistless hand
 " Shall lead, and guard thy chosen Band.
 " When foes thy sword presumptuous brave,
 " Thy feet the sanguine stream shall lave,
 " Thy dogs devour the slaughter'd throng, 115
 " And tinge with impious gore their tongue."

My God, my King, with joyful view
 Thy steps our wond'ring eyes pursue,
 While, rang'd in order's strictest line,
 Before, (as onward to thy shrine 120
 The Ark thy shrouded presence bears,)
 The Singers walk, parting their shares
 Of sacred harmony; Behind,
 The Minstrels tread, in concert join'd,
 While, in the midst, the Virgin train 125
 Awake the timbrel's loudest strain.

" Your praises (thus begins the lay,)
 " To Heav'n's eternal Sov'reign pay,
 " Ye Tribes that boast your hallow'd Race
 " From *Israel's* fruitful source to trace." 130
 Least of that Race, Thou, *Benjamin*,
 With mightier *Judah* there art seen,
 While *Naphthali's* glad Chiefs conspire
 With *Zebulon* to form the choir.

Strong in thy God, O *Israel*, rise; 135
 And Thou, great Ruler of the Skies,
 Thy Work perpetuate; let thy Love,
 Fair *Salem's* shrine incircling, move
 Assembled Kings her Courts to greet,
 And cast their gifts before thy feet. 140

The

The Beast, that from his reedy bed
 On *Nile's* proud bank uplifts the head,
 Rebuke, indignant; nor the Throng
 Forget, from whose misguided tongue
 The Heifer and the grazing Steer 143
 The offer'd Vow unconscious hear,
 While to the silver's tinkling sound
 Their feet in solemn dance rebound.
 Their thirst of war, great God, restrain,
 And backward drive their scatter'd train: 150
 So, summon'd from her farthest end,
 Shall *Egypt's* Lords to *Salem* bend
 Their footsteps, and *Arabia's* Land
 Extend to Thee the suppliant hand.

Ye various Realms that Earth divide, 155
 O sing to *Israel's* God and Guide,
 Who o'er the skies, in awful state,
 From earliest age, exalted fate;
 Whose voice, in frequent thunders giv'n,
 Tremendous shakes the vault of Heav'n. 160
 To Him the pow'r ascribe, whose rays
 To *Jacob's* view conspicuous blaze,
 Who downward from th' ethereal height
 O'er subject Worlds extends his sight.
 What terrors from thy presence flow! 165
 O Thou, of *Israel's* foes the Foe,
 Whose strength his arm for toil prepares,
 And crowns with sure success his wars.
 To Thee, till Time shall reach its end,
 Let songs of highest praise ascend. 170

P S A L M LXIX.

O Reach me, Lord, thy hand, and save
My soul from the voracious wave.

In depths of mire behold me bound;
In vain my sinking feet the ground
Explore; while high above my head
The whelming floods their billows spread. 5

Faint are my limbs, my palate dry,
While ceaseless to my God I cry;
With wasting orbs my eyes attend
To see his promis'd grace descend. 10

Behold my Foes around me spread,
The hairs that shade my hapless head
Outnumb'ring; Foes, that, arm'd with pow'r,
My soul have labour'd to devour,

Though pure of each offence I stand, 15
Plight to their terms my willing hand,
Nor shun (Extortion's easy prey,)
The wrong-imputed debt to pay.

To Thee, my God, to Thee alone
The errors of my heart are known: 20
O let not, heav'nly Lord, thine aid
Thus long to my request delay'd

Their hope to hostile scorn consign,
Whose hearts on *Israel's* God recline.
Thy Cause, by Me avow'd, my fame 25
To insult gives, my cheek to shame:

Domestick Wrath and kindred Hate,
In thy defence, my soul await;

The

P S A L M LXIX.

141

The Brothers of my blood in Me
An Alien and an Outcast see. 30

With zeal devour'd my bosom burns,
While frequent to my thought returns

Thy Dwelling by an impious Train
Dishonour'd, and each taunt profane,

That loud-tongu'd Rage for Thee intends, 35
On Me with fullest weight descends.

Dissolv'd in tears, with fasting worn,
What obloquy my soul has borne!

My loyns with sorrow's garb o'erspread
With jests their cruel fancy fed: 40

I pass the crouded gate, pursu'd
By laughter and reproaches rude,

The proverb of the Drunkard's tongue,
And theme familiar of his song.

O let me in th' accepted hour 45
In pray'r to Thee my spirit pour;

Thine ear in full accordance bend,
And pleas'd thy promis'd help extend.

Snatch from the miry depths my feet;
Back let my furious foes retreat; 50

And O! the swelling storm assuage,
E'er yet the flood's remorseless rage

In dreadful whirlpools wrap me round,
And plunge me in the dark profound.

Hear, Lord, and to my soul display 55
Thy Mercy's all-enliv'ning ray;

Look down, eternal God, look down,
Behold me, but without a frown,

Nor

Nor to thy Servant's longing eye
Thy face, amidst my woes, deny. 60
Haste to my aid, O haste thee near,
Do Thou my soul from hostile fear
Release; thine ears each insult keen
Have heard; thine eyes my shame have seen,
And stedfast mark'd the adverse Band, 65
That leagu'd in guilt around me stand.
My soul, by evil tongues assail'd,
Unequal to the conflict fail'd:
In sad inquietude of thought
Some partner of my grief I sought, 70
And wish'd, in vain, the friend to find,
Whose voice might sooth my troubled mind.
These, 'mid the Croud that wait me nigh,
Gall to my lothing lips apply;
While These my thirst's afflictive rage 75
With juice of sharpest taste assuage.
Say, what requital from thy hand
Shall guilt like theirs, great God, demand?
While pleas'd the social board they share,
Let Death around it plant a snare, 80
And what should blifs and health bestow
With aim inverted work their woe.
Let blindness check their fell designs,
Bow with affliction's weight their loyns,
And let thy Wrath, with loosen'd rein, 85
Descending crush the rebel Train.
Let Horror and Destruction drear
Amid their tents the standard rear,

Nor

Nor human habitant be found
Within their dome's capacious round: 90
Since, unprovok'd, with murth'rous view,
Whom Thou hast smitten they pursue,
And seek, instinct with cruel joy,
The Man of sorrows to destroy.
Let Each (for nought their hearts could bend;) 95
From depth to depth in sin descend,
Ne'er, touch'd by healing Mercy, see
The path that leads to Bliss and Thee,
Nor let them, 'mid thy chosen Band,
In life's fair page recorded stand. 100
And O! while press'd with ills I lie,
Cast on my state a pitying eye,
And let thy Mercy to my grief
In full sufficiency yield relief.
So shall thy name my transport raise, 105
And dictate to my lips thy praise.
To Thee my voice the song shall rear;
Nor shall the hoof'd and horned Steer,
New draughted from the fat'ning field,
A Sacrifice so grateful yield. 110
Ye humble Souls, that seek his aid,
His Love, in my release display'd,
His Love your dying hearts shall chear,
Who stoops the helpless poor to hear,
That, injur'd in his Cause, complain, 115
And captive drag the servile chain.
O praise him, Heav'n, and Seas, and Earth,
And All whom Nature wakes to birth:

Him

Him praise, who *Sion* deigns to shield,
 Whose hand shall *Judah's* Cities build, 120
 And bid her Sons the Land divide,
 Where unmolested shall reside,
 Through rolling Time's extended Year,
 A Race devoted to his fear.

P S A L M LXX.

I.

HASTE to my aid, my Saviour, haste;
 My Soul, by hostile numbers chas'd,
 To Thee directs its pray'r:
 In wild confusion backward borne
 Their wish defeated let them mourn,
 And lost in empty air.

2.

Be shame their just reward assign'd,
 While round me with relentless mind
 Derision's shout they raise:
 Thy Bliss let All who seek thee share,
 And, taught thy Love, that Love declare
 In songs of ceaseless praise.

3.

While These in thy Salvation joy,
 Increasing griefs my thought employ,
 And speediest aid demand.
 My Helper and Redeemer, hear;
 O, instant in my cause appear,
 And reach thy saving hand.

PSALM

P S A L M LXXI.

ON Thee my Soul, with steady frame,
(O blast not Thou my hope with shame)

On Thee my Soul its trust has staid,

And asks thy Justice to its aid :

Thy Servant, God of Gods supreme,

5

O hear, and hasten to redeem.

Be Thou my Rock, and safe Resort;—

My Rock thou art, my strongest Fort:

Thy lips my rescue have decreed,

And bid each threaten'd ill recede :

10

Haste then, thy promis'd help bestow,

And save me from th' invading foe,

Whose heart, with impious rage inflam'd,

Thy heav'nly precept has disclaim'd.

On Thee my hopes supported stand;

15

My Life from earliest youth thy hand

(That Life which first from Thee began,)

Preserv'd, and led me up to Man.

When lodg'd within the womb I lay,

Thy Care produc'd me to the day,

20

And, while that Care my years prolongs,

Thy Name shall animate my songs.

Though Clouds, with silent gaze, in Me

A spectacle of wonder see,

Amidst my grief, amidst my pain,

25

Thy Love shall still my faith sustain.

Thy arm in my relief employ,

That soon, my hope absorb'd in joy,

From

From op'ning dawn to closing eve
 Thy praises on my tongue may live. 30
 O let me not, Almighty Friend,
 While with a weight of Age I bend,
 And wearied Nature's succours fail,
 The absence of thine aid bewail.
 " Behold (such words the ranc'rous heart 35
 Suggests, while, pleas'd, with secret art
 My foes the deathful snare provide,)
 " A Wretch whom God has cast aside :
 " Pursue, and mark him for the grave;
 " Pursue; for None is nigh to save." 40
 My God, my God, depart not far,
 But haste, and make my life thy care.
 Let Shame, let Death their deeds repay,
 Who wish my guiltless soul their prey,
 And black Disgrace their name o'erspread, 45
 Who aim their mischiefs at my head.
 My heart shall still on Thee depend;
 My thankful voice to Thee ascend,
 And, through the day, my God and King,
 Thy Justice, thy Salvation, sing, 50
 Yet ne'er, O ne'er, in equal strain
 The measure of thy Love explain.
 Strong in thy Might I take my way,
 Thy Righteousness my only stay,
 Whose Lessons on my youthful breast 55
 Fair Wisdom's sacred lines impress'd,
 And taught me, each advancing hour,
 To speak the wonders of thy Pow'r.

Recede

Recede not now, while grey with years ;
 His hands to Thee thy Servant rears, 60
 Nor e'er thy wonted help withhold,
 Till, pleas'd, my tongue thy Acts has told :
 Such Acts as shall the ear invite
 Of All who now th' ethereal light
 Injoy, and oft rehears'd engage 65
 The wonder of each future age.
 Thy Pow'r, thy Justice, let my lay
 To Nations yet unborn display.
 How glorious are thy Works, how great !
 Say, What in Earth, or Heav'n's high seat, 70
 What shall the searching eye to Thee
 Or equal, Lord, or second, see ?
 How hast thou bid my soul to know
 A long vicissitude of woe,
 Yet, back return'd, with quick'ning ray 75
 Hast chas'd each cloud of grief away !
 Thy hand, when Earth had clos'd me round,
 Has snatch'd me from the dark profound,
 My head with endless honours blest'd,
 And sooth'd my anxious thoughts to rest. 80
 O Thou, whom, wrapt in holy fear,
 The Sons of *Israel's* Line revere ;
 Thy Truth my psalt'ry shall inspire,
 And tune to loudest notes my lyre,
 My willing lips with praise o'erflow, 85
 My rescu'd Soul with transport glow.
 From morn to night, indulgent Lord,
 My tongue thy Justice shall record ;

O

That

That gave the period to my woes,
And whelm'd in shame my vaunting foes. 90

P S A L M LXXII.

INSTRUCT, great God, the kingly heart,
Nor cease thy guidance to impart,
Till, pleas'd, the Heir of *Judah's* throne
Thy precept's full extent has known.
So shall his hand dispense thy Laws, 5
Prompt to defend the poor man's cause,
Peace from the fort-clad Mountain's brow
Descending blest the plains below,
And Justice from each rocky cell
Shall Violence and Fraud expell. 10
In Him the Souls to scorn consign'd
The Advocate and Friend shall find;
His arm their injur'd race shall right,
And crush the proud Oppressor's might.
Thy fear succeeding Times shall own, 15
Long as the Sun and waxing Moon,
With varied light, in swift career,
Alternate guide the circling year.
Behold his influence downward pour,
Delightful as the copious show'r, 20
Whose drops refresh the new-thorn plain,
And swell with life the foodful grain.
His Care the Just aloft shall raise,
Nor fair Prosperity his days
Desist to crown, till round the pole 25
The measur'd Months shall cease to roll.

From

From Sea to Sea his wide Command
 Shall reach, and from *Euphrates'* strand
 Through Realms of various tongue extend
 Far as to Earth's remotest end. 30

To Him the Desert's Tribes shall kneel;
 His Foes, that on their conqu'ring steel
 Repos'd e'erwhile their frantic trust,
 Shall prostrate fall, and lick the dust.
 From *Tharfis* and each distant Isle 35

See vassal Kings with willing toil
 Their presents bring: Before him meet
 The Chiefs, at whose imperial feet
Arabia's far-divided shores
 Prolific spread their richest stores. 40

Each Prince to Him shall homage pay,
 Each Nation own his equal Sway.
 He, when the helpless Poor shall cry,
 Shall hear propitious from on high,
 Health to their fainting souls convey, 45

And challenge from the Grave its prey.
 Nor Fraud, nor Rapine's iron hand
 Shall dare to touch the pious Band;
 For sacred is their blood, and high
 Its price in his paternal eye. 50

Long shall he live, and *Sheba's* gold
 In tributary heaps behold
 Display'd, while Crouds shall suppliant bow,
 His health the subject of their vow,
 And through the length of days his fame 55
 Aloud with thankful voice proclaim.

Lift to the Mountain's height your eyes;
 And see the yellow harvests rise,
 Wide-waving, as the verdure spread
 On *Lebanon's* exalted head. 60

Behold his Cities o'er the plain
 Pour from their gates a num'rous Train,
 And healthful as the vernal Birth,
 That shades with green the joyous Earth.
 From age to age the Orb of day 65
 His brighter glories shall survey,
 While Man's whole Race his Love confess,
 And, blest in Him, his Name shall bless.

Exalt, exalt your heav'nly Lord,
 The God by *Jacob's* Sons ador'd, 70
 Whose wondrous Acts to Him alone
 Assert the everlasting Throne.
 To Him in loftiest praises join,
 And bless the Majesty divine;
 That Majesty whose cloudless rays 75
 O'er Earth's capacious round shall blaze.
 To Him again in praises join;
 O, bless the Majesty divine.

P S A L M LXXIII.

YES: mightiest Lord! My soul has known
 Thy Love to *Israel's* Offspring shown,
 And owns the Bliss by Thee ordain'd
 To Each who bears a heart unstain'd.
 Yet griev'd awhile thy paths, my God, 5
 With hesitating step I trod,

And,

And, but for Thee, the faithful Guide,
 My erring feet had swerv'd aside,
 As fix'd in happiest state I see
 The foes to Virtue, Truth, and Thee. 10

Health strings their nerves; and Death, (their hour
 Approaching,) with remitted pow'r
 And slow advance his easy doom
 Inflicting, bows them to the tomb.

Forbid the gen'ral lot to share 15
 Of pain, affliction, want, and care,
 The lawless Tribe with cruel skill
 Augment the woes that others feel.

Pride on their neck its chain has bound,
 And Violence invests them round. 20
 Their swelling eyes and pamper'd frame
 Their boundless appetite proclaim:

Their wishes by success outrun,
 Their headlong wills controulment shun;
 And words with fury wing'd impart 25
 The genuine dictates of their heart.

Lo, train'd to insolence and wrong,
 Against the Heav'ns their impious tongue
 Defiance and reproach has hurl'd,
 And unresisted walks the world. 30

Untaught to scan thy wise Decree,
 With wonder, Lord, thy People see
 Life's choicest gifts their want supply,
 Whose breasts thy ev'ry threat defy:

Who ask, " Shall He our acts survey, 35
 " Whose hands th' ethereal scepter sway?"

" Who sits inthron'd above the stars,
 " To Earth's low scene extend his cares?"

While daring Mortals thus each hour
 Thee, Lord, insult, and brave thy pow'r, 40
 Yet, sunk in ease, and blest with health,
 Amass in heaps their growing wealth,

In vain, (thy Servant cried,) in vain,
 I purge my breast from ev'ry stain,
 My acts conform to thy commands, 45
 And wash in innocence my hands.

Each day oppress'd with fiercest pains,
 Thy scourge my chasten'd Soul sustains;
 Each Morn, that rising streaks the sky,
 Awakes me but to misery. 50

My heart, while thus by grief assail'd,
 In silence long its thought has veil'd,
 Left Doubts like mine thy Saints betray
 From thy Decrees, great God, to stray.

Thy Conduct weigh'd, awhile my mind 55
 Its hidden Cause essay'd to find;

That Cause, as deeper it inquires,
 Still farther from its search retires.

Thy Fane at length I seek; and there,
 (My anxious soul effus'd in pray'r,) 60

Instructed by thy Spirit; read
 The period to their guilt decreed.

I see thee on the slipp'ry seat
 Of high Ambition plant their feet,
 Then mark them as they downward bend, 65
 And headlong to the earth descend.

How

How swift, how sudden is their fate!
 What horrors, Lord, their death await!
 Wrapt in Oblivion's shade they lie,
 Their image vanish'd from the eye,
 As the light fabrick of a Dream,
 Dissolv'd by day's intruding beam.

70

Such woes, in error's fetters chain'd,
 Such heart-felt anguish, I sustain'd,
 Insensate, as the Brutes that rove
 Th' extended Wild, or shady Grove:
 Yet still thy Care confess'd me thine;
 My hand within the hand divine
 Was lock'd; and, by thy Counsel led,
 Life's maze I yet, secure, shall tread,
 And wait till thy appointed hour
 The promis'd Glory round me pour.

75

O say, in Heav'n's capacious round
 What Friend like Thee my Soul has found;
 Or who, great God, on Earth resides,
 Whose love with thine my breast divides.
 My heart, my flesh, have fail'd; but Thee
 My lasting heritage I see;
 Thy strength my fainting spirit cheers,
 And checks my grief, and calms my fears.

80

85

90

Who, taught to spurn his equal sway,
 From *Israel's* God adult'rous stray,
 His Justice, with reverseless doom,
 In Life's full vigour shall consume;
 While, warm with holy transport, I
 To Him with sure success apply,

95

Him

Him trust, and, guarded by his Care,
To Man's whole race his acts declare.

P S A L M LXXIV.

O Thou, whose hand has *Israel* led,
His fold enlarg'd, his pasture spread,
Why hast thou doom'd us thus to bear
A long exclusion from thy care?
Why thus beneath thy anger groan 5
The Flock whom Thou hast seal'd thine own?
Call to thy thought the sacred Band
Once own'd the purchase of thy hand:
The Heritage by Thee redeem'd;
Fair *Sion*'s Mount, where copious stream'd 10
Th' eternal light, and spoke her Shrine
The Seat of Majesty divine:
Lift to that Seat thy steps again;
See Desolation spread her reign
Around it, and its wide extent 15
Each mark of hostile rage present.
With clamours fierce a lawless Train
The silence of thy Courts profane,
And bid their standard to the skies
Aloft in haughty triumph rise. 20
As when the Woodman's stroke invades
The lofty Grove's thick-woven shades,
So through thy Temple's awful bounds
Now here now there the axe resounds;
And down in shapeless ruins fall 25
The sculptures fair that grac'd its wall,

Rich

Rich with the forest's noblest spoil,
 And wrought by Heav'n-directed toil.
 Along the violated Dome
 Th' intruding flames licentious roam,
 While spacious Courts, and Tow'rs sublime,
 Whose roofs through long-revolving time
 With holy wonder struck each eye,
 Now heap'd in dire confusion lie.

30

"Come, (thus th' insulting foe has cried,)

35

"Come, deal the vengeance far and wide;

"And let the flames with equal doom

"Each House of *Israel's* God consume."

They speak: and, instant, all around

The blazing ruins strew the ground.

40

No more thy wonders to our eyes,

Blest signals of thy presence, rise;

No more the Prophet's lips thy will

In mystic Oracles reveal,

Or to thy People's view disclose

45

The destin'd period of their woes.

But say, O say, great God, how long

Thus unchastis'd the hostile tongue

Shall mock thy pow'r, thy fear disclaim,

And load with loud reproach thy Name.

50

While Crimes like these redress demand,

Why in thy bosom sleeps thy hand?

O pluck it forth, and let the foe

Repentant feel th' inflicted blow.

Thee from of old my King I see,

55

Nor knows my heart a Friend but Thee:

Thine

Thine Arm alone, in *Jacob's* right,
Has turn'd each adverse pow'r to flight.
At thy command, the watry Deeps
Aunder stood, in liquid heaps 60
Suspended; 'midst their waves, his head
Low to thy stroke submitted, bled
The proud *Leviathan*; his Train
Around their mighty King are slain,
While Rapine waits upon the strand, 65
And calls from far her hungry Band,
That scatter'd range the Desert wide,
The promis'd banquet to divide.
Thy stroke the rock's dark entrails clave;
Forth from its depth the foaming wave 70
Sprang instant, and with lengthen'd train
Irriguous lav'd the thirsty plain.
Thy Mandate *Jordan's* channel dried,
And backward roll'd its wondring tide.
By Thee prepar'd, the Night and Day 75
Alternate walk th' ethereal way;
Thy Art the Light's thin texture spun,
And with it cloth'd the jocund Sun;
Thy hand the Earth's vast fabrick rounds,
Its balance fixes, marks its bounds, 80
With summer's show'rs its glebe unbinds,
Or warps it with the wintry winds.
Parent of Nature! God supreme!
While Folly's Sons thy acts blaspheme,
O vindicate thy Name from wrong, 85
And silence the reproachful tongue.

Let

P S A L M LXXIV.

157

Let not the fangs of cruel pow'r
Thy trembling Turtle's life devour,
Nor dark Oblivion's shade our pain
For ever from thy thought detain. 90

O give the Flock that bears thy Name,
Thy fed'ral mercy yet to claim:
Behold within each cavern'd cell
Fraud, Violence, and Rapine dwell:
Behold; and let th' afflicted Poor, 95

From terror and from shame secure,
With grateful heart, and joyous tongue,
Wake to thy praise the hallow'd song.
Rise, mightiest Lord; thy cause defend:
Wide o'er a guilty Race extend 100

Thy rod, and let the needful blow
Repress the license of the Foe,
Whose mad presumption ev'ry hour
With heighten'd rage insults thy pow'r.

P S A L M LXXV.

THY Name, immortal God, thy Name
Our love and highest praise shall claim,
Whose Acts attest thee ever near,
And plant within each heart thy fear.
To Me, to Me the hour is known, 5
When, seated on th' eternal Throne,
My Justice shall assert its Laws,
And arbitrate each dubious cause.
Though Earth's wide Reign before mine eye
Dissolv'd in wide confusion lie, 10

Secure

Secure from lapse its pillars stand,
And rest on my supporting hand.
Lift not the horn, ye Sons of pride,
(Aloud with fierce rebuke I cried,)
Lift not the horn; nor thus in vain, 15
With stubborn neck, and lip profane,
My Rule oppose, or madly deem
That boundless Wealth and Pow'r supreme,
Their course to East or West inclin'd,
Float casual on the wafting wind, 20
Or issue from the Climes, that blaze
Beneath the Sun's meridian rays:
That God, who erst the Heav'ns outspread,
The regal crown from head to head
Transfers: Wealth, Honour, Pow'r, his Doom 25
At will shall grant, at will resume.
His hand the full-charg'd cup presents,
While red with wrath its wine ferments,
Whose mixture Earth's rebellious Train
Low to its utmost dregs shall drain. 30
But I, with sacred transport fill'd,
To *Jacob's* God my praise will yield;
Through Life's continu'd round, my tongue
Shall wake to Him the joyous song.
Behold me, conqu'ring in his right, 35
Now crush the horn of impious Might,
Now bid the Just, that prostrate lies,
With lifted head triumphant rise.

P S A L M LXXVI.

THY Confines, *Judah*, God have known,
 His greatness *Israel's* Offspring own,
 His glories *Salem's* temple fill,
 And rest on *Sion's* sacred hill.
 There broke his hand the sword and shield, 5
 And cast them useless on the field;
 There snap'd the arrows wing'd with fire,
 And bade the raging War expire.
 O cloth'd with Majesty divine,
 O say, what strength shall equal thine; 10
 Not such the Mountains boast, whose seat
 To Rapine's Sons a safe retreat
 Present, and, neighb'ring to the sky,
 With awful wonder strike the eye.

Who went with spoils the earth to heap, 15
 Now spoil'd themselves have slept their sleep:
 Amaz'd the Chiefs were seen to stand;
 Nor knew the once resistless hand
 Its task, but, summon'd to their aid,
 Shrunk trembling back, and disobey'd. 20
 At thy rebuke, O *Jacob's* God,
 The Steed, whose hoofs in hostile blood
 Were dipt, the Car that o'er the plain
 Rush'd headlong on, nor heard the rein,
 With horror struck confess thee nigh, 25
 And wrapt in iron slumber lie.
 Thou, Thou alone our fear shalt claim:
 O who, when, kindled to a flame,

Thy Vengeance shall its debt demand,
Shall dare within thy sight to stand? 30

Earth heard, when God the judgement gave,
And rose his injur'd Saints to save,
In silent dread beheld his look,
And instant to her centre shook.
While impious Crouds oppose thy Reign, 35
Thou, Lord, their fury shalt restrain,
Thy stroke correct their stubborn will,
And teach them at thy shrine to kneel.
Low to our God, ye Nations, bow,
Yield to his Name the faithful vow, 40
Him serve with fear, and duteous bring
Your presents to the heav'nly King;
That King, whose sword, in wrath applied,
Lops in mid growth the Tyrant's pride,
And threatful bids each earthly throne 45
His mightier sway submissive own.

P S A L M LXXVII.

TO God my suppliant voice I rear,
With holy violence his ear
Solicit, and expectant kneel,
Till He my inward anguish heal.
With stretch'd out hand, and restless thought, 5
Beset with woes, his aid I sought:
When night's dark shades the earth invest,
And weary Nature sinks to rest,
Still, deaf to comfort, I complain,
And give my struggling griefs the rein. 10

Now

Now fix'd on God, to Him in pray'r
My fainting spirit pour'd its care,
And words, in artless form compos'd,
The tumult of my soul disclos'd:

Now, dumb with sorrow while I weep, 15
My eyes their ceaseless vigils keep:

Anon my mind its search began;
And back to distant years I ran,
That, big with wonders, to my tongue
Had yielded themes of joyous song, 20

And deep inquiry to my breast
At midnight's thoughtful hour suggest.

Will God a heart oppress'd as mine
For ever to its griefs resign?

Has Mercy from his bosom fled? 25
His Word with vain assurance fed

My hope? Forgets he to be kind?
And shall his Love, in wrath confin'd,

No more its wonted aid bestow,
Or fix a measure to my woe? 30

Now Reason's pow'rs collected rise,
And thus each anxious doubt chastise.

Though prest with various ills I stand,
And mourn the changes of his hand,

His Works, atchiev'd in ages past, 35
Shall fix'd in my remembrance last,

His Wonders on my thought shall dwell,
My tongue his Acts unwearied tell.

For Sanctity thy counsel guides,
And o'er thy paths, Blest Sire, presides. 40

Where finds, O where, the searching eye
A God, with *Israel's* God to vie?
Maker of All! At thy command
Revers'd the Laws of Nature stand;
Stupendous scenes thy Acts afford, 45
And bid the Nations know their Lord.
Let *Jacob* and let *Joseph* say,
How strong thy Arm to chase away
Each woe that waits thy People near,
Each danger that excites their fear. 50
The Deeps beheld thee, heav'nly King!
The Deeps beheld thee; and each Spring,
That rose from out their sandy bed,
Tumultuous own'd its sudden dread.
Incessant from the bursting cloud 55
Down stream'd the bidden rain; aloud
Peal'd the big thunder; through the sky
Thy flaming shafts were seen to fly,
And, as thy voice around the pole
In awful threats was heard to roll, 60
Earth trembling groan'd, while o'er her head
Its livid sheet the lightning spread.
Wide yawn'd the Flood from shore to shore,
And op'd a path unknown before,
While *Israel's* Guardian and his God 65
With trackless step its channel trod.
As sheep to distant pastures led,
Secure thy People march'd, convey'd
By *Moses'* and by *Aaron's* hand
To promis'd *Canaan's* happy Land. 70

P S A L M LXXVIII.

YE Nations, to my Law give ear,
 The dictates of my lips revere,
 While Heav'n-taught Parables they yield,
 And Truths in mystic song conceal'd:
 Truths, which, from earliest ages heard, 5
 To Us in sacred trust transfer'd,
 From Sire to Son successive flow,
 That latest times his praise may know,
 Whose pow'r presides o'er *Judah's* Land,
 And own the wonders of his hand. 10
 He, bounteous Parent of Mankind,
 His Law to *Jacob's* Race consign'd,
 Th' appointed Theme of ev'ry tongue;
 That Children from their Children sprung
 The Blessings of his Love might learn, 15
 And grateful yield the just return,
 Trust in his Aid, his Works record,
 And mark the Precepts of his Word:
 Unlike the Fathers of their line,
 Who, Rebels to the Will divine, 20
 Turn'd from that Word their stubborn ear,
 Nor sought his Love, nor own'd his Fear.
 Such *Ephraim's* sons; a heartless train,
 That, arm'd for war, but arm'd in vain,
 With bows unbended from the fight 25
 In wild disorder urg'd their flight.
 His sacred League, and just Decrees,
 Th' Almighty Lord forgotten sees,

His wonders by their Sires beheld
 On *Nile's* wide banks, and *Zaan's* field. 30
 What hand but His from side to side
 Could bid the foaming Deep divide,
 In liquid heaps suspended stand,
 And safe transmit the chosen Band?
 That hand the cloud around them threw, 35
 Day's kindled fervors to subdue,
 And, lit by Him, with friendly ray
 The fire nocturnal led their way.
 He saw, when faint with thirst they stood;
 And, fast as from the boundless Flood, 40
 Call'd from the op'ning Rock, the wave
 Its streams in full effusion gave,
 And onward pour'd with headlong haste
 Luxuriant lav'd the burning Waste:
 Strange to relate! Yet, stranger still, 45
 That Waste beholds them, to his Will
 Oppos'd, in heighten'd sin conspire,
 And dare to wrath the heav'nly Sire,
 While Each, insatiate, from his hands
 Meat for their fancied want demands. 50
 " Will God, to give his People bread,
 " A table in the Desert spread?
 " Our eyes have own'd the flinty Rock
 " Obsequious to his mighty stroke,
 " And seen the streams, with lengthen'd train, 55
 " Run copious o'er the thirsty plain;
 " But can his stores, exhaustless still,
 " With flesh our hungring myriads fill?"

He

He hears, and now in kindling flames
His vengeance dire at *Israel* aims, 60
And (for their speech a heart betray'd
Distrustful of his promis'd aid,)
Opes to their wish the doors of heav'n,
While back the parting clouds are driv'n,
And, downward pour'd, th' ethereal grain, 65
In wide profusion fills the plain:
Their wants the full supply have known,
And Angels' food and theirs are one.
The Winds, that o'er the Desert fly,
New paths, by Him directed, try, 70
And onward, through th' aerial way,
In flocks the vagrant fowls convey,
Till o'er their tents the cloud impends,
And down the living show'r descends,
Thick as the dust, or as the sand, 75
That lies upon the sea-beat strand.
Fed to the full, th' insensate throng
At will the joyous feast prolong,
While o'er their heads the vengeful sword
Hangs viewless, and but waits the word, 80
To snatch their Princes to the tomb,
And *Israel*'s choicest strength consume.
Yet suff'rings still to suff'rings join'd
Fail to correct their faithless mind,
Though shorten'd in duration flow, 85
Their years, and measur'd out by woe.
Scourg'd by his wrath, his pow'r they own,
And humbled bow before his throne:

With

With seeming gratitude possess'd,
 His arm each tongue their shield confess'd; 90
 And "who so strong to save, they cry,
 "As Thou, great Ruler of the Sky?"
 Dissembling praise their lips prepare,
 And solemn mockery of pray'r,
 While, deep within, a mind they nurse 95
 To Truth and to his Laws averse.
 Yet He their trespass could forgive,
 And bid th' obdurate Sinners live;
 Oft arts of mild persuasion tried,
 And laid th' uplifted bolt aside; 100
 Ev'n wrath with mercy mix'd applies,
 Nor lets his whole displeasure rise.
 Indulgent He their frame survey'd,
 Of flesh and frailty knew them made,
 A Wind, that life's short passage o'er 105
 Flits transient, and returns no more.
 The conscious Wilderness shall tell
 How oft the thankless Race rebel;
 How oft, by mercies unsubdu'd,
 Their Maker, wise, and just, and good, 110
 (While, frantic, to their will they bind
 The Counsels of th' eternal mind,)
 They grieve, and challenge to the test
 His Pow'r, so late their Aid confess,
 When *Cham's* proud offspring felt his Hand 115
 Diffusing vengeance through their Land,
 And Scenes, each hour, to Nature new,
 In dreadful series met their view.

Their

Their Nile corrupted now they mourn,
 And, though with fiercest thirst they burn, 120
 Start back, affrighted, from the flood;
 For Ah! its channel foams with blood.
 Athirst for human gore, the Fly
 In countless legions fills the sky,
 And swarming Frogs, where'er they tread, 125
 With dire intrusion round them spread,
 The Beetle, clust'ring on their trees,
 Now hastes the ripen'd fruit to seize,
 While Locusts sell the tiller's toil
 Consume, and riot in the spoil. 130
 The frost-burnt fig-trees fade and die,
 Their vines by hailstones ruin'd lie;
 The sturdy tenants of the stall
 Beneath the rattling tempests fall,
 The flocks, by fire ethereal slain, 135
 In heaps promiscuous strew the plain.
 Wrath, horror, trouble, at his word,
 Quick on the guilty Race were pour'd,
 And Angel-Forms with dreadful haste
 From door to door vindictive past. 140
 With course direct his Vengeance flew,
 Its path, by Him instructed, knew,
 And Pestilence with noxious breath
 Sow'd through the air the seeds of death.
 Now to the grave, with anguish torn, 145
 Each Mother yields her eldest-born,
 And Egypt, through her wasted shores,
 The first-fruits of her strength deplores.

Now,

Now, *Israel*, shines the Day to Thee,
 That bids thy captive Sons go free, 150
 Safe as beneath the shepherd's care
 The flocks from waste to waste repair,
 Each hostile fear by Him dispell'd,
 Their destin'd course his People held,
 While deep beneath the whelming wave, 155
 Their proud Pursuers found a grave.
 Behold them, borne to seats of rest,
 Seats by his hallow'd presence blest,
 With joyful step the Mount ascend,
 By his victorious arm obtain'd, 160
 The Tribes whom *Canaan's* tents confine
 (A lawless Race!) to *Jacob's* Line,
 Themselves by Heav'n's high Doom expell'd,
 Their forfeited possessions yield.
 Yet, like their Sires, perverse they prove, 165
 Reject the offers of his Love,
 And, rebels to his just command,
 Elude the guidance of his hand,
 As starts astart the Bow of steel,
 And faithless mocks the Archer's skill. 170
 On interdicted Hills uprais'd,
 With impious flame their altars blaz'd,
 While figures by the Artist made
 Thy honours, mightiest Lord, invade.
 See, urg'd to wrath, th' eternal Sire 175
 From *Silo's* hallow'd Tent retire,
 And quit the seat so lov'd before,
 Resolv'd with Man to dwell no more.

His

His Ark, inviolated shrine
Of Strength and Majesty divine, 180
Now wanders captive o'er the plains,
Where Guilt in all its horror reigns.
Prevailing foes, conven'd from far,
On *Israel* pour the tide of war,
While God his Household from on high 185
Beholds with alienated eye.
No Virgins to the nuptial band
Assenting give the plighted hand,
While, snatch'd by the devouring fire,
Their Sons in early youth expire. 190
The sword destruction round them spread,
Nor spar'd the Priest's anointed head;
Nor lives the Widow to bemoan
Her Husband's fate, but meets her own.
His People's cry th' Eternal hears; 195
As wak'd from sleep, his strength he rears,
Shouts like a Giant cheer'd with wine,
And wrathful lifts the Arm divine:
Th' averted Foe that Arm confest,
With shame and dire disease oppress'd. 200
But where, O *Israel*, shall thy God
Returning chuse his blest Abode?
Nor *Ephraim's* Dwelling to his eyes,
Nor Thine, *Manasseh*, grateful rise:
On *Judab's* Tribe he plac'd his care; 205
Thy Temple, *Sion*, founded there,
From age to age his Love demands,
Fix'd as the ground whereon it stands.

That

That Tribe a *David's* birth has known,
Rais'd from a sheep-fold to a Throne. 210

As o'er the waste the teeming ewes
His eye with wakeful care pursues,

A Voice arrests the youthful Swain,
And calls him from the humble plain,

O'er *Jacob's* realms to stretch the rod, 215
And feed the Heritage of God.

He hears, and, while each kingly art
Thy succours to his breast impart,

(All-potent Lord!) with faithful mind
Absolves the charge by Thee assign'd. 220

P S A L M LXXIX.

O *Israel's* Father and his God!
The Heathen Pow'rs thy lov'd abode

Rapacious seize; the Heathen Pow'rs
Thy shrine profane; and *Salem's* Tow'rs,

That struck with sacred awe the eye, 5
Now whelm'd in wide confusion lie.

Each Beast, each Bird that wings the air,
Thy slaughter'd Saints insatiate tear,

Whose blood beneath the Victor's sword
Like water on the earth was pour'd: 10

While pierc'd they lay with many a wound,
And scatter'd *Salem's* walls around,

None wept their fall, or pitying gave
The cheap indulgence of a grave.

See on our heads each neighbour Foe 15
Reproach and fierce derision throw;

See,

See, Lord, and say how long thine ire
 Shall blaze with unextinguish'd fire,
 How long thy Flock are doom'd to prove
 The sad suspension of thy Love. 20
 On Nations who thy Laws disown,
 Nor yet, with humbled heart, have known
 Thy Pow'r to fear, thy Name invoke,
 On These, great God, inflict thy stroke;
 On These, — who *Jacob's* strength devour, 25
 And ruin on his Dwelling pour.
 O let not our transgressions past
 Within thy breast remember'd last,
 But haste, while helpless thus we grieve,
 Thy long-lost People to relieve. 30
 Blest Saviour! Let thy pow'r divine
 Conspicuous in our rescue shine,
 And *Israel's* trespass purg'd away
 Thy boundless clemency display.
 Say, why should the reproaching Foe 35
 His triumphs build on *Judah's* woe,
 And ask, while thus thy scourge we bear,
 "Where's now your God, ye Outcasts, where?"
 Behold, behold thy Servants slain;
 Nor let their loud-tongued blood in vain 40
 The vengeance of thine arm demand,
 But give us o'er each hostile Land
 To see thy Wrath terrific rise,
 And Folly's impious Brood chastise.
 O hear the wretched Captive's groan; 45
 The Souls whom Death has mark'd his own

Propitious save; the ceaseless wrongs,
 By hands profane, and daring tongues,
 Repeated, in thy balance weigh,
 And sev'nfold to thy foes repay.
 So shall the Flock acknowledg'd thine
 To Thee in grateful praises join,
 And, long as *Israel* boasts a name,
 From fire to son transmit thy fame.

50

P S A L M LXXX.

SHEPHERD of *Israel*, bow thine ear;
 O Thou our pray'r indulgent hear,
 Who *Joseph's* pasture hast prepar'd,
 His Guide by day, by night his Guard.
 Betwixt the Cherubs seated high,
 Glad with thy beams our longing eye:
 With All who from *Manasses* claim
 Their birth, and All of *Ephraim's* name,
 Each hostile pow'r by Thee o'erthrown,
 Let *Benjamin* thy presence own;
 Thine aid, great God, intreated give,
 And teach our fainting hope to live.

5

O turn us, Lord, thy face display,
 And grief and fear shall fly away.

How long shall *Israel's* Offspring see
 Thy wrath (while thus with bended knee
 Their supplicating hands they spread,)
 Smoke unextinguish'd o'er their head?
 Her food the bread of tears, her draught
 With sorrow's largest mixture fraught,

10

15

20
Sad

Sad *Sion* sees contending foes
 Her sons, their destin'd prey, inclose,
 And hears, with inward anguish torn,
 The shouts of Obloquy and Scorn.

O turn us, Lord, thy face display,
 And grief and fear shall fly away. 25

Transplanted by thy fost'ring hand,
 Behold a Vine from *Egypt's* Land
 (Each Pow'r in adverse league combin'd
 To just excision first consign'd,) 30

To *Canaan's* shores convey'd: its bed
 By Thee prepar'd, its root outspread
 Far as the utmost coast extends;
 While o'er the Hills its shade ascends,
 And round the Cedar's loftiest boughs 35
 Its cov'ring veil luxuriant throws.

Long cherish'd by thy care it stood;
 Here, verging tow'rd th' *Assyrian* Flood,
 In circuit wide the earth it crown'd,
 And, There, the Ocean mark'd its bound. 40
 But now, in sad reverse, (Ah! why?)

By Thee o'erthrown its fences lie,
 Its fruits expos'd beside the way,
 To each rapacious hand a prey.
 The savage Boar with restless toil 45
 Uproots it from the loosen'd soil,
 And ev'ry Monster of the wood

Crops from its branch the obvious food.
 Leader of Hosts, and *Israel's* Lord!
 Return: Thy succours oft implor'd 50

Extend: from Heav'n's high seat incline
 Thy eyes, and visit this thy Vine.
 Behold the offspring of thy hand,
 The Plant, which Thou hadst bid to stand,
 And strengthen'd by thy pow'r defy 55
 Each storm that rends the wintry sky:
 The gath'ring flames its trunk surround,
 Its ruin'd honours strew the ground.
 Beneath the terrors of thine eye
 We tremble, Lord, we faint, we die. 60
 O let the Man whom, arm'd with might,
 Thy hand ordains our cause to right,
 By Thee, great God, supported stand;
 And save, O save, a sinking Land.
 So ne'er shall Sin our steps betray 65
 Again in devious paths to stray,
 But while, by Thee redeem'd, we brave
 The threats of the devouring grave,
 Each knee in pray'r to Thee shall bend,
 Thy praise from ev'ry tongue ascend. 70
 O turn us, Lord, thy face display,
 And grief and fear shall fly away.

P S A L M LXXXI.

TO God our Strength exalt the song,
 To Jacob's Lord the note prolong:
 Come, take the Hymn, the timbrel ring,
 Praise on the harp your heav'nly King;
 Strike into life the trembling wire, 5
 With loudest blasts the trump inspire;

For see the Moon with recent horn
 Lead joyous on the festal Morn,
 Whose hallow'd mirth to *Israel's* Tribes
 Thy Mandate, mightiest Lord, prescribes. 10
 Its just observance *Joseph* learn'd,
 When, pleas'd, with parting step he spurn'd
 The ruthless soil, along whose shore
 A tongue of sound unheard before
 His ear had wounded.—I, his God, 15
 I from his shoulders took the load;
 I from the clay his toiling hands
 Releas'd, and burst his stubborn bands.
 O Thou, the voice of whose distress
 From out the thunder's dark recess, 20
 Propitious to thy pray'r, I heard;
 In whose defence my arm I rear'd;
 Whose faith my light afflictions tried
 Near *Meribah's* contentious tide,
 O *Israel!* —with attentive ear 25
 Thy Maker's just injunction hear.
 Let none thy homage claim but Me,
 Nor bow to foreign Gods the knee;
Jehovah only be thy Dread;
 Thy footsteps He from *Egypt* led, 30
 And gracious bids thee wide extend
 Thy lap, while down his gifts descend,
 And streaming copious from on high
 Yield to thy wish the full supply.
 Thus spake my Voice, but spake in vain; 35
 Th' obdurate Race with fierce disdain,

Resolv'd their error to pursue,
 Back from my yoke their neck withdrew.
 No more their frenzy I restrain,
 But give their wild desires the rein, 40
 And leave them, guideless, to fulfill
 The dictates of a headlong Will.
 O had my People in their breast,
 By heav'nly Discipline impress'd,
 The lessons of my Love retain'd, 45
 And trod the path by Me ordain'd!
 When forth to War thy troops were led,
 Myself, O *Israel*, at their head
 Had met the Battle on its way,
 And, while to time's remotest day 50
 Each foe reluctant own'd thy pow'r,
 To ease thy want, its purest flour
 Th' augmented harvest had bestow'd,
 And honey from the rock had flow'd.

P S A L M LXXXII.

WHILE, cloth'd with pow'r divine, their bar
 Earth's Lords have fix'd, a mightier far
 Amidst the Consistory stands,
 And justice from their lips demands.
 How long shall your unequal scale 5
 Thus bid the impious cause prevail?
 Let Law the Orphan's claim secure;
 Lend to the helpless and the poor
 Your willing ear; assert their right,
 And save them from oppressive might. 10
 In

P S A L M LXXXII.

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In vain I call: Their stubborn mind
To error's full excess resign'd,
Through mazy glooms, to Wisdom's ray
Impervious, onward still they stray,
While Earth the dire confusion feels, 15
And, groaning, to her centre reels.
Gods Ye were nam'd; Earth's tribes in You
The Sons of Heav'n's high Monarch view;
But Death your frailty shall betray,
And mix with vulgar mould your clay. 20

Rise, mightiest King, to judgement rise,
Th' oppress'd redeem, the proud chastise,
Till Man's whole offspring Thee alone
Their Lord and just Possessor own.

P S A L M LXXXIII.

MY God, no longer silent stand;
No longer let thy pow'rful hand
Withhold its oft requested aid,
While thus thy foes our peace invade,
In mingled tumult round us rise, 5
And brave with lifted head the skies.
Behold them, Lord, their arts employ,
The Heav'n-rai'd People to destroy,
The Souls, whom with thy favour crown'd
Thy secret presence wraps around. 10
"Come, (thus, by lawless fury led,
"Aloud they cry,) destruction spread
"Along their desolated shore,
"Till *Israel's* name be heard no more."

Their

Their leagues, their plans, with frantic aim, 15
 Against Omnipotence they frame;
 And, fir'd to rage, with fierce alarms
 The headlong Nations rush to arms.
 The tents of *Edom* o'er the plain
 Here vomit forth their impious train, 20
 While with the Sons of *Ismael's* line
 The harness'd *Agaræans* join.
 Here *Gebal*, *Moab*, *Ammon* stand,
 And *Amalec's* unconquer'd Band.
 See, fearless, with imperial *Tyre* 25
Philistia's habitants conspire;
 See *Assur* draw the hostile blade,
 And lend to *Lot's* vile Race his aid.
 But give them, Lord, thine Arm to feel,
 That Arm that made fierce *Midian* reel, 30
 And to th' expecting Mother's pride
 Her *Sisera's* return denied;
 That *Jabin's* warlike troops subdu'd
 Near antient *Kisen's* purpled flood,
 While *Endor Israel's* foes beheld 35
 Inrich with slaughter'd heaps her field.
 As *Oreb* and as *Zeeb* o'erthrown,
 Beneath thy terrors let them groan;
 What woes thy sin-chastising sword
 On *Zebah* and *Zalmunna* pour'd, 40
 Such let their Princes, Lord, endure,
 Who vaunting to their arms insure
 The Land by holy Patriarchs trod,
 The Heritage of *Jacob's* God.

P S A L M LXXXIII.

179

As chaff, as stubble, let them fly, 45
 That driv'n by winds obscure the sky.
 Swift as the fiery deluge strays,
 And wraps the forest in its blaze,
 Or, furious, onward as it pours,
 The mountain's shaggy waste devours, 50
 Pursue them, mightiest Lord, pursue,
 And let thy vengeance, to their view
 Presented, whelm their souls in dread,
 And burst in tempests o'er their head.
 With wild confusion clothe their cheek, 55
 And teach them, Lord, thy Name to seek,
 While ruin, death, and shame, they see
 To each ordain'd that errs from Thee.
 " *Jehovah*, shall the Rebels cry,
 " *Jehovah* only reigns on high, 60
 " And o'er the Earth from day to day
 " Asserts his everlasting Sway."

P S A L M LXXXIV.

HOW sweet thy Dwellings, Lord, how fair!
 What Peace, what Bliss, inhabit there!
 With ardent hope, with strong desire,
 My heart, my flesh, to Thee aspire;
 I burn to tread thy Courts, and Thee, 5
 My God, the living God, to see.
 Eternal King, within thy Dome
 The Sparrow finds her peaceful home;
 With her the Dove, a licens'd Guest,
 Assiduous tends her infant nest, 10

And

180 P S A L M LXXXIV.

And to thy Altar's sure defence
 Commits th' unfeather'd innocence.
 Blest, who, like these, from day to day
 Within thy House permitted stay,
 Whose joyous tongue thy Mercies raise 15
 To Hymns of gratitude and praise.
 Blest, who, their strength on Thee reclin'd,
 Thy Seat explore with constant mind,
 And, *Salem's* distant tow'rs in view,
 With active zeal their way pursue: 20
 Secure the thirsty Vale they tread,
 While, call'd from out their sandy bed,
 (As down in grateful show'rs distill'd
 The Heav'ns their kindliest moisture yield,)
 The copious springs their steps beguile, 25
 And bid the chearless Desert smile.
 From stage to stage advancing still,
 Behold them reach fair *Sion's* hill,
 And, prostrate at her hallow'd shrine,
 Adore the Majesty divine. 30
 O Thou, whom Heav'n's high Hosts revere,
 God of our Fathers, bow thine ear:
 Look down, our only Hope! look down;
 Behold us, but without a frown,
 And let thy beams, in mercy shed, 35
 Stream copious on th' anointed head.
 One day if in thy Courts I dwell,
 That day a thousand shall excel:
 Amidst the menial tribe to wait,
 And guard th' approaches of thy gate, 40
 Far

P S A L M LXXXIV.

181

Far happier task my soul should find,
Than, mix'd with Men of impious mind,
To see the proud pavilion spread
Its dazzling splendors o'er my head.

Thou, Lord, art *Israel's* Sun and Shield;

45

Thy Love shall grace and glory yield,

Nor e'er permit the pious train

Thy gifts to ask, and ask in vain.

Blest, who in confidence of pray'r

To Thee, great God, resign their care.

50

P S A L M LXXXV.

O UR eyes, great God, have seen thy grace

Its beams effuse on *Jacob's* race,

Loose from their chains the captive Band,

And call them to their native land.

Thy Mercy, Lord, their woes has heal'd,

5

Their trespasss hid, their pardon seal'd,

Check'd in mid course thy dreadful ire,

And bid its kindled flames expire.

O grant us still thy Love to share;

God of our health! accept the pray'r,

10

That seeks thy clemency to win,

And cleanse, O cleanse us from our sin.

Say shall thy Wrath perpetual burn?

And wilt thou ne'er, appeas'd, return

Thy quick'ning influence to impart,

15

And wake to mirth each grateful heart,

While *Israel's* rescu'd Tribes in Thee

Their Bliss and full Salvation see?

No

No longer, heav'nly Sire, delay
 Thy wonted Mercy to display, 20
 But let thy All-disposing Will
 Thy People's stedfast hope fulfill.
 Rev'rent I wait, nor silence break,
 Till Heav'n's high Lord his purpose speak.
 What shall he speak, but Peace, to Thee, 25
 O *Israel*? What, but Joy, decree
 To Each whose heart his precept learns,
 Nor back to folly's path returns?
 Behold, ye Souls that own his fear,
 Behold your wish'd Redemption near; 30
 See Glory, bursting from the Skies,
 O'er *Judah's* Land effulgent rise,
 And fix amidst her coasts its seat;
 There Verity and Mercy meet,
 With mutual step advancing; There 35
 Shall Peace and Justice, heav'nly Pair,
 To lasting compact onward move,
 Seal'd by the kiss of sacred Love.
 Truth from thy furrows, Earth, shall spring,
 And Righteousness, her healing wing 40
 Expanded, downward cast her eye,
 While Heav'n's great Monarch from on high
 Shall crown th' expecting Lab'rer's toil,
 And bless with full increase our soil:
 She, as on earth thy feet shall tread, 45
 Shall march direct, with lifted head
 Preceding, and with duteous care
 Thy path, eternal King, prepare.

P S A L M LXXXVI.

LORD! to my wants thy ear incline;

Behold me, as with grief I pine;

My hope confirm, and guard from ill

A soul subjected to thy Will.

From rising to declining day

To Thee with fervent lip I pray:

Propitious; to thy servant's heart

Thy chearing influence impart:

To Thee, to Thee I vent my care;

I know thee, Lord, nor slow to spare,

Nor weak to vindicate from harm

The Souls with pure devotion warm.

My days with sorrow clouded o'er,

Thy wonted succours I implore:

Regard me, gracious; nor forbear

The voice of my request to hear.

For who, among the Seats divine,

Shall boast or Pow'r or Works like Thine?

Behold, their Maker taught to own,

Earth's future Sons before thy throne

In *Sion* suppliant kneel, and raise

To *Israel's* God their joyful Lays.

Eternal Excellence! Thy hand

At will shall Nature's pow'rs command;

Thy wonders, through her confines wide,

She speaks, nor owns a God beside.

O give me, Lord, thy paths to tread,

And, while thy Truth my steps shall lead,

R

(The

(The faithful Guide by Thee assign'd,) ·
 Train to thy fear my willing mind. 30
 My heart, by sacred zeal impell'd,
 To Thee the grateful song shall yield;
 Long as I breathe the vital air,
 Thy Love my loudest praise shall share,
 Whose aid my soul with health has crown'd, 35
 And snatch'd me from the pit profound.
 Thou seest, my God, the Sons of Pride,
 In leagues of violence allied,
 (Thy fear behind them thrown) my way
 Surround, and mark me for their prey: 40
 But well my great Preserver knows
 To weigh and to relieve my woes;
 Long is thy patience, slow thine ire;
 Eternal Mercy, mightiest Sire,
 Thy word (on that my trust I build;) 45
 And unrepenting Truth have seal'd.
 My griefs with tend'rest pity view,
 With strength thy Servant's heart renew,
 And instant from th' expecting grave
 The Offspring of thy Handmaid save. 50
 O grant me, Lord, some fav'ring sign,
 Some pledge that may bespeak me Thine,
 That, stung with shame, my foes may see
 What Aid, what Bliss, I boast in Thee.

P S A L M LXXXVII.

FIX'D on the holy Mountains stand
 Thy deep foundations: *Jacob's* Land,
 Throughout its wide-extended coasts,
 No City, beauteous *Sion*, boasts,
 Whose hallow'd gates have shar'd, like thine, 5
 The favour of the hand divine.

Thee God the Mansion of his rest,
 And Seat of Empire has confess'd,
 While thus aloud to latest days
 His heav'nly Edict speaks thy praise. 10

Amidst the Souls that own my sway,
 And learn my precepts to obey,
 Thy Sons, O *Nile*, shall find a place,
 And *Babylon's* accepted Race;
 Nor thine, O *Tyre*, nor, *Midian*, thine, 15
 Nor whom *Philistia's* bounds confine,
 Excluded from my thought shall stand,
 But mix with *Sion's* sacred Band.

Each tenant of the peopled Earth
 Shall claim from Her his happy birth: 20
 Aliens no more, within her Seat
 Behold th' united Myriads meet,
 And joyous tread her blest Abode,
 The *Israel* and the Heirs of God:
 That God, whose pow'r upholds her State, 25
 And seals to endless time her date.

When on the page, whose wide extent
 Shall *Adam's* num'rous Line present,

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Each Kindred, Family, and Tribe,
 Th' eternal Cenſor ſhall inſcribe, 30
 His hand th' adopted Names ſhall there
 Thy Natives, *Solyma*, declare,
 And bid them with thy Sons reſide,
 In concord's ſtricteſt bands allied.

Hark, how the trump, and tuneful tongue, 35
 The ſacred Jubilee prolong,
 To notes of loudeſt triumph riſe,
 And echo to the diſtant ſkies:
 While I (thy Maker, God, and King,)
 I, *Salem*, bid the living Spring 40
 Amid thee yield its copious ſtore,
 And crown with health thy happy ſhore.

P S A L M LXXXVIII.

GOD of my health! To Thee by day,
 To Thee by night, aloud I pray:
 O bend thine ear, and let my cries
 Accepted to thy throne ariſe,
 Sate of griefs, with downward feet 5
 I ſeek the hollow grave's retreat,
 And, ſtrengthleſs, mingle with the train,
 That fill its melancholy reign.
 A Gueſt familiar of the Dead,
 Lo, in the duſt I make my bed, 10
 As One, on whom thy ſtroke its aim
 Directs, and blots from earth his name.
 As, loſt to ev'ry human eye,
 Deep in the loweſt pit I lie,

Thy

Thy wrath incumbent whelms me o'er, 15
And all thy billows round me roar.
No friendly feet approach me nigh,
But backward, each, abhorrent fly;
While, in my prison fast immur'd,
My eye with sorrow's mist obscur'd, 20
With ceaseless moan my suppliant hand
To Thee, great Monarch, I expand.
Shall, whom the bands of death infold,
The wonders of thy pow'r behold,
And, starting from the tomb, thy Name 25
In hymns of joyful praise proclaim?
Shall echo on thy Mercies dwell
Amid the dark sepulchral cell?
Or through Destruction's vaults profound
Thy Truth, eternal God, resound? 30
Shall regions that exclude the day
Thy miracles to view display,
And pale Oblivion's confines drear
The records of thy Justice hear?
To Thee I call; to Thee in pray'r 35
At earliest dawn disclose my care:
Lord! why hast Thou my soul repell'd?
Why thus thy quick'ning beams withheld?
E'er yet to manly years I grew,
My fainting heart thy terrors knew, 40
And through succeeding life sustains
A long vicissitude of pains.
While thus beneath thy wrath I groan;
While countless woes come rolling on,

And o'er me, as a swelling Sea, 45
 Hang imminent; remov'd by Thee,
 Each Friend, that wont my board to share,
 Each kind Consoler of my care,
 As round I look, my sight evade,
 And seek concealment's thickest shade. 50

P S A L M LXXXIX.

MY grateful tongue, immortal King,
 Thy Mercy shall for ever sing,
 My verse to time's remotest day
 Thy Truth in sacred notes display.
 That Mercy (thus thy Voice mine ear 5
 Bespeaks,) on firmest base I rear;
 That Truth in Heav'n my lips command
 From age to age confirm'd to stand.
 My Love to Jesse's Son reveal'd
 Th' irrevocable Oath has seal'd. 10
 Blest Object of my choice! Thy Line,
 Protected by the hand divine,
 In long descent thy Throne shall heir,
 Nor rolling years their pow'r impair.

Thy Acts, great God, Heav'n's lofty Seat 15
 With awful wonder shall repeat;
 And, while within thy hallow'd shrine
 Thy Saints in humblest homage join,
 Thy Truth to thankful mirth shall raise
 Each heart, each tongue incite to praise. 20
 O say, what strength shall vie with Thine?
 What Name, among the Seats divine,

Of

Of equal excellence possess'd,
Thy sov'reignty, great God, contest?
Ye Tribes, that form his chosen Choir, 25
Let *Israel's* God your fear inspire,
Ye Natives of each neighb'ring shore,
With prostrate hearts his pow'r adore.
Thee, Lord, Heav'n's Hosts their Leader own;
Thee Might unbounded, Thee alone, 30
With endless majesty has crown'd,
And faith unsullied vests thee round.
'Tis thine the Ocean's rage to guide,
And calm at will its swelling tide:
From Thee the deep-inflicted wound, 35
Her guilt's just portion, *Egypt* found;
When, rang'd in fight, the lawless Band
Thy pow'r, presumptuous, durst withstand,
Each foe thine Arm beheld with dread,
And back in wild confusion fled. 40
The Heav'n above, and Earth below,
Thee, Lord, their great Possessor know;
By Thee this Orb to being rose,
And All that Nature's bounds inclose.
From Thee amid th' aerial space 45
The North and South assume their place;
While *Tabor's* brow, with ev'ning red,
And Eastern *Hermon's* unshorn head,
Wide through their echoing groves thy name
In songs of grateful joy proclaim. 50
Strong is thy Arm; thy stedfast Will
Thy Hands with sure effect fulfill;

While

While Justice, 'mid th' ethereal plain,
 And Equity thy Throne sustain,
 And white-rob'd Truth and Mercy fair 55
 Thy steps precede, thy path prepare.

O, Blest the Tribes, whose willing ear
 Awakes the festal shout to hear;
 Who thankful see, where'er they tread,
 Thy fav'ring beams around them spread. 60

How shall they joy from day to day
 Thy boundless Mercy to display,
 Thy Righteousness, indulgent Lord,
 With holy confidence record,
 Thy Strength their surest refuge deem, 65
 Thy Grace their dignity supreme!

Behold, ye Saints, behold a Shield
 In *Israel's* aid by God upheld;
 Behold exalted to the Throne
 A King, whom He has seal'd his own. 70

Thy Visions, Lord, from Heav'n reveal'd,
 The raptur'd Prophet has beheld;
 And thus thy Voice in awful strains
 The purpose of thy Love explains.
 To One selected from thy Line 75

Thy safety, *Jacob*, I consign,
 And, cloth'd with strength, before thy eyes
 High o'er his Equals bid him rise.

See *David*, prompt my Will t' obey:
 On Him th' important charge I lay, 80
 And copious on his favour'd head
 The consecrating unction shed.

My

My hand shall hold him fast; my care
 From each assault, from ev'ry snare,
 Shall guard him: with resistless stroke, 85
 When hostile Crouds his wrath provoke,

My Arm shall crush the impious train,
 And load with slaughter'd heaps the plain.

On Mercy and on Truth divine
 Behold him (nor in vain,) recline 90

His trust, and, by my strength upborne,
 Aloft, exulting, lift the horn;

While (such my Will;) o'er subject Lands
 In wide extent are stretch'd his hands;

Beneath his left the Ocean rolls, 95
 His right th' *Affyr*ian Flood controuls:

Thou art my Father, (thus my Name
 His lips, instinct with grateful flame,

Aloud shall hail;) My God in Thee,
 And Rock of sure defence, I see. 100

Him, pleas'd, my Firstborn I avow,
 Bid mightiest Kings before him bow,

And Blessings to his reach expand,
 Insur'd by Compact's sacred band.

Transfer'd by Me from Sire to Son, 105
 To Heav'n's extremest date his Throne

Shall last: If from my Laws his Line,
 Ingrateful, shall their steps decline,

Fond (while their hearts reject my sway,) 110
 In interdicted paths to stray,

My rod their trespasss shall pursue,
 My scourge their stubborn will subdue.

Yet

Yet never, never, shall my Love
 From Him its steady beams remove;
 Ne'er shall my Truth forget to guard 115
 The promise by my lips declar'd.
 To *David*, once, (nor need I more,)
 Once by my Sanctity I swore,
 That, cherish'd by my care, his Race
 Thy Throne, O *Judah*, long shall grace; 120
 Long as the Sun, with welcome ray,
 Shall warmth and life to Earth convey,
 Or Thou, O Moon, in circuit wide
 The witness of my Compact glide.
 Yet Ah! repuls'd, contemn'd, by Thee, 125
 Th' Anointed of thy hand we see
 No more thy plighted mercy share,
 But, doom'd thy wrath, just God, to bear,
 With countless woes contend: His Crown
 Low in the dust by Thee is thrown; 130
 No more his Forts ascend on high,
 But, fal'n, in heapy ruins lie;
 No more his Walls the War exclude;
 But passers by with insult rude
 His rights invade, and Nations round 135
 His ear with keen reproaches wound.
 Their hand by Thine uprais'd, each foe
 Aims at his head the deathful blow;
 With fiercest joy their bosom burns,
 While back with edge rebated turns 140
 His sword, and, thy support withheld,
 His vanquish'd legions quit the field.

His

His pow'r extinct, his lustre gone,
 On earth, subverted, lies his Throne:
 Age on his Youth has stoln; and shame 145
 With thickest cloud obscures his fame.

How long shall I, with anguish torn,
 Thy face, my God, averted mourn?
 How long behold, in dire amaze,
 Thy wrath with flames incessant blaze? 150

O weigh within thy thought my State!
 How frail my life! how short its date!
 Nor leave me, Lord, to deem (my mind
 To dark inquietude resign'd,)

Thy plastic Art employ'd in vain, 155
 Or Man created but to pain,

While thus through varied scenes of woe
 With hast'ning step to death we go.

For Who shall boast, of human frame,
 Exemption from his doom to claim, 160

Or, arm'd with native might, withstand
 The Sepulchre's rapacious hand?

Say, where is now the Love, O where,
 Which erst thy lips to *David* sware?

That Love, by Truth eternal seal'd, 165
 Again to view, great Father, yield:

O think what wrongs thy Servants bear,
 Wrongs pour'd on Me in largest share,

As deep within my silent breast
 Each offer'd insult I digest, 170

While impious Crouds his steps revile,
 Whom Thou hast touch'd with sacred oil.

O wife

O wise in all thy Works! thy Name
 Let Man's whole Race aloud proclaim,
 And, grateful, through the length of days, 175
 In ceaseless songs repeat thy praise.

P S A L M XC.

THEE, Lord, their refuge, Thee alone,
 From earliest age thy People own :
 E'er yet the Mountains rose to birth,
 E'er yet their form the Heav'ns and Earth
 Assum'd, Thou cloth'd in light divine 5
 Hast shone; and shalt for ever shine.
 Thou to the sons of human kind
 In short extension hast assign'd
 Their term, and bid them, at its end,
 Low to their native dust descend. 10
 To Thee as Yesterday appears
 The prospect of a thousand Years;
 And Ages, roll'd successive on,
 Quick as the circling Watch are gone,
 That, 'midst the hours of soft repose, 15
 With silent lapse unheeded flows.
 As plants that drink the nightly show'r,
 Refresh'd by sleep's irriguous pow'r
 (Thy gift,) at Morn the mortal Race
 With joyous bloom, and vernal grace, 20
 Exulting flourish : Ev'ning nigh,
 Cropt like the plant, they fade and die.
 Thy hand with unremitted force
 In mid progression stops our course,

While

While storms of vengeance round us roll, 25

And whelm in dread our conscious soul.

Thy eyes our inmost guilt can read ;

Thy presence, Lord, on each misdeed,

That studious shuns the sight of day,

Resistless darts its searching ray. 30

See, fast as words dissolv'd in air,

While crimes on crimes thy Justice dare,

Our days in rapid flight consume,

And bear us onward to the tomb.

Its date to sev'nty years confin'd, 35

If aught of life remain behind,

If Nature yet a ten years' day

Indulge us, e'er her debt we pay,

Our strength but weakness then we know,

And added Age but lengthen'd Woe. 40

Strip'd of our pride, we close our span,

And vanish from the eye of Man.

O, who thy terrors justly weighs?

Who to thy pow'r submissive pays

Proportion'd homage? Teach us Thou 45

To count life's moments as they flow,

And, while its end our thoughts survey,

By Wisdom's line to guide our way.

Return, All-potent Lord, return:

How long shall we thy absence mourn? 50

Return, and let thy wonted Love

With speediest aid our griefs remove:

Thy Mercy, to our Souls reveal'd,

Satiety of bliss shall yield,

And, while thy breath our life prolongs, 55
 With grateful mirth inspire our tongues:
 That Mercy, mightiest Lord, display;
 And bid at length some happier day
 Compensate with its joys the years
 Consign'd to sorrow, groans, and tears. 60
 Author of Good, thy Work mature;
 Let *Israel's* Tribes, in Thee secure,
 From age to age the Blessings trace
 Intail'd on their distinguish'd Race.
 O may the Majesty divine 65
 On Us its mildest beams incline,
 And while, new Scenes of hope to view
 Disclos'd, our labour we pursue,
 Thy fav'ring hand with full success
 That hope confirm, that labour bless. 70

P S A L M XCI.

WHO makes Omnipotence his Aid,
 Who rests beneath *Jehovah's* shade,
 And joyful cries, " My God, in Thee
 " My Fortrefs and my Hope I see,
 " And, stedfast, on the Arm divine 5
 " My trust in each distress recline,"
 How blest that Man!—Thy Maker's care
 Shall snatch thee from the hunter's snare:
 When sick'ning Nature's pow'rs shall fail,
 No fatal stroke shall Thee assail: 10
 His wings around thee shall be spread,
 His pinions guard thy favour'd head.

His

P S A L M XCI.

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His Truth thy shield, nor terror pale
 By night shall o'er thy soul prevail,
 Nor shaft, that aims its flight by day,
 Thy guileless bosom shall dismay;
 Nor Plague, that with gigantic stride
 In darkness walks its circuit wide,
 Nor sultry blast, whose dreaded breath
 Taints the meridian air with death.
 Though thousands by thy side are slain,
 And myriads round thee press the plain,
 No dart shall thy destruction dare,
 Or wound whom God has bid to spare.
 Each foe before thine eyes o'erthrown,
 Still shalt thou pass in triumph on,
 And, since thy heart, to God resign'd,
 In him its refuge boasts to find,
 Behold him on each impious head
 The fulness of his vengeance shed.
 No dangers shall thy path await,
 Or touch thine interdicted gate.
 While, round thee plac'd, th' Angelic Train
 Thy steps with tend'rest care sustain,
 Safe shalt thou walk through ways unknown,
 Nor strike thy foot against the stone.
 Go, fearless on the Dragon tread,
 And press the prostrate Lion's head:
 Behold the Tyrant of the wood
 (In vain with youthful strength indu'd,)
 Behold the Serpent (in his veins
 Though half the poison of the plains

Be lodg'd,) before thee vanquish'd lie,
And close in death their languid eye.

Thy duteous Zeal, thy filial Love, 45
I mark, and all thy Acts approve:
For this, thy head aloft I rear,
Bow to thy pray'r the willing ear,
Thy fears avert, thy griefs attend,
(Thy God, thy Guardian, and thy Friend,) 50
Thy years prolong; and to thy heart
My health-dispensing grace impart.

P S A L M XCII.

HOW blest the task, with fervent heart
To summon from the tuneful Art
Its succours, and thy Name record,
O Thou, whom Nature owns her Lord!
Thy boundless Mercies, heav'nly King, 5
At morning's earliest hour to sing,
And, rapt in praise, thy Truth to tell,
When night's dark shades around us dwell:
While with the ten-string'd instrument
The psaltry's measur'd strains consent, 10
And o'er the harp each liquid note
With solemn sound is taught to float.
How have thy Acts my wakeful breast
With rapt'rous gratitude impress'd!
How joys my tongue, with holy flame 15
Inspir'd, thy Wonders to proclaim!
Great are the Works thy hand has wrought,
And deep beyond all search thy Thought.

Thy

Thy Acts the minds of brutish mould
 With unregarding eye behold,
 And, strangers to thy wise design,
 In erring censure madly join;
 Nor know, that, when the impious Band
 In guilty pomp conspicuous stand,
 Fresh as the flow'r, or verdant blade,
 In summer's fullest pride array'd,
 Mature for death their heads they rear,
 And swift destruction waits them near.
 But Thou, above the starry plain,
 In endless Majesty shalt reign:
 Thy foes, eternal God, thy foes
 In death's long sleep their eyes shall close,
 And all, whose hearts thy pow'r defy,
 In wide dispersion backward fly:
 While I, by heav'nly Might upborne,
 Strong as the Oryx lift the horn;
 And o'er my head in copious show'rs
 Thy Oil its richest fragrance pours.
 When factious Crouds against me rise,
 With scenes of triumph Thou my eyes
 Shalt satiate, and their full defeat
 My ears with happiest tidings greet.
 Fair as amidst their native bed
 The stately Palms their branches spread,
 Or Cedars, tow'ring to the skies,
 On *Lebanon's* broad summit rise,
 Within thy Courts the Just shall stand;
 And, nourish'd by thy fost'ring hand,

Each adverse blast by Thee repell'd,
 To latest age their fruits shall yield 50
 In large increase, through life's whole round
 With health and youthful verdure crown'd.
 Thy Goodness shall their lips record,
 (God of my strength!) thy ev'ry Word
 In Truth's unvarying balance weigh'd, 55
 Thy ev'ry Act by Justice sway'd.

P S A L M XCIII.

1.

THE Lord th' eternal scepter rears,
 And Nature's pow'r observant hears
 Whate'er his Will enjoins:

His head with purest splendors crown'd,
 With majesty he vests him round,
 And girds with strength his loyns.

2.

Encircled by th' ethereal space,
 And fix'd by Him on firmest base,
 The Earth's vast Orb appears:
 From earliest age, great God, thy Throne
 Aloft in Heav'n prepar'd has shone;
 Nor numbers Time thy years.

3.

A scene of horror strikes my eyes;
 The Floods, my God, the Floods arise,
 And lift their voice on high:
 What pow'r shall curb the headlong tide?
 What bid the swelling waves subside,
 And clear the stormy sky?

4.

Thee, o'er all height exalted, Thee
 The Deeps revere; at thy Decree
 The Waves, their rage resign:
 Fix'd are the Laws by Thee ordain'd;
 And Truth and Sanctity unstain'd
 Adorn thy awful shrine.

P S A L M XCIV.

THOU God with vengeance arm'd, appear;
 Thou God with vengeance arm'd, whose fear
 The Earth (for Thee her Judge she knows,)
 Submissive owns, thy pow'r disclose,
 And instant from thy seat arise, 5
 Each proud transgressor to chastise.
 How long shall impious Crouds, how long,
 With haughtiest insult arm their tongue?
 How long in bitt'rest gall each word
 Infuse, and boast their conqu'ring sword? 10
 Thy Flock, great God, their fury own;
 Beneath their stroke thy People groan:
 Their hands, remorseless, to the tomb
 The Widow and the Stranger doom;
 Nor innocence nor tend'rest age 15
 Can shield the Orphan from their rage.
 "Ne'er shall our deeds in Heav'n be known,
 "Or reach (they cry,) the distant Throne
 "Of *Israel's* Lord." — Ye fools and blind!
 Return, and seek a better mind. 20
 Say

Say when shall Wisdom's light serene
Your souls from error's childhood wean?

Who knew to plant the ear, shall He
Not hear? Who form'd the eye, not see?

Shall aught of guilt his search evade, 25

Who bids the Nations he has made,

Inform'd by his paternal care,

The gifts of various Science share,

Who Reason in the bosom pours,

Its growth improves, its fruit matures, 30

Each counsel of the human brain

Weighs in his scale, and stamps it vain?

O, Blest the Man, for ever blest,

Whose faithful heart, by thee impress'd,

Eternal Teacher, from thy Laws 35

The lessons of his conduct draws;

Who shelter'd from the evil day

Its distant dangers shall survey,

And wait, till Thou the pit prepare

For Each whose crimes thy vengeance dare. 40

Ne'er from the Children of his Love

Shall Heav'n's high Lord his care remove,

Or to the foes of *Israel's* Line

His purchas'd Heritage resign:

For Judgement shall its seat assume, 45

Triumphant; while its equal doom

Each heart to Virtue's cause a friend

With conscious transport shall attend.

Say, who with Me will plight the hand,

With Me the sons of guilt withstand? 50

Had

Had God his aiding pow'r withheld,
 How had my soul in silence dwell'd!
 But when my foot with fault'ring tread
 Suggested to my thought a dread,
 Thy Love, its speediest care applied, 55
 Forbade my dubious steps to slide.
 While deepest woe my bosom tries,
 And thoughts with thoughts conflicting rise,
 Thy comforts, Lord, my soul sustain,
 And calm my fears, and sooth my pain. 60
 Shall proud Oppression's lawless Chair
 In thy Alliance find a share,
 Whose Mandates to the impious Tribe
 Their tasks of cruelty prescribe?
 See willing Myriads, at its word 65
 Assembled, grasp the hostile sword,
 In guiltless blood their thirst allay,
 And mark the Righteous for their prey.
 But God, my refuge and my shield,
 Firm on himself my trust shall build; 70
 That Lord, whom *Israel's* Sons adore,
 Their sin shall in their lap restore,
 Their steps with certain vengeance trace,
 And root from earth th' offending Race.

P S A L M XCV.

O Come, and to th' eternal King
 New songs of triumph let us sing;
 With holy transport Him alone
 The strength of our Salvation own;

Admitted

Admitted to his presence pay 5
 The tribute of the grateful lay,
 And, while his Acts our mirth inspire,
 Wake to his praise the vocal lyre.
 Extended wide beyond all bound,
 Beyond all height, his pow'r is found, 10
 Nor Lords, with Him, nor Gods beside
 The honours of his Throne divide.
 Earth's stores, throughout its inmost frame,
 He, great Proprietor, shall claim;
 Your Range, ye cloud-transcending Hills, 15
 His pow'r commands, his presence fills.
 Inrich'd by his prolific hand
 In Him the All-productive Land,
 In Him the Sea, that rounds its shore,
 Their Maker and their Lord adore. 20
 O come, and let your knees with mine
 To Him in lowliest homage join;
 In Him your God, your Father, see,
 The People of his pasture Ye,
 The Flock that guided by his care 25
 The blessings of his bounty share.
 O Judah, if in this thy day
 My Will thou purpose to obey,
 Steel not thy breast to truths divine,
 As erst the Fathers of thy line; 30
 Whose Bands th' inclosing Desert saw,
 Rebellious to the Heav'n-taught Law,
 With mad presumption from my hand
 The signals of my pow'r demand;

Indulg'd,

P S A L M XCV.

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Indulg'd, the wish'd for sight obtain;
 And, seen, demand them yet again.
 Through forty years the circling sun
 Beheld their date of mercy run,
 As, griev'd, I strove, but strove in vain,
 Their growing frenzy to restrain: 40
 Behold a Race, at length I cried,
 Whose heart from Me has swerv'd aside,
 (By Error's pow'r subdu'd,) nor known
 That Wisdom's paths and Mine are one.
 My Oath, for by Myself I swear, 45
 My kindled anger shall declare,
 And bar them from my Rest, decreed
 To faithful *Abraham's* chosen Seed.

P S A L M XCVI.

SING to the Lord some new-taught Song;
 Earth, to his praise the note prolong:
 Bless, bless his Name; from day to day
 Let His Salvation prompt the lay,
 Till Realms remote his Acts have known, 5
 And Man's whole Race his Wonders own.
 Great is the Lord, and great his Praise:
 What God like Him our fear can raise?
 Not such as Heathen Lands afford,
 Created first, and then ador'd: 10
 Creation Him its Lord avow'd,
 When erst the arch of Heav'n he bow'd;
 And Light and Majesty divine
 With fadeless splendor grace his shrine.

Let

Let ev'ry People, ev'ry Tribe, 15
Pow'r, glory, strength, to Him ascribe:
Yield to his Name the honours due;
Oft to his Courts your way pursue
With solemn step, and joyful bring
The off'ring to your heav'nly King. 20
Before the Beauty of his shrine,
Ye Saints, in low prostration join:
Ye Natives of each distant shore,
His Pow'r revere; his Name adore.
O tell to All whom Earth sustains, 25
O tell them, that *Jehovah* reigns,
That, fix'd by His Almighty hand,
Its pond'rous Orb unmov'd shall stand,
And All who issue from its womb
Receive from Him th' unerring doom. 30
Exult, ye Heav'ns; exult, O Earth;
And, partner in the sacred mirth,
Let Ocean in its fulness rise,
And thunder to the distant skies.
Rich in his gifts, ye Fields, rejoice; 35
While in his praise the Woods their voice
Exalt, and hail with lowly nod
The presence of th' approaching God.
He comes, in awful pomp array'd,
He comes, to judge the World he made. 40
Truth shall with Him the cause decide,
And Equity his sentence guide.

P S A L M XCVII.

TO God belongs th' eternal Sway;
 Let Earth with joy his Will obey;
 Exult, ye Isles that crown the Main,
 Blest in his mild auspicious Reign.
 The station'd Clouds around him meet, 5
 And Darknefs rolls beneath his feet;
 While Equity and Truth combine
 To rear aloft his awful shrine.
 Before him walks the wasting Fire;
 Wrapt in the blast his foes expire; 10
 While Earth, convuls'd, in dire dismay,
 Beholds the forky lightnings play,
 And down, like wax before the flame,
 Down flows the Mountain's solid frame,
 That late, ambitious, met the sky; 15
 For God, the World's great Lord, is nigh.
 His righteous Acts the Heav'ns display,
 His fame from pole to pole convey,
 And bid the Majesty divine
 To ev'ry eye conspicuous shine. 20
 Shame to the Wretch that wood and stones
 The Objects of his homage owns,
 And frantic to the Creature pays
 The Maker's interverted praise.
 Ye Gods, his sov'reign Might avow, 25
 And rev'rent at his footstool bow.

Well-pleas'd thy Counsels, Lord, to hear,
 Imperial *Salem* bows the ear;

T

And

And *Judah's* happy Daughters sing
 The Mercies of th' eternal King. 30
 Thou, Lord, in Majesty serene
 Exalted o'er the Earth art seen :
 What Pow'r, great God, shall boast a Name
 Like Thine? Like Thee our homage claim?

Ye Souls with Love divine impress'd ; 35
 Just to its precepts, Sin detest :
 Each fear deliver'd to the wind,
 In God your certain refuge find,
 Whose pow'r protects the pious Band,
 Though Myriads, leagu'd, against them stand. 40
 To You, ye Good, to You alone
 The seeds of heav'nly light are sown,
 That wake within the human breast
 Joys ne'er by human tongue express'd.
 O crown'd with Mercies from above, 45
 To God your grateful zeal approve :
 His Sanctity revere ; his Name
 In hymns of loudest praise proclaim.

P S A L M XCVIII.

SING to the God whom we adore ;
 SO sing, in lays unheard before,
 The Mercies shown us from above,
 The Wonders of redeeming Love :
 His Hand, exerted in our aid, 5
 His Hand those Wonders has display'd ;
 His holy Arm Salvation sends,
 And Conquest on its stroke attends.

His

His Justice through the World has shin'd;
 His Truth, with endless Mercy join'd, 10
 Now seals the promise of his Grace
 To faithful *Abraham's* chosen Race;
 And Earth, to just obedience aw'd,
 Has own'd her Saviour and her God.
 Ye distant Realms, your voice employ 15
 In shouts of gratitude and joy:
 Let hymns of rapture swell each throat;
 Call from the harp th' according note;
 On the shrill trump your mirth prolong,
 And sound the cornet to the song, 20
 To Him who claims th' eternal sway,
 To Him the vocal tribute pay:
 Him let the hoarse-resounding Tide,
 With All that in its depths reside,
 Praise, thank, and bless, in loudest strains; 25
 Him Earth, and All whom Earth sustains.
 Ye Floods, triumphant clap the hand;
 Ye cloud-topt Hills, exulting stand;
 See, thron'd aloft in awful state,
 While Man's whole Race his sentence wait, 30
 The Judge supreme his scale assume;
 And Equity directs the Doom.

P S A L M. XCIX.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns: Ye Nations own,
 With prostrate hearts, his sway:
 Betwixt the Cherubs stands his Throne;
 Earth! tremble and obey.

2.

His Rule, in *Sion* long confest,
O'er All extends; his Name
Shall hallow with its fear each breast,
Each tongue with zeal inflame.

3.

Thy Pow'r with Equity allied
Through time's long course has stood:
Thy Judgements *Jacob*, Lord, has tried,
And knows them just and good.

4.

Let Each, with humble joy elate,
Before thy footstool bow;
Thee, ceaseless, praise: For who so great,
So holy, Lord, as Thou?

5.

By God with sacred honours crown'd,
See *Moses*, *Aaron*, see,
And *Samuel*, ever faithful found,
To Him incline the knee.

6.

To Him the favour'd Three aloud
The frequent Vow prefer'd,
And instant from the pillar'd cloud
His awful Answer heard.

7.

With wakeful zeal their bosoms burn'd;
Observant of his Will,
With joy the heav'nly precept learn'd,
And hasten'd to fulfill.

8.

To Thee, great God, their ev'ry pray'r
In full acceptance rose:

Thy hand their weakness knew to spare,
And, pitying, heal'd their woes.

9.

Yet could thy Wrath, when Sin had dar'd
Their erring breast to stain,
Deal to their guilt its just reward,
And vindicate thy Reign.

10.

Let Each, with humble joy elate,
On *Sion's* Mountain bow;
Thee, ceaseless, praise: For who so great,
So holy, Lord, as Thou?

P S A L M C.

YE Tribes of Earth, in God rejoice,
His presence hail with thankful voice;

To Him your willing homage pay,
And wake the tributary lay.

Submissive to his Will, in Him

Behold the God of Gods supreme:

With conscious wonder oft survey'd,

He, not Ourselves, our frame has made:

The subjects of his pow'r we stand,

The sheep that own his guiding hand.

“ O, enter then his gates with praise,

To Him your loudest accents raise,

With grateful hearts his Love proclaim,

And bless, O bless, his awful Name.

For Truth in Him and Mercy live: 15
 That Truth shall time itself survive;
 That Mercy through the length of days
 Unclouded pour its healing rays.

P S A L M CI.

MERCY, Judgement, now my tongue
 Makes the subject of its Song:
 Lord! to whom then shall I sing,
 But to Thee, th' eternal King?
 Wisdom shall my footsteps guide, 5
 Nor permit my feet to slide,
 Or from Thy All-perfect Way,
 Lost in paths of Sin, to stray.
 When, O when, celestial Guest,
 Shall my roof with Thee be blest? 10
 Lo! my heart with studious care
 For thy presence I prepare,
 And my Dwelling's full extent
 Spotless to thy view present.
 Ne'er shall my presumptuous hand 15
 Dare to break thy just Command;
 Ne'er within me shalt thou find
 Aught that speaks a faithless mind.
 Serv'd by none who serve not Thee,
 Let me not the Impious see; 20
 Let the wretch of froward heart
 From my gate repuls'd depart;
 And the Man of lofty eye,
 Scornful mien, and stomach high,
 And

And the Tongue to slander bred, 25

Learn my heaviest wrath to dread.

Come, ye Good and Just, O come,

Sure with Me to find a home :

Pleas'd I see the pious Band

Round my throne attendant stand, 30

And in sacred homage join

To their own great Lord and mine.

Hence ye Children of deceit,

From my threshold turn your feet :

Let the soul that dares a lye 35

Instant from my presence fly.

Soon, O *Judah*, shall my hand

Root th' offenders from thy Land ;

Wrathful seize the rebel train ;

And from sin's infectious stain 40

By my guilt-avenging rod

Purge the City of my God.

P S A L M CII.

HEAR, Lord, my pray'r, and let my cries

Accepted to thy throne arise :

O turn not Thou thy face away,

Nor longer my relief delay ;

But mark my sorrows from on high, 5

And pitying to my call reply.

Fast as the mounting smoke decays,

On time's light pinion flit my days :

My bones the hearth's fierce heat sustain ;

My heart the herbage of the plain 10

Re-

Resembles, o'er whose leaves have past
 The fervors of the southern blast,
 For ah ! forgetful of my food,
 Incessant o'er my griefs I brood,
 While struggling groans their weight proclaim, 15
 And waste with toil my languid frame.
 Not the wide Desert's confines drear
 Laments of louder accent hear,
 When, 'midst its fens, with dismal note
 The Pelican distends her throat, 20
 Or to the winds in lengthen'd strains
 The self-sequestering Owl complains ;
 Nor vents its sister-bird a moan
 So deep, when on the roof alone
 She sits ; whose woes, like mine, affright 25
 The silence of the tedious night.
 From Morn, till Eve extend its veil,
 Reproaches keen my ears assail ;
 And, leagu'd by mutual oaths, my foes
 With fierce intent my steps inclose. 30
 See ashes, scatter'd o'er my head,
 Mix, undistinguish'd, with my bread ;
 See mingled tears my cup supply ;
 Since first thy wrathful Arm on high
 Caught me amaz'd, and swiftly round 35
 Reverting hurl'd me on the ground.
 As fades the shadow of the sun,
 With quick decline my moments run,
 Just verging to their close : my face,
 Its vernal bloom and youthful grace 40

Extinguish'd, withers on the eye,
 As plants beneath a hostile sky.
 But Thou, Blest Guard of *Israel's* fold,
 Shalt ages see on ages roll'd,
 And, thron'd above, to endless days 45
 Extend thy honour, name, and praise.
 O rise, (th' appointed hour is come;)
 Rise, mightiest Lord, thy Charge assume;
 And let sad *Sion's* seat no more
 The absence of thine aid deplore. 50
 How lovely to thy Servants' eyes,
 How lovely ev'n in ruin lies
 Her hallow'd Wall! a pensive Throng,
 They walk her fenceless courts along,
 And, as her scatter'd wastes appear, 55
 Drop on her dust the pitying tear.
 How shall thy Name, great Sire, its dread
 Through Earth's awaken'd regions spread!
 How shall her Kings with deep dismay
 Thy boundless Majesty survey, 60
 When *Salem's* structures from their fall
 Thy hand, propitious, shall recall,
 While down th' eternal Glory pours,
 Incircles with its blaze her tow'rs,
 And speaks thy favour (oft implor'd,) 65
 To *Israel's* exil'd Tribes restor'd!
 Thy Acts the faithful pen shall trace,
 And Myriads of the human Race,
 Yet strangers to the birth, thy fame
 In Songs of loudest note proclaim. 70
 For

For He, beneath whose sacred feat
 The starry Orbs their course repeat,
 Th' eternal Ruler of the sky,
 Has cast on Earth his equal eye,
 Intent the injur'd cause to own, 75
 To hear the helpless Captive's groan,
 The Souls to death consign'd to save,
 And snatch them from the greedy grave.
 For this, through *Sion's* ample bound
Jehovah's Name shall oft resound, 80
 Thy shouts, distinguish'd *Salem*, raise,
 And wake thy tongue to hymns of praise:
 See to thy Courts the Nations flow,
 His just dominion taught to know,
 And, Each with Thee in compact join'd, 85
 Their hearts to his obedience bind.
 'Twas He, whose unresisted force
 In mid progression stop'd my course;
 My healthful vigour rest away;
 And hasten'd to its eve my day. 90
 Spare, mightiest Lord! nor thus, I cried,
 My brittle chain of years divide,
 O Thou, of Life th' exhaustless Spring,
 Invisible, Immortal King!
 Thy hand the Earth's foundation laid, 95
 Thy hand the Heav'n aloft display'd,
 E'er yet along the vast profound
 The restless Months began their round:
 That Earth, that Heav'n's stupendous frame,
 Corruption with permitted claim 100
 Shall

P S A L M CII.

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Shall seize: But Thou, from Age secure,
 Shalt self-existent still endure.
 These, as the labours of the loom,
 Shall Time with gradual force consume;
 Till Thou, whose hand their texture spun, 105
 When Time its stated course has run,
 Again that pow'rful hand apply,
 And fold them up, and lay them by;
 While brighter Scenes, disclos'd to view,
 Creation's varied face renew. 110
 But varyings Thou hast none: Thy rays
 With undiminish'd lustre blaze;
 Thy years shall circumscription spurn,
 And back upon themselves return,
 In endless course revolving. Thee 115
 Thy Saints their strong Support shall see,
 And, rang'd in long succession, share
 The gifts of thy paternal Care.

P S A L M CHI.

AWAKE to praise, my Soul, and sing
 The Mercies of th' eternal King:
 O deep throughout thine inmost frame
 Bless, bless the great *Jehovah's* Name;
 Nor cease with studious thought to trace 5
 The Acts of that stupendous Grace,
 That blots from Heav'n's record thy sin,
 That, while thy passions war within,
 Assuasive calms their furious strife,
 And rescues from the pit thy life; 10

Bids

Bids countless blessings round thee rise;
 Thy ev'ry wish with Good supplies;
 Thy years renews in their decline;
 And makes the Eagle's vigour thine,
 That, stript of age, exulting springs, 15
 And heav'nward spreads his recent wings.
 'Tis God's, the friendless and the poor
 From proud Oppression to secure.
 His Ways to *Moses* stood reveal'd;
 Thou, *Israel*, hast his Works beheld, 20
 His breast with mercy fraught hast known,
 To anger slow, to pity prone.
 He ne'er with erring mortals knew
 A ceaseless contest to pursue,
 But, when their crimes his vengeance raise, 25
 His wrath in mid effusion stays.
 If e'er our trespass he chastise,
 Not to its weight proportion'd rise
 The just corrections of his hand,
 But bounded by that Mercy stand, 30
 That high as to the starry pole
 Extends, and, far as from its goal
 The Sun in daily circuit roves,
 The humbled sinner's guilt removes.
 What fondness for his infant Care 35
 A Father's bosom learns to share,
 Such from th' eternal Monarch claim
 The Souls that rev'rent own his Name.
 For well his eye our texture knows;
 Sees that the dust's light grains compose 40
 Our

Our frame; and marks the days of Man
 Contracted to the narrow span,
 That measures to the herb its date,
 Or bids the flow'r, in vig'rous state
 Exalted, now the field adorn, 45
 Now, by the passing tempest shorn,
 At once its vernal pride resign,
 And with'ring on the earth recline:
 In swift decay behold it waste;
 Nor knows the soil, whose bed it grac'd, 50
 To witness to th' inquirer's view,
 Where late the short-liv'd wonder grew.
 But Thy Compassions, Lord, the Just
 From age to age with stedfast trust
 Shall own; Thy Righteousness their Race, 55
 In long descent, shall joy to trace,
 While pleas'd thy Compact they fulfill,
 And frame to thy Decrees their will.

His Seat above th' empyreal plain
 Our God has fix'd; his equal Reign 60
 Creation's utmost bounds confess:
 His Name, ye Tribes Angelic, bless;
 Who, cloth'd with might, his word obey,
 And wing, as He directs, your way.
 Him praise, ye bright ethereal Band, 65
 That rang'd beneath his banner stand,
 And Ye who round his Throne of State
 With duteous zeal ministrant wait.
 Ye Works of God, where'er his sway
 Extends, your Maker's fame display; 70

Nor Thou, my Soul, forget to sing
The Mercies of th' eternal King.

P S A L M CIV.

AWAKE, my Soul, to hymns of praise;
To God the song of triumph raise.
O cloth'd with majesty divine,
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine!
Light forms thy robe, and round thy head 5
The Heav'ns their ample curtain spread.

Thou know'st amid the fluid space
The strong-compacted beams to place,
That proof to wasting Ages lie,
And prop the chambers of the sky. 10

Behold, aloft, the King of Kings,
Borne on the Wind's expanded wings,
(His Chariot by the Clouds supplied,)
Through Heav'n's wide realms triumphant ride.
Around him rang'd in awful state 15
Th' assembled Storms ministrant wait;
And Flames, attentive to fulfill
The dictates of his mighty Will.

On firmest base uprear'd, the Earth
To Him ascribes her wondrous birth. 20

He spake; and o'er each Mountain's head
The Deep its watry mantle spread:
He spake; and from the whelming flood
Again their tops emergent stood;
And fast adown their bending side 25
With reflux stream the Currents glide:

Aw'd

Aw'd by his stern rebuke they fly,
 While peals of thunder rend the sky,
 In mingled tumult upward borne.
 Now to the mountain's height return, 30
 Now lodg'd within their peaceful bed
 Along the winding vale are led,
 And, taught their destin'd bounds to know,
 No more th' affrighted Earth o'erflow,
 But obvious to her use (their course 35
 By Nature's ever copious source
 Supplied,) refresh the hilly plain,
 And life in all its forms sustain.
 Here stooping o'er the river's brink
 The herds and flocks promiscuous drink; 40
 There, 'mid the barren Desert nurs'd,
 The Wild-Afs cools his burning thirst:
 While fast beside the murm'ring spring
 The feather'd minstrels sit and sing,
 And shelter'd in the branches shun 45
 The fervors of the mid-day sun.
 His show'rs with verdure crown the hills;
 The earth with various fruits he fills:
 Preventive of their wants, his aid
 Yields to the Brute the springing blade; 50
 For Man, chief object of his care,
 His hands the foodful herb prepare,
 The glad'ning wine, refreshing oil,
 And bread that strings his nerves for toil.
 By Him with genial moisture fed 55
 The Trees their shades luxuriant spread;

The Cedars, nurtur'd by his hand,
 On *Lebanon's* high summit stand,
 And weave their social boughs, design'd
 A refuge for th' aerial kind: 60

While on the Fir-tree's spiry top
 The vagrant Stork is seen to stop,
 Where, cradled in their waving nest,
 Her infant brood in safety rest.

See from the hills the Goats depend, 65
 Or bounding from the cliff descend:

The lesser tribes, in furry pride
 Array'd, the rock's dark caverns hide.

Her way by Him prescrib'd, the Moon
 Our seasons marks, and knows her own; 70

And taught by Him the Orb of day
 Slopes in the West his parting ray.

Now Night from Ocean's bed ascends,
 And o'er the earth her wings extends;

While favour'd by the friendly gloom 75
 The sylvan race licentious roam:

The Lions chief with hideous roar
 From God their needful food implore,

And eager for the wonted prey
 Along the echoing Desert stray; 80

Till now, as Morn approaches nigh,
 Back to their cavern'd haunts they fly,

Where, satiate with the bloody feast,
 The lordly savage sinks to rest.

His care sufficient to the day, 85
 Man to his labour takes his way,

His

His task at earliest dawn begun,
And ended with the setting sun.
Eternal Ruler of the Skies,
How various are thy Works, how wise! 90
Nor Earth alone beholds her shores
Inrich'd from thy exhaustless stores;
Alike, throughout their liquid reign,
Th' extended Seas thy gifts contain:
Beneath, unnumber'd reptiles swarm, 95
Of diff'rent size, of diff'rent form;
Above, the ships enormous glide,
Incumbent on the burthen'd tide;
And oft, the rolling waves between,
The huge Leviathan is seen, 100
There privileg'd by Thee to stray,
And wanton o'er the watry way.
Thy care, great God, sustains them All;
As, urg'd by hunger's furious call,
Expectant of the known supply, 105
To Thee they lift the asking eye,
And reap from thy extended hand
Whate'er their various wants demand.
If Thou thy face but turn away,
Their troubled looks their grief betray; 110
If Thou the vital air deny,
Behold them sicken, faint, and die;
Dust to its kindred dust returns,
And Earth her ruin'd offspring mourns:
But soon thy breath her loss supplies; 115
She sees a new-born race arise,

And, o'er her regions scatter'd wide,
 The blessings of thy hand divide.
 Thy Glory, fearless of decline,
 Thy Glory, Lord, shall ever shine, 120
 Thy Works in changeless order lie,
 And glad their great Creator's eye.
 Earth at thy look shall trembling stand,
 " Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand,
 And, touch'd by Thee, Almighty Sire, 125
 The cloud-topt Hills in smoke aspire.
 To God in ceaseless strains my tongue
 Shall meditate the grateful song,
 And, long as breath informs my frame,
 The wonders of his Love proclaim, 130
 Assur'd that his paternal ear
 With full regard my voice will hear;
 His Acts its unexhausted theme,
 His Favour my Delight supreme.
 Behold his wrath on Sinners shed; 135
 Behold them number'd with the dead:
 But Thou, my Soul, the hymn of praise
 In loudest notes triumphant raise;
 And let consenting Nations join
 To bless with Me the Name divine. 140

P S A L M CV.

COME, celebrate your God and King;
 Awake the song, awake the string;
 His pow'r invoke; his praise proclaim;
 And, faithful Heralds to his fame,

Aloud

Aloud declare, through ev'ry Land,
The Wonders of his mighty hand.

O let his Name your thought employ;
His Name, fit theme of higheft joy:

Such joy may each for ever share,
Whose steps to *Salem's* Fane repair:

O frequent seek that blest Abode,
O seek the face of *Jacob's* God.

The Acts of Heav'n's Almighty Lord
Let *Israel's* thankful Sons record;

Ye Seed of *Abraham*, his Friend,
With joy to his Commands attend.

To You his presence stands confest;
His judgements Earth's wide Realms attest:

His Promise kind, and wise Decree,
Though Man forget, yet will not He;

The Oath confirm'd through periods past,
And doom'd to latest times to last;

To *Terah's* Son, to *Isaac*, sworn,
And seal'd to Nations yet unborn.

The Compact to his Fathers made
See thus to *Jacob's* hands convey'd:

" Arise, thou favour'd of thy God,
" And claim the Gift by Him bestow'd:

" Behold thy Sons their wide command
" Extend o'er *Canaan's* fertile Land."

But when? or how? Their number view;
(It asks no toil;) a helpless Few,

Yet Strangers in its coast, their feat
Of future rest with weary feet

Ordain'd

Ordain'd to traverse, long they roam, 35
And seek through distant climes a home.

Yet, privileg'd by Him from wrong, 40
Secure the Exiles march along:
Kings hear his dread reproof, nor dare
To hurt whom God has bid to spare.

"Touch, touch not These; for on their heads
"My hand the sacred unction sheds:
"Your eyes in Them my Prophets see;
"And what they speak, they speak from Me."

He calls; and on the cultur'd ground 45
Life's needful staff no more is found,
While Drought, incumbent o'er the plain,
Checks in mid growth the rip'ning grain.

Yet Mercy still his Wrath outran;
Thy shores, *O Nile*, receive the Man, 50
Ordain'd the chosen Race to save,
Thy future Lord, though now thy Slave.

What though, his feet in fetters bound,
His soul th' afflicting irons wound,
Yet, *Joseph*, patient bear thy lot: 55

Thy lips, with heav'nly science fraught,
Shall soon the mystic Dream explain,
That ends thy woes, and breaks thy chain.

The Monarch bids; the prison door
Detains the injur'd Saint no more: 60
New honours now his wrongs repair;
The regal Palace to his care

Its wealth consigns; and *Egypt's* land
Bows to her Captive's wife command.

Ev'n Princes own'd with rev'rent awe 65
 The dictates of his will their Law,
 And Senates on his youthful tongue
 In silent wonder list'ning hung.
 But who is He, that, bow'd with years,
 Now first on *Mizraim's* Coast appears? 70
 'Tis *Jacob*: joy'd, that now his eyes
 Have seen his *Joseph* e'er he dies,
 Th' illustrious Pilgrim's wearied feet
 In *Egypt* fix their last retreat.
 With large increase his Line is blest, 75
 And *Zoan* in th' adopted Guest
 With hostile eye beholds up-grown
 A strength superior to her own.
 See hence the woes on *Egypt* pour'd!
 (But Thou, O Monarch, shouldst thy word 80
 Absolve, nor thus with impious rod
 Oppress the Servants of thy God.)
 See *Moses*, pleading, stretch the hand;
 See *Aaron* lift the sacred wand,
 And lead th' invited vengeance on 85
 In scenes to Nature's Laws unknown.
 But O, what terrors, *Cham*, are thine,
 While quick on thy devoted Line,
 Far as thy utmost coasts extend,
 Thou see'st the various pest descend! 90
 If Fear their stubborn hearts may melt,
 Let Darkness, Darkness to be felt,
 Inclose them.—Thus th' Almighty spake:
 As forth the awful accents brake,

Darkness

Darkneſs the high beſt obey'd, 95
 And round them wrapt its thickeſt ſhade.
 The Heav'n-ſtruck *Nile's* extended flood
 Now rolls a current black with blood;
 While breathleſs on their oozy bed
 In heaps the finny tribes are ſpread. 100
 The loathſom Frog, a num'rous Birth,
 Springs iſtant from the teeming earth,
 Nor walls that guard a Monarch's reſt
 Know to exclude the hideous gueſt.
 He bids; and through the darken'd air 105
 In troops th' aſſembling Flies repair,
 And ſwarms of Reptiles, ſcatter'd wide,
 Rebuke the faithleſs Tyrant's pride.
 In league againſt them now conſpire
 The ruſhing Hail, and bick'ring Fire: 110
 And, iſtant, by the tempeſt torn,
 Their ruin'd ſhades the foreſts mourn:
 No more array'd in native green
 The fig-tree and the vine are ſeen,
 No more with flow'ring honours crown'd, 115
 But uſeleſs load th' incumber'd ground.
 He bids; and join'd in cloſe array
 Th' embattled Locuſts take their way:
 Before them plains with verdure grac'd
 Appear; behind, a barren waſte: 120
 While the dun Beetle through the ſky
 With eager ſpeed is ſeen to fly,
 And, partner in the offer'd ſpoil,
 Conſumes th' aſtoniſh'd planter's toil.

Now

P S A L M CV.

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Now to the grave, with anguish torn, 125
 Each Mother yields her eldest-born;
 And *Egypt's* land, along its shores,
 The first-fruits of its strength deplores.
 Rise, *Israel*, rise; for in their ear
 Thy Sons the voice of Freedom hear: 130
 The wealth of their relenting foes
 Earth's sov'reign Lord on Them bestows,
 And bids them leave the hostile soil
 Each strong for travel, strong for toil.
 As now their destin'd path they tread, 135
Egypt, yet pale with recent dread,
 Exulting sees the sacred Band
 With parting footsteps press her strand.
 Expanded wide above their heads
 The shadowing Cloud its curtain spreads; 140
 Before them walks th' embodied Fire,
 And bids the shades of Night retire.
 Quails on their appetite bestow'd,
 And Bread ethereal, gave them food;
 While, at his word, from out the rock 145
 Th' imprison'd streams luxuriant broke,
 And onward pour'd, with lengthen'd train,
 Ran murm'ring o'er the thirsty plain.
 Such Mercies, All-indulgent Lord,
 Thy changeless promises afford, 150
 Such Blessings thy remembrance kind
 Of *Abraham's* ever faithful mind.
 Redeem'd from stern Oppression's seat,
 With grateful joy their bosoms beat;

Joy,

Joy, yet enlarg'd, when *Canaan's* Land, 155
 Resigns her scepter to their hand,
 And bids them reap from off her soil
 The harvest of another's toil.

Behold the Love to *Israel* shown,
 That We, great God, thy pow'r might own, 160
 And each with stedfast heart fulfill
 The dictates of thy mighty Will.

Awake the song, awake the string,
 And thankful praise th' immortal King.

P S A L M CVI. *Hallelujah.*

LET songs of joy to God ascend,
 Whose Love nor limit knows nor end.
 But O, what tongue in equal lay
 His acts can speak, his praise display?
 Thrice happy, who with stedfast will 5
 The dictates of his Law fulfill!
 With These, thy chosen Flock, assign'd
 May I thy lot for ever find:
 O grant me, Lord, with These to prove
 The pow'r of thy redeeming Love, 10
 And, while thy Mercy on our heads
 The fulness of its blessing sheds,
 With Them th' accepted hymn to sing
 To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

Too faithful followers of our Sires, 15
 Our Life with theirs, great God, conspires
 Thy wrath on *Judah's* Realm to call,
 And teach thy terrors where to fall.

O say,

O say, thou *Erythræan* Main,
 (Thy Waves beheld the rebel Train;) 20
 How soon Oblivion could efface
 Each act of God's stupendous Grace,
 The wonders by his mighty hand
 Perform'd in *Cham's* affrighted Land.
 Yet, still, that Man his Pow'r might own, 25
 Conspicuous in their aid it shone:
 Aw'd by his voice the briny Flood
 In gath'ring heaps suspended stood,
 While, safe as o'er the sandy waste,
 Th' admiring troops betwixt them past: 30
 Freed from the ruthless Tyrant's hand
 Soon as they reach the adverse strand,
 Its strength resum'd, th' impetuous wave
 Their foes within the watry grave
 Absorbs; nor one exempted Man 35
 Back with the dreadful tidings ran.
 Convinc'd they now (What could they less?)
 His words the words of truth confess,
 Yield to his Name th' extorted praise,
 And songs of grateful triumph raise; 40
 But soon rebellious as before
 (His Works remember'd now no more,)
 To times by Them prescrib'd confine
 The counsels of the Will divine.
 By lawless appetite impell'd, 45
 As o'er the Wild their course they held,
 Fierce rise their Bands, in evil hour,
 And challenge to the proof his Pow'r:

That Pow'r the wish'd for Ill shall grant,
 And satiate their imagin'd want : 50
 That Pow'r alone their outrage fell
 From Thee, O *Moses*, could repell,
 And uncontested rev'rence claim
 To consecrated *Adon's* name.
 Wide, discontinuous, yawn'd the ground, 55
 And *Dathan* in the dark profound,
 With proud *Abiram's* frantic Train,
 Receiving instant, clos'd again;
 While fires impetuous, roll'd along,
 Wrapt in the blaze th' apostate Thröng. 60
 But, *Horeb!* What is wrought on Thee?
 Blush, conscious Earth, O blush to see
 A figure from the grazing herd
 To God, the living God, prefer'd :
 That God, their Glory late confest; 65
 But Ah! within their thankless breast
 No longer now recorded stand
 The wonders of his saving hand,
 In vain on *Egypt* shown, in vain
 Repeated on the bord'ring Main: 70
 See, as in awful threatnings heard
 Eternal Justice gives the word,
 The summon'd Storms the heav'nly Throne
 Surround, impatient to be gone :
 But *Moses* in the breach appears, 75
 And, as his suppliant voice he rears,
 Averts, yet waiting on the wing,
 The vengeance of th' almighty King.

As

As now in near approach they stand
 To promis'd *Canaan's* fertile Land, 80
 That promise, seal'd by Truth divine,
 They doubt, and at the gift repine:
 From tent to tent the murmur runs,
 While each the heav'nly counsel shuns,
 That bids them safe in Him confide, 85
 Their God, their Guardian, and their Guide.
 Their guilt mature for vengeance found,
 Th' uplifted sword, in act to wound,
 Hangs imminent; and myriads slain
 In heaps promiscuous load the plain. 90
 The conqu'ring Foe through unknown ways
 The scatter'd Fugitives conveys;
 Their names *Bel-phégor's* fanes behold
 Amidst his Votaries enroll'd,
 While pleas'd the impious board they spread, 95
 And eat the off'rings of the Dead.
 New crimes new chastisements provoke;
 And forth the Pest wide-wasting broke,
 Unseen the furious onset gave,
 And swept them to the crouded grave; 100
 Till, *Phineas*, thy prevenient care
 Purg'd from its taint the deathful air.
 The pious deed to latest days
 Shall consecrate the Hero's praise.
 Nor *Meribah's* yet thirsty ground 105
 Unconscious of their guilt is found;
 Till, summon'd from the rock, the wave
 Her plain in full effusion lave.

Nor *He, great Leader of their Bands,
 From touch of blame exempted stands: 110
 While murmurs, heard on ev'ry side,
 And loud reproach, his patience tried,
 Resentment quick his bosom stung,
 And words unweigh'd escap'd his tongue.
 The Nations round, with error blind, 115
 To just excision long design'd,
 Rebellious to their God they spare,
 Nor shun th' accursed rite to share,
 That bids them bow to sculptur'd stone,
 And frenzy's deepest influence own. 120
 To *Dæmons* rear'd their altars stand,
 And scenes of blood pollute the Land;
 While with untrembling hands the Sires
 Their Son, their Daughter, to the fires
 A victim yield: to lifeless Gods 125
 (Such, *Canaan*, shame thy dire abodes;)
 Streams on the knife the filial gore,
 And, guiltless, stains th' unhallow'd floor.
 What, *Israel*, now shall wash thee clean,
 While Lessons of inventive Sin 130
 Have prompted thy adult'rous heart
 Thus from thy Maker to depart?
 Fierce o'er thy head his anger burns;
 From his own Heritage he turns,
 Abhorrent: Now let *Jacob's* foes 135
 At will th' abandon'd race inclose.
 Behold them by oppression torn,
 And fix'd the mark of hostile scorn.

* *Moses.*

Oft

Oft were they fav'd, and oft again
Rebellious spurn'd his equal Reign, 140
Again their ruin'd state deplor'd,
And bow'd beneath a foreign Lord.
Yet He with pity from on high,
True to his Compact, heard their cry,
Beheld them drag the servile chain, 145
And, studious to relieve their pain,
Compassion's tend'rest sense impress'd
On the stern Victor's iron breast.

O still our Father, still our Friend,
To *Israel's* woes, great God, attend : 150
From distant climes, and hostile lands,
Collect once more our scatter'd Bands ;
That *Sion* with delighted ear
The hallow'd strains again may hear ;
Thy Name the subject of each song, 155
Thy Praise the boast of ev'ry tongue.

O thankful hail th' Almighty Lord,
The God by *Jacob's* Sons ador'd :
His fame, e'er Time its course began,
O'er Heav'n's wide region echoing ran ; 160
To Him through endless ages raise
One song of oft-repeated praise ;
And let consenting Nations join
To bless with Us the Pow'r divine. *Hallelujah.*

P S A L M CVII.

1.

TO God above from All below

Let hymns of praise ascend;

Whose Blessings unexhausted flow,

Whose Mercy knows no end.

2.

But chief by Those his name be blest,

To whom his aid he gave;

Beheld them by the Foe oppress'd,

And reach'd his arm to save.

3.

To East, to West, to South, to North,

Condemn'd awhile to roam,

His hand in pity brought them forth,

And call'd the Wand'ers home.

4.

Behold them o'er the Desert stray,

A helpless, hopeless, Train:

Some City, where their steps to stay,

They seek, but seek in vain.

5.

Ah! what shall cheer their fainting mind,

Or what their woes assuage,

To thirst's afflictive pain consign'd,

And famine's fiercest rage?

6. Distress'd,

6.

Distress'd; to God they make their pray'r:

He guides, direct, their feet;

And, safe in his protecting care,

They reach their destin'd seat.

7.

O then that All would bless his Name,

Whose Mercy thus they prove,

And pleas'd from age to age proclaim

The wonders of his Love:

8.

That Love, whose gifts with thankful breast

The Sons of want divide,

And find their ev'ry grief redress'd,

Their ev'ry wish supplied.

9.

These erst he bade th' Avenger's hand

In Death's dark shades detain;

And added to the iron band

Affliction's heavier chain.

10.

Such is the Doom to those assign'd,

Who, frantic, durst withstand

The Counsels of th' Almighty Mind,

And spurn his just Command.

11.

O'erwhelm'd with deepest woe they lie,

And sinking to the grave:

No pitying ear attends their cry;

No hand is nigh to save.

12. Distress'd,

12.

Distress'd, to God they make their pray'r;
He, instant, near them stands,
Dispells the gloom of black Despair,
And breaks their stubborn bands.

13.

O then that All would bless his Name,
Whose Mercy thus they prove,
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his Love:

14.

That Love, that oft its succour gives,
The Captive's woes to heal,
The gates of brass in sunder cleaves,
And bursts the bars of steel.

15.

Beneath his terrors bid to groan,
Behold the impious Band
The fruits of Folly reap, and own
The Justice of his hand.

16.

Estrang'd from food, their languid soul
The needful meal forgoes:
Life feels its current faintly roll,
And hastens to its close.

17.

Distress'd, to God they make their pray'r;
And Nature, joyous, sees
His Word her ruin'd strength repair,
Her fiercest tortures ease.

18. O

18.

O then that All would bless his Name,
Whose Mercy thus they prove,
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his Love:

19.

That Realms of various tongue would sing
His Acts in frequent lays,
And yield to Heav'n's eternal King
The sacrifice of praise.

20.

Who o'er the Waves from shore to shore
The gifts of Commerce bear,
The wonders of the Deep explore,
And own that God is there.

21.

By These his Works are seen; his Ways
By These are understood:
He speaks the word; the Storm obeys,
And rising lifts the Flood.

22.

Now high as Heav'n the Bark ascends,
Now seeks the depth below:
Each heart beneath the terror bends,
And melts with inward woe.

23.

As gorg'd with wine, in wild amaze
They reel from side to side:
Nor Hope survives, their souls to raise,
Nor Reason wakes to guide.

24. Distress'd,

24.

Distress'd, to God they make their pray'r;
Obedient to his Will,
The Storms that rag'd their rage forbear,
The Seas that roar'd are still.

25.

Each grief, each fear, at once resign'd,
They see their labour o'er;
Then led by Him their haven find,
And touch the wish'd for shore.

26.

O then that All would bless his Name,
Whose Mercy thus they prove,
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his Love:

27.

That *Salem* in her sacred shrine
His praise with thankful tongue
Would utter; while her Elders join
To swell the festal song.

28.

He bids; and lo a burning Waste,
Where roll'd the floods before;
And, touch'd by the descending blast,
The springs are seen no more.

29.

Sad witness of some dire offence,
Behold the fertile soil
No more its wonted gifts dispense,
But mock the tiller's toil.

30. He

30.

He bids; and o'er the Desert wide
The liquid Lake is spread:
New springs the thirsty earth divide,
And murm'ring lift the head.

31.

There Myriads, late with hunger wan,
By Him assembled, meet;
There pleas'd the future City plan,
And fix their sure Retreat.

32.

And now they sow the foodful grain,
The tender vine they rear;
Now waves the harvest o'er the plain,
And plenty crowns the year.

33.

Blest in his care, the Sires with joy
A num'rous race behold;
Nor dares Disease their herds annoy,
Or waste the peopled fold.

34.

Anon, if, sunk with heaviest woe,
They feel oppression's pow'r;
If civil rage, or conqu'ring foe,
Their boasted strength devour;

35.

Though, humbled from their state, awhile
Their Princes feel his rod,
And wander o'er a barren soil,
By human step untrod,

36. His

36.

His hand affords the wish'd release;
 Collects their scatter'd train;
 And bids them like the flocks increase,
 That fill the verdant plain.

37.

Such Truths his Servants shall attest,
 And, joyful, wake the song;
 While shame the impious shall invest,
 And chain their speechless tongue.

38.

His Works attentive while it sees,
 The Heav'n-instructed Mind
 Shall own how equal his Decrees,
 His Providence how kind.

P S A L M CVIII.

MY heart is fix'd, eternal Sire;
 My heart is fix'd: To Thee aspire
 My thoughts; to Thee my joyous tongue
 Preluding forms the grateful song:
 That tongue, whose highest praise shall be 5
 The pow'r it boasts of praising Thee.
 Awake, my lute, and new-strung lyre;
 Instinct, myself, with holy fire
 I wake; and lo, the dawning Sun
 Already hears the strain begun. 10
 From Me assembling Crouds shall burn
 The triumphs of thy Love to learn,

And,

And, rapt with zeal, the Nations round
Catch from my lips the sacred sound.

Lo! to the clouds thy Truth extends; 15

Thy Mercy heav'n's vast height transcends:

Inthron'd thyself above the skies,

O, bid thy fullest Glory rise,

And to the earth with cloudless ray

The wonders of thy pow'r display. 20

The Just, blest Objects of thy Love,

Defend propitious from above:

Let Me with Them thy Mercy share,

And hear, O hear, my ceaseless pray'r.

God with an Oath his purpose seals; 25

My hand with joy his word fulfills:

Behold me *Sichem's* plain divide;

My line, to *Succoth's* vale applied,

Its bound describes; Thee mine I see,

O *Gilead*, and *Manasses*, Thee. 30

Thou, *Ephraim*, art my strong defence,

Thou, *Judah*, shalt my Law dispense:

A diff'rent lot shall *Moab* find,

A Vase to vilest use assign'd;

A doom like his let *Edom* meet, 35

And wipe the dust from off my feet.

Philistia, pleas'd thy tribute bring,

And own in Me thy future King.

Who, as our troops in close array

To *Edom's* forts direct their way, 40

Arm'd with resistless strength shall bid

Her gates unfold, her bolts recede?

Y

Behold

Behold us, Lord, oppress'd with woe,
 As exil'd from thy care we go:
 Shall *Israel's* hosts, thy aid withheld, 45
 Still unsuccessful take the field?
 Our hope, on Man repos'd in vain,
 O let thy strength, great God, sustain:
 Thus arm'd, each adverse pow'r we dare,
 And dauntless meet the rushing war, 50
 While from thy sword our foes retire,
 Or trampled in the dust expire.

P S A L M CIX.

GOD of my praise, thy silence break;
 Thy timeliest aid my woes bespeak,
 While tongues to falsehood train'd prepare
 To wrap me in the deathful snare:
 Now words of deepest art they try; 5
 Now hostile threats around me fly;
 And Crouds, inflam'd with causeless rage,
 Wars, fiercest wars, against me wage.
 While stedfast Hate my Love repays,
 To Thee my Soul incessant prays: 10
 But O, what anguish rends my mind!
 What keen regret! condemn'd to find
 (As gifts on gifts my hands bestow,)
 In each expected friend a foe.

On Him whose heart, with malice fraught, 15
 Against my peace has bent its thought,
 Thus let thy Justice, Lord, by Me
 Aloud proclaim its fix'd Decree.

Arraign'd

Arraign'd at stern Oppression's bar,
Some dread accuser let him share, 20
That, planted on his right, may stand,
And vengeance from his Judge demand:
Nor let his deprecation win
The wish'd for pardon to his sin,
But witness of his guilt become, 25
And seal, beyond reverse, his doom.
Let death's accelerated day
To worthier hands his Charge convey,
His roof a weeping Widow see,
Her Orphans hanging at her knee; 30
Let These, by thy inflictions won
Th' example of his deeds to shun,
(While, as from morn to eve they roam,
Some ruin'd Cell their casual home,
Each night, affords,) by hunger led, 35
Seek at the rich man's gate their bread.
His wealth let fell Extortion spoil;
The gather'd harvest of his toil
Let Rapine's greedy hand surprize,
While Each his woes unpitying eyes; 40
And let his Race, no succour near,
Corrected, lesson in thy fear
This Age; and, one succession o'er,
Be seen by human eye no more.
Let what of sin his Sires have done, 45
What guilt his Mother's heart has known,
On records uneffac'd by time
In Heav'n be noted, and their Crime

(Its measure by himself fulfill'd,)
 Their name to just extinction yield. 50
 Such vengeance on the miscreant rest,
 Who, when with heaviest woes oppress'd
 The helpless innocent he view'd,
 With murth'rous hate his soul pursu'd.
 In Curses (for in them his heart 55
 Delighted,) let him bear his part,
 Dread Spectacle! a foe profess
 To Blessing, and himself unblest.
 His tongue with Hell-enkindled fire
 Inflam'd, in Execration dire 60
 He veils him o'er, and at thy word
 Its influence within him pour'd
 Like water shall his bowels rend,
 Like oil into his bones descend:
 Fast as his vesture to his side 65
 Still let it cleave, by Thee applied,
 And, o'er his loyns for ever bound,
 In painful cincture wrap him round.

Such recompence my Foe shall claim;
 Such All who blast with lies my fame. 70
 But let thy Grace on Me bestow'd
 Thy Name exalt, immortal God;
 Thy Love (how sweet that Love!) reveal,
 And stretch the hand my heart to heal,
 That fainting pours th' incessant groan, 75
 And sorrow's deepest wounds has known.
 To Life's last verge, impell'd by woe,
 Fast as the flitting shade I go;

Chac'd

P S A L M CIX.

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Chac'd as the Locust see me roam;
 My knees, by hunger's force o'ercome, 80
 Sink fault'ring; in my wasted frame
 While, half extinct, the vital flame
 Its due supplies in vain demands,
 Reproaching foes, their num'rous bands
 In scornful gaze around me spread, 85
 With haughtiest triumph shake the head.
 Thy wonted Clemency bestow;
 And give them, mightiest Lord, to know
 Thy Care extended to my aid,
 Thy Pow'r in their repulse display'd. 90
 Though curs'd by Them, yet blest me Thou;
 O teach their stubborn hearts to bow;
 And let their rage by Thee suppress'd
 With grateful transport fill my breast.
 On each who calls himself my foe 95
 Let shame its thickest mantle throw,
 While I, amid th' assembled Throng,
 Raise to my God the ceaseless song,
 Who, constant at his side, the Poor
 From lawless judgement shall secure. 100

P S A L M CX.

THUS to my Lord th' Almighty said;
 In awful Majesty array'd
 Come, seat thee at my own right hand,
 Till, at my word, the hostile Band,
 As low with prostrate necks they lie, 5
 A footstool to thy steps supply.

Y 3

Thy

Thy God from *Sion's* lofty tow'r
 Shall bid thee stretch the rod of pow'r:
 Victorious o'er the rebel train,
 Arise, and vindicate thy reign. 10
 Behold the long-expected day,
 When willing Crouds their homage pay,
 And, while from out the mystic shrine
 Thy beams in mild effusion shine,
 To Thee their sacred off'rings bring, 15
 And hail their Saviour and their King.
 Thy future Offspring view, a Birth
 More num'rous than the Dews, on earth
 (Beneath the twilight's dubious gloom)
 Diffus'd from Morn's prolific womb. 20
 Th' irrevocable Oath is sworn:
 " My Best-belov'd, my Eldest-born,
 " Charg'd with th' eternal Priesthood see,
 " And rank'd, *Melchizedec*, with Thee."
 Thine arm th' anointed Prince shall shield, 25
 Thou, Lord, beside him tread the field,
 While Kings shall feel th' inflicted wound,
 And hardiest Warriors press the ground.
 His Name the subject World shall awe,
 His sword to distant Lands give law ; 30
 By him their scepter'd Chiefs are slain,
 And heaps of carnage load the plain.

While with advancing step his feet
 The Conflict yet prepare to meet,
 The Streams, that glide along the way, 35
 New vigour to his heart convey,

And

And bid him, 'mid the scene of dread,
Secure of conquest, lift the head.

P S A L M CXI. *Hallelujah.*

1.

MY Soul, with sacred zeal inspir'd,
Shall wake to God the thankful strain,
In secret with his Saints retir'd,
And 'midst fair *Sion's* crouded fane.

2.

Great are his Works: With studious aim
Each faithful heart those Works has trac'd;
His Act shall highest honour claim,
His Equity for ever last.

3.

His Wonders to the grateful sense
In sweet memorial stand confest:
For boundless grace his hands dispense,
And tend'rest pity warms his breast.

4.

His Love the Souls to Him allied
With food of heav'nly growth has fill'd,
Nor suffers from his thought to slide
The Promise to his People seal'd.

5.

Thy Pow'r that People, Lord, have known,
Blest Heirs of *Canaan's* fertile Land:
Thy Precept Truth and Justice own,
And bid thy Deeds reverseless stand.

6. Salvation

6.

Salvation from our God descends;
His Faith shall *Israel's* bliss insure:
Majestic Awe his Name attends,
And Sanctity from blemish pure.

7.

His Fear th' obedient heart refines,
And Wisdom's path to view displays:
In brightest beams array'd it shines,
And prompts each tongue to endless praise.

P S A L M CXII. *Hallelujah.*

1.

HOW blest the Man, his God who fears!
Thy Precept, on his thoughts impress'd,
Eternal King, his Spirit cheers;
And peace perpetual fills his breast.

2.

His Sons the reins of pow'r shall hold,
Transmissive Blessings on their Line
Be pour'd, his treasures swell with gold,
His Righteousness for ever shine.

3.

How to thy Saints, just, kind, and good,
Has light amidst the gloom upsprung!
Their hands have amplest gifts bestow'd,
And fair Discretion guides their tongue.

4. Secure

4.

Secure from fall the Just shall stand,
 Nor e'er from thy remembrance slide:
 No rumour'd ills his fear demand,
 Whose hopes in Thee, great God, reside.

5.

Without a dread (Thy strength his trust,)
 He meets the battle on its way,
 Nor turns, till prostrate in the dust
 His eyes the vaunting Foe survey.

6.

Inrich'd by what he gives, his hands
 Deal to the sons of want his bread:
 His Innocence unfulled stands;
 And lasting honours crown his head.

7.

His bliss Transgressors shall behold,
 And grind their teeth, and inly groan,
 Their impious toil by Thee controul'd,
 Their ev'ry wish by Thee o'erthrown.

P S A L M CXIII. *Hallelujah.*

YE faithful Servants of your God,
 On Him be all your praise bestow'd;
 Through time's extended course, his Name
 Shall praise, and thanks, and homage, claim:
 Its circuit from the East begun,
 To farthest West his fame shall run,
 His glory Earth's wide realms o'erflow,
 Nor highest Heav'ns its limit know.

5

O whom

O whom to Him shall Mortals dare
 To equal? Whom to Him compare? 10
 Who sits aloft, o'er Gods a God,
 Eternity his dread Abode,
 Yet stoops to view, and, view'd, records
 The scenes that Earth's low seat affords;
 Lifts from the dust the helpless Poor, 15
 And gives the abject and obscure,
 The dunghill for a throne exchang'd,
 To sit with mightiest Monarchs rang'd.
 'Tis His the barren house to bless;
 His gift let Each the Babes confess, 20
 That, long to her request denied,
 The joyful Mother's care divide. *Hallelujah.*

P S A L M CXIV.

1.
WHEN *Jacob's* Sons through paths unknown
 From *Egypt* took their way,
 In *Judah's* Tribe his presence shone,
 And *Israel* own'd his sway.

2.
 Old Ocean saw them, as they came;
 He saw, and backward fled:
 Recoiling *Jordan* turn'd his stream,
 And sought his fountain-head.

3.
 The Mountains feel the sudden shock;
 As rams, from off the ground
 They spring: As younglings of the flock,
 The Hills affrighted bound.

4.

Thou Ocean, say, why, as they came,
 Thy billows backward fled:
 And what, O *Jordan*, urg'd thy stream
 To seek its fountain-head?

5.

Ye Mountains, whence the sudden flock?
 Why leap ye from the ground
 As rams? As younglings of the flock,
 Say why, O Hills, ye bound.

6.

Earth, instant, to thy lowest base
 Convuls'd, avow thy fear,
 While Heav'n's high Lord reveals his face,
 While *Jacob's* God is near:

7.

Dissolv'd beneath whose potent stroke
 The flint a torrent gave;
 Who spake; and from the yielding rock
 Gush'd forth the bidden wave.

P S A L M CXV.

O Let not Us, Thou God of Hosts,
 O let not Us with frantic boasts
 The glory claim: To Thee alone
 Thy Truth and Grace, to *Israel* known,
 Shall ceaseless honour yield, and raise
 Each heart to Love, each tongue to Praise.
 Why should the heathen tribes demand,
 "Where's now the God of *Israel's* Land?"

5

In

In Heav'n our God has fix'd his throne,
 That Lord whose Will and Act are one. 10
 Not such the Gods whom Ye adore,
 That, once a mass of shapeless ore,
 Now crown'd with furtive honours stand,
 The creatures of the Artist's hand;
 Of sense-belying parts possess'd, 15
 In useless imag'ry express'd;
 Of mouth, but not for speech design'd;
 Of ears and eyes, yet deaf and blind:
 Whose nostrils, as along the fane
 It breathes, the incense greets in vain; 20
 Whose hands th' imprinted kifs ne'er feel,
 While suppliant crouds before them kneel;
 Whose feet have never step essay'd;
 Whose throāt has never sound convey'd:
 Unvisited by Wisdom's ray 25
 Their breast: nor less insensate They,
 Who made their mimic forms, or, made,
 With fruitless pray'r invoke their aid.
 Ye happier Sons of *Israel's* Line,
 Conducted by the Light divine, 30
 On God your firm reliance build;
 Him own your refuge, Him your shield.
 Ye who from vested *Aaron* trace
 The honours of your chosen Race,
 On God your firm reliance build; 35
 Him own your refuge, Him your shield.
 Ye Souls with pure devotion warm,
 Whose Lives to his Decrees conform,

On

On God your firm reliance build ;
 Him own your refuge, Him your shield. 40
 Behold his beams around us shine :
 He, *Jacob*, He shall bless thy Line,
 You, who from vested *Aaron* trace
 The honours of your chosen Race,
 And You, with pure devotion warm, 45
 Whose Lives to his Decrees conform,
 From Him whose hand the scepter guides,
 To Him who in the cot resides.
 To You, to Yours, till time shall end,
 His Love its blessings shall extend, 50
 Heirs of the changeless promise giv'n
 By Him who form'd the Earth and Heav'n :
 That Heav'n, within whose awful bound
 Himself, with brightest glory crown'd,
 His Seat has rear'd ; while *Adam's* Sons 55
 The Earth (his Gift,) its tenants owns.

Not Those whom death has snatch'd away
 The debt of hallow'd praise shall pay,
 Or wake his wonders to disclose,
 But silent in the dust repose : 60
 'Tis Ours, who still those wonders view,
 The grateful labour to pursue ;
 Nor ever shall our lips decline
 To crown with hymns the Name divine. *Hallelujah.*

P S A L M CXVI.

HOW glows with grateful Love my breast!
 For God the voice of my request
 Accepts, and, while my hands I rear,
 Bows to my plaint the willing ear.
 For this, to Life's extremeſt hour
 My lips to Him the pray'r ſhall pour. 5
 While Death its ſnares around me threw,
 The grave its horrors to my view
 Preſenting, preſs'd with heaviest grief,
 From Thee, great God, I ſought relief. 10
 " O ſave me, heav'nly Sire, I cried,
 " And turn th' impending ſtroke aſide."
 Juſt, good, and kind, is *Iſrael's* Lord,
 His breaſt with tend'reſt pity ſtor'd,
 And prompt his Arm, when Ills invade, 15
 The guileleſs and the meek to aid.
 His Mercies, 'midſt thy deepeſt woe,
 By bleſt experience taught to know,
 Turn, turn thee to thy reſt, my Soul;
 For He who ſits above the pole 20
 (Tremendous Name,) has o'er thy head
 The fulneſs of his bounty ſhed.
 Thou, mightieſt Father, Thou wert nigh,
 To ſave my ſoul from death, mine eye
 From tears, to guard from lapſe my feet, 25
 And bid me in this earthly Seat
 (Life's wide dominion,) ſtill reſide,
 To Thee in filial fear allied.

To

P S A L M CXVI.

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To God my heart resign'd its care ;
To Him my tongue address'd its pray'r.

30

While, struck with terrors as I stood,
A sea of sorrows round me flow'd,
" No more, my Soul, no more, I cried,
" In Man's fallacious aid confide."

O, what requital at my hand
Shall Mercies, Lord, like Thine demand?

35

By Thee from each distress enlarg'd,
The Cup with benediction charg'd

I take, and, touch'd with holy flame,
Invoke my great Deliv'rer's name.

40

Ev'n now, before th' assembled Train,
Ev'n now, within thy sacred Fane,

Behold me at thine altar bow,

And, pleas'd, absolve my offer'd vow:

Who Thy Decrees, great God, obey,

45

Secure on Thee their hope shall stay;

Great is thy care on such bestow'd,

Nor worthless in thine eye their blood.

In Me thy Servant, Lord, in Me

The Offspring of thy Handmaid see,

50

Who, late in heaviest fetters bound,

From Thee my full release have found.

For this, my Soul from day to day

The sacrifice of praise shall pay,

And, touch'd by Thee with holy flame,

55

Invoke my great Deliv'rer's Name.

Ev'n now, before th' assembled Train,

Ev'n now, within thy sacred Fane,

(That Fane, whose walls, on firmest base
 Uprear'd, fair *Salem's* confines grace,) 60
 Behold me at thine altar bow,
 And, pleas'd, absolve my offer'd vow. *Hallelujah.*

P S A L M CXVII.

I.

LET thy various Realms, O Earth,
 Praises yield to Heav'n's high Lord;
 Praise him All of human birth,
 And his wondrous Acts record.

2.

See his Mercy o'er our Land
 Spread its ever-healing wing,
 And his Truth through ages stand;
 Praise, O praise, th' eternal King:

P S A L M CXVIII.

LIFT your voice, and thankful sing
 Praises to your heav'nly King;
 For his Mercies far extend,
 And his Bounty knows no end.

Israel, thy Creator blest,
 And with joyous tongue confests,
 That his Mercies far extend,
 And his Bounty knows no end.

Aaron, let thy chosen Line
 Grateful in th' avowal join,
 That his Mercies far extend,
 And his Bounty knows no end.

5

10

Ye

Ye who make his Will your care,
 With assenting voice declare,
 That his Mercies far extend, 15
 And his Bounty knows no end.
 To my plaint propitious, He
 Bade my captive Soul go free.
 He shall in my Cause appear;
 Let not Man excite my fear. 20
 He amid my Helpers stands;
 Struck by Him, th' opposing Bands
 Instant from before mine eye
 Back in wild retreat shall fly.
 O, how safe the Man, whose mind 25
 Rests on *Jacob's* God reclin'd!
 Safer far than They who trust
 On the help of breathing dust,
 Or, when threat'ning Ills invade,
 Boast a Monarch's pow'r their aid. 30
 Gather'd from each distant Coast
 Round me press'd th' embattled Host;
 But my Arm, by God upheld,
 Strew'd with slaughter'd heaps the field.
 Round me, thirsting for my blood, 35
 Round me adverse myriads stood;
 But my Arm, by God upheld,
 Strew'd with slaughter'd heaps the field.
 Round me, see! as Bees they dwell,
 Bees, that, issuing from their cell, 40
 Mix in swarms, and on the wing
 Arm'd with fury onward spring:

Fierce awhile the Battle burn'd;
 But, their legions backward turn'd,
 Like the thorn-enkindled fire 45
 See its flames at once expire,
 While my Arm, by God upheld,
 Strews with slaughter'd heaps the field.
 Soon thy stroke, relentless Foe,
 Soon thy stroke had laid me low, 50
 Had not God's supporting hand
 Bid my fault'ring feet to stand:
 He my Strength, and He my Song,
 Lo! my days I yet prolong,
 And, each hostile force o'erthrown, 55
 Him my great Salvation own.
 Shouts of health and hymns of praise
 Wisdom's faithful followers raise,
 While amid their peaceful Seat
 Thus the ear their accents greet: 60
 "O how strong the hand divine!
 "O what wonders, Lord, are thine!"
 See that hand, from Heav'n reveal'd,
 Wonders yet on wonders yield.
 Vaunt thy terrors, Death, no more: 65
 He whom *Israel's* Sons adore,
 He, each danger chac'd away,
 Bids me still, from day to day,
 Speak his Acts, who, just and kind,
 Trials to my lot assign'd, 70
 Yet amidst the doubtful strife
 Rescued from the sword my life.

Ope the gates of Righteousness;
 Let my feet, with full access,
 Walk its sacred Courts along;
 Let me there with thankful tongue
 Bless my great Deliv'rer's Name,
 And his boundless Love proclaim.

75

Here the hallow'd Gate behold;
 See its valves at once unfold,
 Pleas'd t' admit the chosen Train,
 Pure from Sin's infectious stain.

80

Thee, the God inthron'd above,
 Thee my lips shall sing, whose Love
 To my voice attention gave,
 Prompt to hear, and strong to save.

85

See the Stone, that, cast aside
 By the Builders' erring pride,
 In the Dome assumes its place,
 Own'd the Angle's noblest grace.
 Thou the Work, great God, hast wrought;
 In its scenes our wond'ring Thought
 Joys thy clemency to trace,
 Seal'd to *Jacob's* favour'd Race.

90

Lit by thy auspicious ray
 Downward streams the wish'd for Day,
 Big with Acts that shall suggest
 Endless mirth to *Israel's* breast.

95

Save, O save, eternal Lord,
 And thy prosp'ring aid afford.
 Blest the Man, who, sent by God,
 Visits *Salem's* lov'd abode:

100

Come,

Come, ye Saints, and in his Train
 Tread with licens'd step her Fane,
 While from out her sacred Tow'r 105
 Blessings on your head we pour.
 Safe in *Israel's* Lord confide;
 He is God, and None beside:
 See his fav'ring beams arise
 To his People's longing eyes. 110
 Fair, and innocent of spot,
 Let the victim Lamb be brought,
 And beside his Altar stand,
 Fetter'd in the writhen band.
 Thee my God, in lengthen'd lays, 115
 Thee my raptur'd lips shall praise;
 Thee my God (its ev'ry chord
 By the skilful touch explor'd,)
 Shall my harp aloud proclaim,
 Zealous to exalt thy fame. 120

Lift your voice, and thankful sing
 Praises to your heav'nly King;
 For his Mercies far extend,
 And his Bounty knows no end.

P S A L M CXIX.

A L E P H.

HOW blest, who Thee, great God, obey,
 And stedfast walk th' all-perfect way!
 How blest, whose hearts with will intire
 Thy presence seek, Almighty Sire;
Whose

Whose feet thy guidance own; whose mind 5
Has each nefarious act declin'd.

Thy voice has charg'd us to fulfill
The dictates of thy heav'nly Will:
Such, Lord, thy Charge; and O may I
Attentive to the task apply. 10

My steps conform'd to thy Decrees,
Nor shame nor dread my Soul shall seize;
Thy precepts on my mind impress'd
Shall swell with joy my faithful breast,
Thy Justice prompt my tongue to raise 15
The song of gratitude and praise.

Thy Law my love shall claim: Do Thou
Thy ear to my petition bow;
Nor leave me, helpless and forlorn,
The absence of thy grace to mourn. 20

B E T H.

How, early wise, shall Youth, O say,
In innocence direct its way?
Thy Word its steps, to Thee resign'd,
The ever faithful Guide shall find.

Hail, best Instructor! Thee my Thought 25
With full desire, great God, has fought:
O let me not, by Error's sway

Impell'd, from thy direction stray.
Thy Precept, in my breast conceal'd,
From Sin's assault my heart shall shield. 30

Blest is thy Name, eternal Lord!
O write within my mind thy Word;

That

That Word, whose rules from day to day
 My lips with grateful zeal display:
 These, my best wealth, my treasur'd store, 35
 I keep, and view them o'er and o'er:
 Thy Dictates still, my constant Joy,
 My soul's attention shall employ;
 Nor aught shall from my sight withdraw
 Thy path, or from my thought thy Law. 40

G I M E L.

Thy Mercy let thy Servant see,
 Grant me to live conform'd to Thee,
 And let my Soul, each mist away,
 The wonders of thy Law survey.
 Behold me, absent from my home, 45
 Through Life's wild maze a Pilgrim roam,
 Nor Thou to my desiring eye
 Thy Word's directing beams deny:
 With ardent zeal, with strong desire,
 My thoughts to thy Decrees aspire. 50
 O Thou, whose threat the proud subdues,
 Whose wrath the sinner's steps pursues,
 My soul, of each transgression pure,
 From scorn and fierce reproach secure.
 While Princes with malignant aim 55
 Assembled wound my honest fame,
 My Life, thy Will its fix'd pursuit,
 Shall each opprobrious tongue refute.
 Thy Laws my ev'ry thought controul,
 While, fill'd with sacred joy, my Soul 60
 Its

Its ever faithful Friends in These
And Inmates of its counsel sees.

D A L E T H.

Low in the dust my Soul is laid;
O reach me, Lord, thy promis'd aid.
Thou, as my heart its guilt avow'd, 65
Thy pitying ear, great God, hast bow'd;
O let me, lesson'd in thy way,
The wonders of thy Grace survey:
While on my Soul, that melts with woe,
That Grace its succours shall bestow, 70
(Such hope thy Word has bid me form;)
Let me, with holy transport warm,
And privileg'd thy Law to learn,
From falsehood's path abhorrent turn.
Truth, Lord, my steady thoughts pursue, 75
Thy Judgements fix'd before my view
In full display: Exempt from shame
O give me Thou by These to frame
My course; and mark with what delight,
(As onward These my steps invite,) 80
Its bands by Thee dissolv'd, my Soul
Anticipates the distant goal.

H E.

Teach me, O teach me, Lord, thy Way;
So to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring Precepts led, 85
My willing feet its paths shall tread.
Inform'd by Thee, with sacred awe
My heart shall meditate thy Law,
And

And with celestial Wisdom fill'd
To Thee its full obedience yield. 90

Give me to know thy Words aright,
(Thy Words, my soul's supreme delight,)
That, purg'd from thirst of gold, my mind
In Them its better wealth may find.

O turn from Vanity mine eye, 95
To Me thy quick'ning strength supply,
And with thy promis'd mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

My dreaded shame, great God, remove:
Thy Judgements, Lord, my thoughts approve; 100
Thy wise Commands my breast inflame;
O haste, and to my inmost frame
Permit thy Justice to dispense
Its all-reviving influence.

V A U.

O let me, Lord, thy Mercy know; 105
Thy promis'd health, great God, bestow;
So from my Soul, on Thee reclin'd,
Shall each reproach an answer find.

My trust thy Judgements, mightiest Lord,
Support; O let not then thy Word 110
(Thy Word, by Truth eternal seal'd,)
Be ever from my lips withheld:

That Word to Life's extremest stage
My just remembrance shall engage,
My Soul to thy Decrees incline, 115
And make the paths of freedom mine.

The

The Heav'n-taught Truths that warm my breast
 My tongue to Monarchs shall suggest,
 And, rapt with zeal, each check disclaim
 Of servile dread, and infant shame. 120

Thy Law, *Jehovah*, still shall share
 My ardent Love, my constant Care,
 And, while from Thee with lifted hands
 Pleas'd I receive its just commands,
 My Life, submitted to its rein, 125
 Shall speak them not receiv'd in vain.

Z A I N.

Thy promises, Almighty Sire,
 Accomplish: These my hope inspire;
 These, when oppress'd with ills I lie,
 With vital strength my soul supply; 130
 Nor loud reproach and hostile scorn
 My heart from thy obedience turn.

Amid my woes, through ages past
 In long memorial backward trac'd
 Thy Judgements have my trust upheld, 135
 And sorrow's heaviest cloud dispell'd.

How trembles, Lord, my heart to see
 The souls that err from thy Decree!
 Long as within this seat of clay,
 My house of Pilgrimage, I stay, 140

Thy Statutes are my Song; thy Name
 Wakes in my breast the holy flame,
 That heav'n-ward lifts my thoughtful soul,
 When night's dark shades invest the pole.

What hopes, great God, are mine, what joy, 145
While thy Commands my care employ!

C H E T H.

My heart's best portion, Lord, art Thou;
To Thee my Thoughts obedience vow:
To Thee with ardent zeal I pray;
Thy promis'd mercy, Lord, display, 150
While back my yet unfinish'd race
With scrutiny severe I trace,
Thy Law with full acceptance greet,
And turn to Thee my willing feet.
With studious haste I ran, I flew, 155
Intent thy Dictates to pursue,
Nor These forget, though troops of foes
Amid their snare my steps inclose.
Thy just Decrees within my breast
Revolv'd, I quit my bed of rest, 160
And pleas'd, at midnight's awful hour,
In thanks to Thee my spirit pour.
I mark where'er the souls I find
To Thy Commands, great God, inclin'd;
I mark them, and with such reside 165
In friendship's strictest bands allied.
That Mercy, Lord, whose beams extend
Far as to Earth's remotest end,
That Mercy to my soul impart,
And grave thy precepts on my heart. 170

T E T H.

My grateful heart thy Love has known,
O Thou, whose words and deeds are one:

O still

O still that Love impart, and store
 My Soul with thy celestial Lore,
 Whose thought its full assent resigns 175
 To what thy sacred Will enjoins.
 In devious paths awhile I trod,
 E'er yet corrected by thy rod,
 But disciplin'd, great Sire, by Thee
 Obsequious bow to thy Decree. 180
 Thy Mercies, Lord, exhaustless flow;
 O give my Soul thy Will to know:
 While Crouds, whose hearts thy fear disclaim,
 With studied falsehood blast my fame,
 Thee, Lord, I seek; by thy Command 185
 My Acts, my Thoughts, directed stand:
 Amidst their rage, with joyful view
 My heart thy Precepts can pursue,
 While folly theirs from truth withholds,
 And round them wraps its thickest folds. 190
 Blest be thy hand, severely kind,
 Whose stroke recall'd my erring Mind,
 And urg'd me, as to Thee I turn,
 Thy hallow'd Institutes to learn,
 And, taught their worth, to prize them more 195
 Than heaps of *Ophir's* richest ore.

J O D.

Thy plastic art, throughout my frame,
 Each limb, each nerve, great God, proclaim;
 O give me Thou with mind sincere
 To learn th' Instructions of thy Fear: 200

So shall the Souls, that Fear who know,
 With social joy, my God, o'erflow,
 And pleas'd my constant heart approve,
 That waits, with Them, thy plighted Love.

Thy Judgements praise eternal claim, 205
 Wise, just, and good; with friendliest aim

Thy faithful hand each woe I feel
 Inflicts, and wounds me but to heal.

O let thy promis'd mercy shed
 Its quick'ning effluence on my head, 210

And comfort to my Soul instill,
 That loves the dictates of thy Will.

Let shame th' Aggressors proud repay,
 Who seek my footsteps to betray:

Thine aid I ask, eternal Lord, 215
 And treasure in my heart thy Word.

With Me in sacred friendship join

The souls that to thy fear incline,

And from the well-spring of thy Law

Exhaustless streams of knowledge draw. 220

O let my heart, to Thee subdu'd,

Guilt, and its offspring Shame, exclude.

C A P H.

Behold, while wearied with delay

My soul, my sight, consume away,

Thy Servant o'er th' ethereal plain 225

Send the long look, but send in vain.

O when to my expecting eyes,

When, shall thy wish'd Salvation rise,

Through.

P S A L M CXIX.

271

Through struggling clouds its promis'd ray
Transmit, and o'er me pour the day? 230

Fast as the wine-exhausted hide
Amid the circling smoke is dried,
I waste; yet never from my heart
Shall thy Commands, great God, depart.
How long shall I my days, O say, 235

In sad succession roll'd survey,
How long to haughtiest insult yield,
Thy vengeance from my foes withheld?

Behold them with insidious care
Their pits before my feet prepare, 240

And, taught thy Precepts to despise,
(Thy Precepts, Lord, how just, how wise!)

With causeless rage my soul invade:
Behold; and reach me, Lord, thine aid.
How nigh had Conquest crown'd their aim, 245

And rooted from the earth my name!

While still thy paths, eternal God,
With undiverted step I trod.

O let thy Mercy to my heart
Its life-sustaining pow'r impart; 250

So shall my Soul with sacred awe,
And just observance, hear thy Law.

L A M E D.

Fix'd in the Heav'ns, eternal Lord,
On firmest basis rests thy Word;
Thy Truth, unconscious of decay, 255
Sees wasting ages roll away:

Pois'd on its centre by thy hand
 Earth long has stood, and yet shall stand :
 For Earth, and Heav'n, and Seas, each hour
 Subservient own thy sov'reign Pow'r : 260
 Their course in Order's strictest line
 Thy firm Decrees, great God, confine.
 How had I perish'd, 'midst my woes,
 But that within my bosom rose
 The joys which thy Injunctions yield, 265
 And each invading grief dispell'd !
 O never, never, shall my heart,
 Forgetful, from thy Law depart,
 Which, instant, kindest succour gave,
 And wrought my rescue from the grave. 270
 Behold me, Lord, behold me thine ;
 Thy ear to my request incline,
 And save a Soul whose wakeful Thought
 With fervent zeal thy Truths has sought,
 And still shall seek them, though their snare 275
 The Impious for my life prepare.
 Mine eyes Perfection's limit see
 Through Nature's Works ; but thy Decree
 No period, mightiest Monarch, knows,
 Nor bounds of space its breadth inclose. 280

M E M.

With what desire, great God, I burn
 Thy sacred Oracles to learn !
 Each day, each hour, with steadfast mind
 Thy Truths I meditate, and find

The

P S A L M CXIX.

273

The knowledge to my foes denied 285

To Me in fullest weight supplied.

My Teachers, while from out thy Law

The lessons of my life I draw,

My guidance ask; the Aged Me

Their Elder in discretion see, 290

As, onward led, with steady pace

The Heav'n-appointed paths I trace.

How have I kept my feet from ill,

Intent thy Mandate to fulfill,

My ear to discipline resign'd, 295

Nor ever from its rules declin'd!

In full satiety of joy

Absorpt, thy Words my thought employ,

And sweeter on my palate dwell

Than honey dropping from its cell. 300

My Soul, by thy Instruction wise,

From Error's path abhorrent flies.

N U N.

Thy Law, from *Sinai's* mount reveal'd,

A lantern to my feet shall yield,

A light, whose beams shall o'er me dwell, 305

And night's incircling shades dispell.

Thy Precepts (thus my tongue has sworn,

Nor aught my purpose, Lord, shall turn;)

Thy Precepts, just, and wise, and true,

My steps, unwearied, shall pursue. 310

Beneath a weight of woes I bend;

Thy promis'd aid, my God, extend.

My

My lips their willing off'rings pay:
 Accept them gracious; and display
 Thy Judgements to my longing eyes: 315
 While ceaseless dangers round me rise,
 My soul just ready to resign,
 To These my thoughts I still incline,
 Nor impious force, or hostile snare,
 Shall alienate from These my care. 320
 These, while their worth my Soul inflames,
 Its lasting heritage it claims,
 And pleas'd the dictates of thy Will
 To Life's last period shall fulfill.

S A M E C H.

Far hence each Superstition vain, 325
 Wild offspring of the human brain;
 The Truths that fill thy hallow'd page
 My happier choice, great God, engage.
 Safe on thy Word my trust I build,
 O Thou, my Refuge, and my Shield. 330
 Ye impious, from my sight away;
 My Soul shall God's behests obey.
 O ever faithful to thy Word,
 Do Thou thy vital strength afford;
 Thy help impart, eternal Sire, 335
 Nor let my hope in shame expire.
 Sustain'd by thy almighty aid,
 What danger shall my Soul invade?
 In vain shall Sin its arts apply
 To turn from thy Decrees mine eye. 340

Subverted

Subverted by their own deceit,
 And spurn'd beneath thy conqu'ring feet,
 Thy wrath the rebel tribes deplore;
 Spurn'd, — as the dross, that from the ore
 (Amid the glowing furnace cast,) 345
 Is sever'd by the fiery blast.

For this, with ardent Love thy Law
 I seek; for this, while rev'rent Awe
 And holy Horror shake my frame,
 Thy Justice, mightiest Lord, proclaim. 350

A I N.

While Justice o'er my life presides,
 Each act, each word, each purpose guides,
 Friend of the guiltless! nigh me stand,
 And save me from th' Oppressor's hand.
 O still thy wonted grace disclose; 355

Still in my quarrel interpose
 Thine arm, nor let my haughty foe
 Exulting triumph in my woe.
 My wasting eyes with earnest view
 Thy promis'd health, my God, pursue: 360

Thy mercies to thy Servant show,
 And give, O give me, Lord, to know
 Each Heav'n-taught Rule: Behold me thine,
 And let thy influence on me shine,
 Till, each illusion purg'd away, 365

My Soul thy mystic Truths survey.
 Thy wise Injunctions cast aside,
 The sons of Insolence and Pride

With

With oft-repeated crimes demand
 Th' unwilling vengeance from thy hand. 370
 Thy Dictates on my thought impress'd
 With sweet delight shall fill my breast;
 Not Gold like These my love shall claim,
 Gold sev'n times tortur'd in the flame.
 These, Lord, I keep, and, fix'd, decree 375
 To shun each path that leads from Thee.

P-E.

O how the Wonders of thy Law
 My heart to just obedience awe!
 What streams of purest knowledge yield
 Thy Words in full display reveal'd! 380
 By These the Souls untaught before
 To heights of heav'nly Science soar:
 With sacred thirst my bosom burn'd;
 To These my op'ning mouth I turn'd,
 And from thy Precept wise and true 385
 Its life-imparting spirit drew.
 What grace thy Saints are blest to know,
 That grace on Me, great God, bestow.
 Thy Dictates to my soul convey,
 And level to my steps thy way. 390
 Redeem from Error's growth my mind,
 Nor leave one baleful root behind.
 O save me from Oppression's hand;
 So shall my soul thy wise command
 Observe: Indulgent on me shine, 395
 And make the paths of knowledge mine.

My

My tears, great God, my zeal disclose,
And down the copious torrent flows,
As oft, with inward anguish torn,
Thy violated Laws I mourn.

400

T S A D D I.

Hail, Arbiter supreme! thy Will
Truth, Equity, and Justice seal:
Truth, Justice, Equity, thy Voice
Prescribes to favour'd *Israel's* choice:

These while my foe presumptuous spurns,
With zeal consum'd my bosom burns.

405

O how thy Precepts, in the fire
Long prov'd, thy servant's Love inspire!
To indigence and scorn resign'd,
These still I seek with studious mind.

410

Eternal Rectitude is thine;

Truth to thy Laws adjusts its line;
Thy Laws, my Soul's best comfort found,
When pains and sorrows wrapt me round.
Thy just Decrees shall Time survive;
Them teach me, and my Soul shall live.

415

K O P H.

O Maker, Guide, and Judge of All!
With earnest voice to Thee I call:
To Thee I call: propitious hear;
So shall the Precepts of thy fear
My Soul inform, and, Thou my aid,
My ev'ry Act by These be sway'd.
E'er yet the dawn has streak'd the sky,
God of my Life, to Thee I cry;

420

My

My hope (nor shall that hope be vain,) 425

Thy sacred promises sustain:

On thy Decrees, great God, intent,

My Thoughts the early watch prevent:

O let thy Mercy, while I pray,

My night illumine, guide my day, 430

Thy Word within my inmost frame

Awake the everliving flame.

Behold a Croud, from Thee estrang'd,

In dire alliance near me rang'd :

But Thou, my God, art nearer still: 435

My Soul the dictates of thy Will

Fix'd on eternal base has view'd,

And owns them wise, and just, and good.

R E S H.

Behold my griefs; my Soul preserve;

For ne'er from thy direction swerve 440

My thoughts: Do Thou my cause defend;

O let thy Word its aid extend,

And, instant, to my breast dispense

It's All-reviving influence.

In vain thy grace the Souls would heal, 445

Whose crimes their just rejection seal;

Who, bold each impious deed to try,

Thy Laws oppose, thy Pow'r defy.

O let thy Mercy, Lord, (how great

That Mercy!) on thy Servant wait, 450

Its beams in full effusion give,

And teach my fainting heart to live.

While

While hostile Crouds around me stand,
 My steps I guide by thy Command
 Unvarying, and indignant see 455
 The Souls whose Will has err'd from Thee.
 Behold what love, what full delight,
 Thy Precepts in my breast excite,
 And let thy Favour o'er my head
 Its vital pow'r incessant shed. 460
 With truth thy Word, great God, was crown'd,
 E'er time began its restless round:
 Thy Laws through length of days extend,
 First, midst, and last, and without end.

S C H I N.

While princely Pow'r, without a cause, 465
 The threat'ning sword against me draws,
 My mind, to thy Commands applied,
 Them fears, nor owns a fear beside.
 My heart with secret transport swells,
 While studious on thy Word it dwells; 470
 Nor wealthiest spoils such joy bestow,
 New wrested from the prostrate foe.
 To Lies averse, thy Laws I love;
 Thy just Decrees my Thoughts approve;
 And sev'n times, each revolving day, 475
 To Thee my grateful vows I pay.
 Great is the peace prepar'd for All,
 Whose willing feet obey thy Call;
 Great is the peace for such prepar'd,
 Nor aught their footsteps shall retard. 480

Thy health, my God, I wait, thy Will
 With unremitted zeal fulfill,
 And wrapt in love and filial fear
 The Heav'n-descended Truths revere.
 Thy Truths my soul reveres: Each day, 485
 Thy wise Instructions I obey,
 Assur'd that to thy searching eyes
 My life's whole path conspicuous lies.

T A U.

O let my cries thy heav'nly seat
 Approach; my pray'r indulgent meet, 490
 And give (for on thy Word relies
 My hope;) O give me to be wise.
 Behold, (for Mercy lives in Thee;)
 Behold me suppliant bend the knee,
 And let thy promis'd aid dispell 495
 The clouds of grief that o'er me dwell.
 Thy sacred Precepts taught to know,
 How shall my lips, great God, o'erflow
 With praise, and, touch'd with holy flame,
 The justice of thy Laws proclaim! 500
 While pleas'd I bow to thy Command,
 Reach, in my rescue, reach thy hand:
 O Thou, whose Dictates warm my heart,
 Thy long-expected health impart;
 And let my Soul, to life restor'd, 505
 Thy Love in lasting hymns record,
 While o'er my head its beams shall shine,
 And make thy great Salvation mine.

Thine

Thine eyes in Me the Sheep behold,
 Whose feet have wander'd from the fold; 510
 That, guideless, helpless, strives in vain
 To find its safe retreat again;
 Now listens, if perchance its ear
 The Shepherd's well-known voice may hear,
 Now, as the tempests round it blow, 515
 In plaintive accent vents its woe.
 Great Ruler of this earthly Ball,
 Do Thou my erring steps recall:
 O seek thou Him who Thee has sought,
 Nor turns from thy Decrees his thought. 520

P S A L M CXX.

I.

TO God I cried, with anguish stung,
 Nor form'd a fruitless pray'r.

O save me from the lying tongue,
 And lips that would ensnare.

2.

Thou Child of Guilt, to falsehood bred,

Say, what shall be thine end?

See keenest arrows o'er thy head,

And quenchless coals, impend.

3.

Ah! Woe is Me, to *Mesech's* seat

And *Kedar's* tents confin'd;

Perpetual insult doom'd to meet

From Men of restless mind.

B b 2

4. When

4.

When offers mild of Peace I make,
 And friendliest terms prepare,
 My words their slumb'ring rage awake,
 And arm them for the War.

P S A L M CXXI.

1.

LO! from the Hills my help descends;
 To Them I lift mine eyes.
 My strength on Him alone depends,
 Who form'd the Earth and Skies.

2.

He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
 Forbids thy feet to slide;
 Nor sleep nor slumber seals the eye
 Of *Israel's* Guard and Guide.

3.

He at thy hand, array'd in might,
 His shield shall o'er thee spread:
 Nor Sun by day, nor Moon by night,
 Shall hurt thy favour'd head.

4.

Safe shalt thou go, and safe return,
 While He thy life defends,
 Whose eyes thy ev'ry step discern,
 Whose Mercy never ends.

P S A L M CXXII.

I.

THE festal Morn, my God, is come,
 That calls me to thy honour'd Dome,
 Thy presence to adore:
 My feet the summons shall attend,
 With willing step thy Courts ascend,
 And tread the hallow'd floor.

2.

Ev'n now to our transported eyes
 Fair *Sion's* tow'rs in prospect rise;
 Within her gates we stand,
 And, lost in wonder and delight,
 Behold her happy Sons unite
 In friendship's firmest band.

3.

Hither from *Judah's* utmost end
 The Heav'n-protected Tribes ascend;
 Their off'rings hither bring;
 Here, eager to attest their joy,
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
 And hail th' immortal King.

4.

By His Command impell'd, to Her
 Contending Crouds their cause refer;
 While Princes from her Throne
 With equal doom th' unerring Law
 Dispense, who boast their birth to draw
 From *Jesse's* favour'd Son.

5.

Be Peace by Each implor'd on Thee,
O Salem, while with bended knee

To *Jacob's* God we pray:

How blest, who calls himself thy Friend!

Success his labour shall attend,

And safety guard his way.

6.

O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,

Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,

Nor war's wild wastes deplore:

May Plenty nigh thee take her stand,

And in thy Courts with lavish hand

Distribute all her store.

7.

Seat of my Friends and Brethren, hail!

How can my tongue, O Salem, fail

To bless thy lov'd Abode?

How cease the zeal that in me glows

Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose

The Mansion of my God?

P S A L M CXXIII.

TO Thee, above the starry spheres
Inthron'd, his look thy suppliant rears:

As tow'rs their Lord the menial Band,

As Maidens tow'rs their Mistress' hand

Observant cast th' expecting eye,

So list we ours, great God, on high,

Till

Till Thou thy mercy shalt display,
 And chase these clouds of grief away.
 Enough thy People, Lord, have borne
 Of insult keen, and hostile scorn: 10
 O hear, in pity hear, the sighs
 From our full hearts incessant rise,
 While, round us rang'd, the Sons of pride
 Our name revile, our woes deride.

P S A L M CXXIV.

HAD God abandon'd from his care
 Our cause, when adverse hosts to war
 Uprose; had God, may *Israel* say,
 Our cause abandon'd, in the day
 When o'er the plain their troops were pour'd, 5
 Alive by hostile rage devour'd
 Down we had sunk; and o'er our head
 The swelling floods their waves had spread:
 Down we had sunk; but blest be God,
 Whose arm the timely help bestow'd, 10
 And, each invader chas'd away,
 Snatch'd from their jaws th' expected prey.
 See! as the Bird with sudden spring
 Exulting mounts upon the wing,
 Just rescu'd from the fowler's art, 15
 So triumph We, with thankful heart,
 And, sav'd by his preventing care,
 Shake from our feet the broken snare.
 When woes, when dangers round us rise,
 On Him alone our strength relies, 20

Whose

Whose hand thy center fix'd, O Earth,
And gave th' enduring Heav'ns their birth.

P S A L M CXXV.

WHO trust in God's protecting hand,
Secure as *Sion's* Mount shall stand,
That, proof to Ages, meets the skies,
And, fix'd, each adverse shock defies.
Behold fair *Salem's* hallow'd ground, 5
By shadowing hills encompass'd round;
Thy presence thus, great God, we trace
Incircling *Jacob's* chosen Race:
Nor distant times shall see thy Love
Its blessings from thy Saints remove. 10
Ne'er on the lot by These possess'd
Shall impious Pow'r its scepter rest,
Lest Sin, establish'd into Law,
Their hearts from thy obedience draw.
O still our Guardian, still our Friend, 15
Thy mercies to the Just extend;
While All, whose heart from Wisdom's way
Through paths perverse has lov'd to stray,
In suff'rings, as in guilt, allied,
Shall see the Peace to them denied 20
The fulness of its influence shed
On happier *Israel's* favour'd head.

P S A L M CXXVI.

IS this a Dream? amaz'd we cried,
 When, led by their celestial Guide,
 Fair *Sion's* captive Tribes again
 Beheld her late deserted plain.
 Then forth to laughter burst each tongue, 5
 And songs of loudest triumph sung.
 The Nations round, with secret awe,
 The mighty work admiring saw:
 And, " Great (they cried,) the Gift bestow'd
 " On These, the favour'd of their God!" 10
 " O, great the Gift!" Our hearts rejoin,
 And joyful bless the hand divine.

Let those, whose exile still we mourn,
 Beneath thy conduct, Lord, return,
 Fast as the copious torrents glide, 15
 When, to its vacant bed their tide
 Restoring, o'er the wastes they run,
 That burn beneath the southern Sun.
 Let scenes of Hope our thought employ:
 Who sow in tears, shall reap in joy. 20
 The weeping Hind, whose dubious hand
 Now strews with grain the furrow'd land,
 Shall homeward soon exulting bear
 The Blessings of the loaded year.

P S A L M CXXVII.

A Race by God unblest who rear,
 A fruitless toil sustain;
 If God to shield the Town forbear,
 The Watchman wakes in vain.

2.
 Why rise Ye early, late take rest,
 And eat the bread of care?
 The balm of sleep, his gift confess,
 His Children only share.

3.
 Know too thy Sons, that round thee stand,
 A gift by Him prepar'd;
 Nor arrows in the Giant's hand
 Can yield so sure a guard.

4.
 Blest, who his quiver stores with These:
 When hostile troops are near,
 His gate the storm approaching sees,
 Yet sees without a fear.

P S A L M CXXVIII.

HOW blest the Souls, their God who fear,
 His Pow'r confess, his Law revere!
 O happy Thou! ordain'd to share
 Thy Maker's ever constant care.
 Thou privileg'd from want shalt stand,
 And eat the labour of thy hand.

5

The

The Object of thy wedded Love
 Prolific as the Vine shall prove,
 Whose foliage o'er thy walks display'd
 Spreads wide its amicable shade: 10
 While, as the Olive-branches fair,
 Around thy board thy infant Care
 Shall croud, and bid thy heart o'erflow
 With joys that only Parents know.

Such Blessings, Lord, thy hands provide 15
 For Each who makes thy fear his guide.

Hail, favour'd Man! From *Sion's* Tow'r
 Thy God on Thee his gifts shall show'r: -
 Thou, thankful, to thy latest day
 Shalt *Salem's* prosp'ring state survey; 20
 With lengthen'd joy, thine aged eyes
 Shall see thy Children's Children rise,
 And Peace her healing wings expand
 O'er *Judah's* Heav'n-distinguish'd Land.

P S A L M CXXIX.

OFT from my youth, may *Israel* say,
 Oft from my youth, in close array
 Against me rang'd, the hostile train
 My ruin fought, but fought in vain.
 My back with stripes the ploughers tore; 5
 The lengthen'd furrows stream'd with gore;
 But Thou, just God, hast burst their bands,
 And sav'd me from their ruthless hands.

Back let them fly in wild retreat,
 Whose rage fair *Sion's* hallow'd seat 10
 Pursues:

Pursues: Let shame their guilt repay;
 And let them like the grass decay,
 That, on the house-top seen to rise,
 Stops in mid growth, and fades, and dies;
 Nor fills the Mower's hand, nor gives 15
 One grasp to him who binds the sheaves;
 Nor prompts th' observing passenger
 To greet them with the friendly pray'r:
 " May Heav'n's high Lord your labours bless,
 " And crown them with the wish'd success." 20

P S A L M CXXX.

1.

TO Thee from out the Deeps I pray,
 With heaviest woes oppress'd:
 Lord, let thine ears attentive weigh
 The voice of my request.

2.

If from the Sons of human birth
 Thy wrath its debt demand,
 O who, throughout the peopled earth,
 Beneath that wrath shall stand?

3.

But Sin's worst wounds thy Mercy heals:
 As down its pow'rs descend,
 The grateful Soul their influence feels,
 And trembles to offend.

4. Thee,

4.

Thee, Lord, I seek, the Wise, the Just;
 My soul, by Thee upheld,
 Expectant waits (thy Word its trust,)
 Till Thou thy beams shalt yield.

5.

Not thus intent their longing sight
 The wearied Watchmen rear,
 Not thus intent the growing light
 Observe, when morn is near.

6.

O trust in God; for Love in Him,
 And Grace abundant, reign:
 He, *Jacob*, shall thy Sons redeem,
 And purge their ev'ry stain.

P S A L M CXXXI.

THY eyes in Me nor lofty mind
 Nor haughty look, my God, shall find;
 Nor Earth's vain pomp attracts my view,
 Nor Honour's prize my thoughts pursue,
 Or, touch'd by fell Ambition's fire,
 To unpermitted heights aspire.
 Behold me of affections mild,
 Behold me humble as the Child,
 That meek and silent sinks to rest,
 Wean'd from the tender Parent's breast.
 O, fonder than that Parent, see
 Thy Maker, *Israel*, cherish Thee:

C c

To

To latest times on him depend,
Thy Guide, thy Guardian, and thy Friend.

P S A L M CXXXII.

GREAT Ruler of this earthly Ball,
Thy *David* to thy thought recall;
O think what pangs his bosom tore,
When to his God the Oath he swore,
And thus, with various pressures bow'd, 5
To *Jacob's* Lord a Mansion vow'd.
Be Witness, if my floor I tread,
Be Witness, if my couch I spread,
If sleep these weary orbs shall seal,
Or slumber o'er mine eyelids steal, 10
Till to my search fair *Judah's* Land
Some place present, whereon may stand,
Through future age, thy fix'd Abode,
The Seat of *Jacob's* mighty God.
To Thee, O *Ephrata*, we came, 15
Inquisitive, and, led by fame,
The hallow'd Tabernacle found
Within the forest's ample bound.
Behold us, Lord, with willing feet
The mansion of thy presence greet, 20
(Each heart inflam'd with grateful zeal,)
And prostrate at thy footstool kneel.
Rise, *Israel's* Father, God, and Friend;
Pleas'd to thy place of rest ascend,
Thou and thine Ark, tremendous shrine 25
Of Majesty and Pow'r divine.

While

While Righteousness thy Priests arrays,
 O let thy Saints their thankful lays
 Prolong; and in thy *David's* name
 Let *Judah's* King thy favour claim. 30
 Thus to the Prince of *Jesse* born
 God the reverseless Oath has sworn:
 Thy throne, protected by my care,
 The offspring of thy loyns shall heir;
 Through distant times their hallow'd Line, 35
 Long as to Me their hearts incline,
 My Compact keep, my Laws obey,
 Shall, uncontroul'd, extend their sway.
 Thy Walls, O *Sion*, to thy Lord
 His destin'd residence afford; 40
 Here will I rest, nor e'er my Love
 From thy distinguish'd seat remove.
 Thy plenteous board my hand shall spread,
 Distribute to thy Poor their bread,
 Thy Priests with lasting health invest, 45
 And wake to mirth each faithful breast.
 Amid thy Race, O *David*, here
 Salvation shall her standard rear,
 While copious on th' anointed head
 The heav'nly Lamp its beams shall shed: 50
 Thy foes, with shame envelop'd o'er,
 Their blasted counsels shall deplore,
 And see the Crown that binds thy brow
 With unextinguish'd splendors glow.

P S A L M CXXXIII.

1.

HOW blest the sight, the joy how sweet,
When Brothers join'd with Brothers meet
In bands of mutual Love !

Less sweet the liquid fragrance, shed
On *Aaron's* consecrated head,
Ran trickling from above,

2.

And reach'd his beard, and reach'd his vest:
Less sweet the Dews on *Hermion's* breast
Or *Sion's* Hill descend:

That Hill has God with Blessings crown'd,
There promis'd Grace that knows no bound,
And Life that knows no end.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

YE Servants of th' eternal King,
Your grateful hymns triumphant sing :
To You I call, the chosen Band,
Who take amid his Courts your stand,
While, gliding round the dusky pole, 5
The starry Orbs in silence roll.
Within his Temple's vaulted frame
With lifted hands his praise proclaim.
And He, may He, whose pow'r has made
The Earth, and Heav'n's wide arch display'd, 10
From sacred *Sion* bid thee prove
The Blessings of his boundless Love.

P S A L M

P S A L M CXXXV. *Hallelujah.*

YE Servants of your God, his fame
 In songs of highest praise proclaim :
 Ye who, on his behests intent,
 The Courts of *Israel's* Lord frequent,
 And pleas'd within his hallow'd gate 5
 In regular succession wait :
 Him praise, the everlasting King,
 And Mercy's unexhausted spring :
 Haste, to his Name your voices rear ;
 What Name like his the heart can chear ? 10
 Whose Love from out the num'rous Birth,
 That crowns the wide-extended earth,
 Selects the Race of *Isaac's* Sons,
 And *Jacob* his possession owns.
 Thy Greatness, Lord, my thoughts attest, 15
 With awful gratitude impress'd,
 Nor know, among the Seats divine,
 A Pow'r that shall contend with Thine ;
 O Thou, whose All-disposing Sway
 The Heav'ns, the Earth, and Seas obey ; 20
 Whose Might through all extent extends,
 Sinks through all depth, all height transcends,
 From Earth's low margin to the skies
 Now bids the pregnant Vapours rise,
 The Lightning's pallid sheet expands, 25
 And glads with show'rs the furrow'd lands ;
 Now from thy Storehouse, built on high,
 Permits th' imprison'd Winds to fly,

And, guided by thy Will, to sweep
 The surface of the foaming Deep. 30
 By thy resistless stroke assail'd,
 Her Eldest-born proud *Egypt* wail'd:
 Nor rag'd thy sword on Man alone;
 Her flocks, her herds, its fury own,
 While Nature's varied pow'rs conspire, 35
 At thy Decree, Almighty Sire,
 With scenes of dread to strike her eyes,
 The haughty Tyrant to chastise,
 And Each who lent th' assisting hand
 To execute his stern command. 40
 From *Egypt's* desolated shore
 Its course thy vengeance onward bore,
 To distant realms by Justice led;
 And mightiest Kings beneath it bled:
 Their Monarch *Hesbon's* Coasts deplor'd, 45
 And *Basan* wept her Giant Lord,
 While fell Destruction stalks around
 Far as to *Canaan's* utmost bound,
 And vindicates her forfeit lands
 To conqu'ring *Israel's* chosen Bands. 50
 Thy Name shall ever live; thy Praise,
 Immortal God, through longest days
 Extend: From Thee we wait our doom:
 Thou, Lord, the balance wilt assume,
 And, prompt thy People's woes to heal, 55
 The sentence of thy wrath repeal.
 Behold on each polluted shore
 The heathen tribes their Gods adore,

P S A L M CXXXV:

297

Of silver form'd, or fusile gold,
 That late within the guiding mould 60
 To shapes prescrib'd obedient ran,
 The Creatures of thy Creature Man;
 Of sense-belying parts possess'd,
 In useless imag'ry express'd,
 Of Mouth, but not for speech design'd, 65
 Of Ears and Eyes, yet deaf and blind:
 Whose lips, by Nature's finger seal'd,
 Ne'er knew the vital breath to yield:
 Unvisited by Wisdom's ray
 Their breast: Nor less insensate They, 70
 Who made their mimic forms, or, made,
 With fruitless pray'r invoke their aid.
Jehovah's praise with grateful tongue
 Proclaim, ye Tribes from *Israel* sprung;
 Him bless, ye Sons of *Aaron's* race; 75
 Ye who your birth from *Levi* trace,
 And All whose heart his Laws delight,
 In thanks to Him your songs unite.
 Let *Sion* with enraptur'd ear
 His fame throughout her precincts hear, 80
 Who 'midst her walls, eternal Guest,
 Has fix'd the Mansion of his rest. *Hallelujah.*

P S A L M CXXXVI.

I.

LIFT your voice, and thankful sing
 Praises to your heav'nly King;
 For his Blessings far extend,
 And his Mercy knows no end.

2.

Be the Lord your only theme,
 Who of Gods is God supreme;
 For his Blessings far extend,
 And his Mercy knows no end.

3.

He to whom All Lords beside
 Bow the knee, and vail their pride;
 For his Blessings &c.

4.

Who asserts his just Command
 By the Wonders of his hand;
 For his &c.

5.

He, whose Wisdom, thron'd on high,
 Built the Mansions of the sky;
 For his &c.

6.

He, who bade the watry Deep
 Under Earth's foundation sleep,
 For his &c.

7.

And the Orbs that gild the pole
 Through the boundless Æther roll;
 For his &c.

8.

Thee, O Sun, whose pow'ful ray
 Rules the Empire of the Day;
 For his &c.

9. You,

9.

You, O Moon and Stars, whose light
Breaks the horrors of the Night.

For his &c.

10.

When his vengeful wrath he shed,
Egypt mourn'd her Firstborn dead;

For his &c.

11.

Thence by Him from bondage freed
March'd all *Israel's* chosen seed,

For his &c.

12.

While his mighty hand he rear'd,
And his outstretch'd arm appear'd.

For his &c.

13.

Aw'd by Him, from side to side
Lo, th' obedient Deeps divide;

For his &c.

14.

At his word the billows stay,
Part, and give his People way;

For his &c.

15.

At his word again they close
O'er the head of *Jacob's* foes.

For his &c.

16.

Safe in his Almighty aid
Israel o'er the Desert stray'd;
For his &c.

17.

Kings, unable to withstand,
Felt the vengeance of his hand:
For his &c.

18.

Chiefs for hardiest deeds renown'd
Prostrate fell, and bit the ground:
For his &c.

19.

Sihon fierce, who forth to fight
Led the harness'd *Amorite*;
For his &c.

20.

Mightiest *Og*, beneath whose sway
Basan's fertile region lay.
For his &c.

21.

These he slew, and from their hands
Took the forfeit of their Lands;
For his &c.

22.

Lands, which erst by promise due,
Sons of *Jacob*, fell to You.
For his &c.

23. On

23.

On our sorrows from on high
He with pity cast an eye;
For his &c.

24.

In our battles o'er each head
He the shield of safety spread.
For his &c.

25.

He with food sustains, O Earth,
All who claim from Thee their birth.
For his &c.

26.

Lift your voice, and thankful sing
Praise to Heav'n's eternal King;
For his Blessings far extend,
And his Mercy knows no end.

P S A L M CXXXVII.

WHERE *Babylon's* proud water flows,
We fate and wept, while in us rose
The dear remembrance of thy name,
O fair, O lost, *Jerusalem!*
Our silent harps the willows bore,
Whose boughs along th' extended shore
Their shades outspread: when thus the Foe
Insulting aggravates our woe:
"Come, tune to mirth your fallen tongue;
"Rise, *Hebrew* slaves, and give the song;
"Such

5

10

301 P S A L M CXXXVII.

" Such strains as wont your fane to fill,
 " On captive *Sion's* boasted Hill."
 How shall we yield to the demand?
 How, exiles in a heathen Land,
 Presume the Heav'n-taught song to raise, 15
 And desecrate the hallow'd lays?
 If *Sion* from my breast depart,
 Forget my hand its tuneful art:
 Fast to my palate cleave my tongue,
 If, when I form my sprightliest song, 20
 Aught to my mirth supply a theme,
 But Thou, O lov'd *Jerusalem*.
 Think, Lord, O think, when *Sion* lay
 Abandon'd to the dreadful day,
 How, as thy heaviest wrath she tried, 25
 " Down, down, exulting *Edom* cried,
 " Down let the hated City fall,
 " And level to the dust her wall."
 Daughter of *Babylon*, that woe,
 Depress'd, consum'd, thyself shalt know, 30
 Which We, dire Murth'ress, found from Thee:
 And Blest, who shall by God's Decree
 Warn from thy fate each distant Land
 To dread the Justice of his hand;
 Commission'd lead the slaughter on, 35
 And dash thine Infants on the stone.

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

THEE, Lord, my harp's awaken'd strings
 Shall praise, and to the ear of Kings,
 Whose pow'rs thy sacred impress bear,
 The ardor of my zeal declare.
 In low prostration, tow'rd thy shrine,
 His knees thy Servant shall incline,
 And thankful teach the rapt'rous lay
 Thy Faith and Mercy to display,
 Whose Sanctity all height transcends;
 Whose word eternal Truth attends;
 Whose Pow'r, while Thee my pray'r address'd,
 Has fill'd with Heav'n-born strength my breast.
 Earth's Lords, by thy instructions led,
 With *Israel's* sons thy path shall tread,
 And, joyous, as they march along,
 Thy Glory chaunt in grateful song,
 Thee Nature's only Lord attest,
 Of boundless excellence possess'd,
 Inthron'd above the loftiest sky,
 Yet wont the Humble to descry,
 And, from thy distant seat, deride
 The frantic boasts of human pride.
 When hostile troops excite my fear,
 Thy quick'ning Grace my heart shall cheer,
 Thy hand compose their furious strife,
 And rescue from the sword my life.
 What bliss thy promise bids me share,
 Hasten, Lord, to yield; nor from thy care

304 P S A L M CXXXVIII.

(O ever faithful, wise and good,)
The creature of thy hands exclude.

30

P S A L M CXXXIX.

THOU, Lord, hast search'd me out; thine eyes
Mark when I sit, and when I rise;
By Thee my future thoughts are read;
Thou round my path, and round my bed,
Attendest vigilant; each word,
E'er yet I speak, by Thee is heard. 5
Life's maze, before my view outspread,
Within thy presence wrapt I tread,
And touch'd with conscious horror stand
Beneath the shadow of thy hand. 10
How deep thy Knowledge, Lord, how wide!
Long to the fruitless task applied,
That mighty Sea my thoughts explore,
Nor reach its depth, nor find its shore.
Where shall I shun thy wakeful eye, 15
Or whither from thy Spirit fly?
Aloft to Heav'n my course I bear;
In vain; for Thou, my God, art there:
If prone to Hell my feet descend,
Thou still my footsteps shalt attend: 20
If now, on swiftest wings upborne,
I seek the regions of the Morn,
Or haste me to the western Steep,
Where Eve sits brooding o'er the Deep,
Thy hand the fugitive shall stay, 25
And dictate to my steps their way.

Perchance

Perchance within its thickest veil
 The Darkness shall my head conceal:
 But, instant, Thou hast chas'd away
 The gloom, and round me pour'd the day. 30
 Darkness, great God, to Thee there's none;
 Darkness and Light to Thee are one;
 Nor brighter shines to Thee display'd
 The Noon than Night's obscurest shade.
 My reins, my fabrick's ev'ry part, 35
 The wonders of thy plastic art
 Proclaim, and prompt my willing tongue
 To meditate the grateful song:
 With deepest awe my Thought their frame
 Surveys:—"I tremble that I am." 40
 While yet a stranger to the day
 Within the burthen'd womb I lay,
 My bones, familiar to thy view,
 By just degrees to firmness grew:
 Day to succeeding day consign'd 45
 Th' unfinish'd Birth; thy mighty Mind
 Each limb, each nerve, e'er yet they were,
 Contemplated distinct and clear;
 Those nerves thy curious finger spun,
 Those limbs it fashion'd one by one; 50
 And, as thy pen in fair design
 Trac'd on thy book each shadowy line,
 Thy Handmaid Nature read them there,
 And made the growing work her care,
 Conform'd it to th' unerring plan, 55
 And gradual wrought me into Man.

With what delight, great God, I trace
 The Acts of thy stupendous Grace!
 To count them, were to count the sand
 That lies upon the sea-beat strand. 60
 When from my temples sleep retires,
 To Thee my thankful heart aspires,
 And with thy sacred presence blest
 Joys to receive the awful Guest.
 Shall impious Men thy will withstand, 65
 Nor feel the vengeance of thy hand?
 Hence, Murth'ers, hence, nor near me stay;
 Ye Sons of Violence, away.
 When lawless Crouds with insult vain
 Thy Works revile, thy Name profane, 70
 Can I unmov'd those insults see,
 Nor hate the Wretch that hateth Thee?
 Indignant, in thy Cause I join,
 And all thy foes, my God, are mine.
 Searcher of hearts, my thoughts review; 75
 With kind severity pursue
 Through each disguise thy Servant's mind,
 Nor leave one stain of guilt behind.
 Guide through th' eternal path my feet,
 And bring me to thy blissful Seat. 80

P S A L M CXL.

MY impious foes, great God, repell;
 Their rage by pow'r superior quell;
 Who toil, on fierce contention bent,
 New arts of mischief to invent;
 Whet,

Whet, as the Asp, their tongues, and dip 5
 In Death's worst gall their venom'd lip.
 O save me from the hand of Wrong,
 And backward turn the frantic Throng,
 That, pleas'd, in dire alliance meet,
 And tempt to fatal lapse my feet. 10
 The murth'rous trap, th' intertwining snare,
 The Sons of Violence prepare,
 And guileful, onward as I tread,
 Beside my path their net outspread.
 Thou art my God; thine ear apply: 15
 (Thus prostrate at thy throne I cry:)
 Strength of my health, indulgent Lord,
 Thy Arm unseen each adverse sword,
 As o'er the field the battle burn'd,
 Preventive from my head has turn'd. 20
 O let not the remorseless Band
 (Each counsel by thy prosp'ring hand
 Accomplish'd, and each wish supplied,)
 Their conquests, with augmented pride,
 Exulting boast; but on their heads 25
 (While round the hostile circle spreads,
 Intent my guiltless Soul to slay,)
 The mischief of their lips repay.
 Let rushing flames their sin chastise;
 Prone tow'rd the pit (no more to rise,) 30
 Let each with fault'ring footsteps bend,
 And headlong to its depths descend.
 The tongue to Wisdom unsubdu'd
 From bliss its Owner shall exclude:

The feet to violence inclin'd 35
 Destruction, following fast behind,
 Shall hunt, and with unwearied pace
 Through sin's dark maze their path shall trace.
 My heart has known thee, Lord, prepar'd
 The helpless and the poor to guard, 40
 To save them from Oppression's jaws,
 And vindicate their injur'd cause.
 The Souls subjected to thy fear
 To Thee the thankful voice shall rear,
 And, studious of thy just Command, 45
 Within thy sight accepted stand.

P S A L M CXLI.

TO Thee I call; O haste thee near;
 My voice, great God, indulgent hear;
 With grateful odour to the skies
 As incense let my pray'r arise,
 And let my hands, uplifted high, 5
 With full acceptance meet thine eye,
 As Victims on thy altar laid,
 When eve extends its deep'ning shade.
 O let my mouth to guilt be barr'd,
 And o'er its portal plant a guard. 10
 Turn, turn from sin's pursuit my will,
 Nor let th' artificers of ill
 In Me the wish'd associate greet,
 Or see me to their path my feet
 Incline, and, caught in Error's snare, 15
 Their feastful board luxurious share:

Let

Let Virtue's Friends, severely kind,
With welcome chastisement my mind
Correct; but give not These to shed
The balm of flatt'ry o'er my head, 20
Lest sudden from thy wrath I feel
The stroke, that none shall know to heal.
The pray'r, that from my lips proceeds,
My just abhorrence of their deeds
Shall speak; nor Thou that pray'r despise, 25
But, while before their startled eyes
From rocky heights their Chiefs are thrown,
Incline their stubborn hearts to own
How sweet my words, and, taught thy fear,
The lessons of thy truth to hear. 30
Behold the grave's wide mouth display'd,
Our bones in heaps before it laid,
As when beneath the Woodman's stroke
From the tall Ash or spreading Oak
The branches fall, and scatter'd round 35
In wild disorder strew the ground.
Father of All! to Thee mine eyes
I lift: on Thee my hope relies:
Do Thou, as 'mid the toils I tread
By Men of impious heart outspread, 40
My danger (nor regardless,) see,
And let me, while by thy decree
Wrapt in the snare themselves I view,
With step secure my path pursue.

P S A L M CXLII.

TO God I cry ; to Him my pray'r
 Address ; to Him my heart its care
 Shall pour, and to his ear disclose
 In sad recital all its woes.
 Thine eyes, great God, with steady view 5
 Through sorrow's gloom my steps pursue,
 And see my foes athwart my way
 The cover'd snare insidious lay.
 I turn'd me, anxious, on the right,
 I turn'd, and round me cast my sight 10
 With fruitless search ; no friend was nigh,
 Th' expected succour to supply,
 With lenient tongue my griefs to chear,
 Or pitying drop the social tear.
 Forlorn of help, Thee, mightiest Lord, 15
 My Soul with humble trust implor'd :
 In Thee, All-bounteous God, I cried,
 In Thee alone my hopes reside ;
 While life along my veins shall stream,
 Its portion Thee and bliss supreme 20
 My heart shall own : O gracious hear,
 While worn with griefs my voice I rear,
 And let my foe's superior might
 Thy pity to my aid excite.
 Do Thou my prison doors unbar ; 25
 So shall my tongue thy Love declare
 In hymns of praise, while, joy'd in Me
 Th' event of pious Hope to see,

The

P S A L M CXLII.

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The Souls that own thy just Command
With thankful wonder round me stand.

30

P S A L M CXLIII.

THINE ear, my God, propitious lend ;

 O ever just and true, extend

Thy pity, while to Thee I pray,

Nor scrutinize with strict survey

Thy servant's Acts ; for who, O who,

5

Shall pure of guilt approach thy view ?

Thou see'st the Foe with furious strife

My soul pursue ; to earth my life

He treads, and in the horrid gloom,

(As those who 'mid the silent tomb

10

Through ages sleep,) from human eye

Secluded far, has bid me lie.

I feel my vital strength depart,

And wild amazement fills my heart.

But, backward borne to periods past,

15

Thy Mercies, Lord, my thoughts have trac'd ;

And in my breast recorded stand

The wonders of thy mighty hand.

Aloft my suppliant palms I spread ;

Nor more the glebe, its moisture fled,

20

Longs the descending show'r to see,

Than thirsts my wearied soul for Thee.

O haste to hear me, haste to save ;

Nor let me (lest the yawning grave

Enwrap me in its dreary reign,)

25

Thy chearing presence seek in vain.

O

O let the hour that wakes the day
 Thy Mercy to my ear convey.
 While (for on Thee my hope depends ;)
 In fervent thought my mind ascends, 30
 Expectant, tow'rd thy heav'nly Seat,
 Train to the paths of Truth my feet.
 To Thee, my refuge, Lord, I fly ;
 Do Thou the deaths that wait me nigh
 Repell. My will to thine (for Thou, 35
 Thou, art my God ;) corrective bow,
 And give me, by thy Spirit led,
 Auspicious Guide, the Land to tread
 Where Righteousness has fix'd her Throne ;
 Thy Mercy, long to *Israel* known, 40
 True to thy Name, to Me impart,
 And quicken with thy grace my heart.
 O let thy Justice interpose,
 My sorrows to relieve, my foes
 To crush, and from their rage remove 45
 A Soul devoted to thy Love.

P S A L M CXLIV.

BLEST be the Lord my strength, whose aids,
 When lawless force my peace invades,
 My fingers for their task prepare,
 And discipline my hands to War :
 My hope, my shield, my strongest tow'r, 5
 The Friend that in the dang'rous hour
 My life protects, my trust sustains,
 Gives to my steady grasp the reins

Of

Of Pow'r, and bids each hostile Land
 Subjected own my just command. 10

Lord, what is Man, that in thy care
 His humble lot should find a share?

Or what the Son of Man, that THOU
 Thus to his wants thine ear shouldst bow?

(Himself, when in the balance weigh'd, 15
 A Nothing, and his Life a shade.)

Descend, from Heav'n's vast height descend:
 Its wide-spread arch beneath thee bend:

Touch the proud hills, eternal Sire;
 And see them quick in smoke aspire! 20

Let fiercest lightnings through the air
 Now rushing now reverting tear

Thy stubborn foes; and, edg'd with flame,
 Swift at their heads thy arrows aim.

Stretch to my aid thine arm, and save 25
 My life from the devouring wave:

Back let the vengeful foe retire,
 Whose lips, whose hands, in fraud conspire.

So shall my finger's artful stroke
 The harp and tenstring'd lute provoke 30

New strains t' attempt, and with my tongue
 In sweet division form the song.

Guardian of Kings! whose fav'ring might
 Thy *David* through the thickest fight

With watchful care vouchsaf'd to guide, 35
 And turn'd each threat'ning sword aside,

Back let the vengeful foe retire,
 Whose lips, whose hands, in fraud conspire.

So,

So, nurs'd beneath indulgent skies,
 Our Sons with full increase shall rise, 40
 Like youngling plants in order rang'd,
 Of healthful stem, and leaf unchang'd,
 Our Daughters as the column fair,
 That, fashion'd by the Artift's care,
 Claims in the regal Dome a place, 45
 The polish'd angle's noblest grace.
 While the rich harvest's gather'd store
 Loads with its heap th' extended floor,
 Our Oxen strong for toil behold !
 The teeming Mothers of the fold 50
 See, scatter'd o'er the rural scene,
 Their thousands and their myriads year.
 No more our Streets the cries of fear
 Or shouts of violence shall hear :
 Thou, Lord, the tumults shalt assuage 55
 Of hostile force, and civil rage.
 O happy We, while thus our Race
 The signals of thy Love shall grace !
 O blest the People, that in Thee
 Their God and faithful Guardian see ! 60

P S A L M CXLV.

THEE will I blefs, my God and King,
 Nor cease thy wondrous Acts to sing.
 From earliest morn to latest eve
 Thy praises on my tongue shall live ;
 To Thee my harp shall wake each string, 5
 Nor cease thy wondrous Acts to sing.

Great

Great is our God : In vain our praise
 His Excellence in equal lays
 Would celebrate; in vain the Mind
 Its height, its depth, essays to find. 10
 Age to succeeding age thy Might
 Shall speak, thy Works, blest Lord, recite.
 My tongue thy glory shall proclaim,
 The faithful witness of thy fame,
 Bid Contemplation's inmost thought 15
 Survey the wonders thou hast wrought,
 And with assenting myriads join
 To bless the Majesty divine.
 Thy dreaded Pow'r shall each rehearse,
 Thy Greatness shall my thankful verse 20
 Inspire, thy Righteousness and Love
 Our hearts inflame, our songs improve,
 Thee good and kind shall Mortals own,
 To anger slow, to pity prone.
 Thy Mercies on the sons of Earth, 25
 On All whom Thou hast call'd to birth,
 Far as Creation's bounds extend,
 Thy Mercies, heav'nly Lord, descend.
 One chorus of perpetual praise
 To Thee thy various works shall raise, 30
 Thy Saints to Thee in hymns impart
 The transports of a grateful heart,
 The splendors of thy Kingdom tell,
 Delighted on thy Wonders dwell,
 And bid the World's wide realms admire 35
 The glories of th' Almighty Sire,

Whose Throne shall Nature's wreck survive,
Whose Pow'r through endless Ages live.
His Promise Truth eternal guides,
And Mercy o'er his Act presides. 40

The feet whose steps to lapse incline
With faithful care the Arm divine
Shall prop; the Spirit bow'd with woe
His All-supporting aid shall know.
From Thee, great God, while ev'ry eye 45

Expectant waits the wish'd supply,
Their bread proportion'd to the day
Thy op'ning hands to each convey.
Thy Ways eternal Justice guides,
And Mercy o'er thine Act presides: 50

Who ask thine aid with heart sincere,
Thee ever gracious, ever near,
Shall own; their pray'r, in each distress,
To Thee thy Servants, Lord, address,
And find thee (verging on the grave,) 55
Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save.

Ye Souls among his Saints inroll'd,
In God your sure defence behold,
While fierce Destruction at his word
Shall bathe in impious blood its sword. 60

Long as I breathe, my grateful tongue
To Him shall meditate the song;
From Man's whole Race his hallow'd Name
Shall thanks and endless honour claim.

PSALM CXLVI. *Hallelujah.*

PRAISE, praise thy God, my Soul; his Name
 To Life's last date my thanks shall claim,
 And, long as I exist, my lyre
 Shall wake to sing th' eternal Sire.
 O seek not, with presumption vain, 5
 Your hope on Princes to sustain,
 Nor trust, when threat'ning ills invade,
 The strengthless prop of human aid.
 His breath resign'd, on earth's low bed
 Behold the Mortal rest his head; 10
 Nor farther shall his thoughts extend,
 But with him to the grave descend.
 Blest, who their help in Thee alone,
 The God to *Jacob's* Offspring known,
 Have found, and to the hand divine 15
 In each distress their care resign:
 That hand, that form'd the Heav'ns and Earth,
 And call'd the watry Deep to birth,
 With All that in the ample round
 Of Nature's utmost Reign is found. 20
 'Tis God's, whose Truth, through ages past
 Confirm'd, shall time's extent outlast,
 'Tis His, the injur'd cause to right,
 And crush the arm of lawless Might;
 With bread the hungry to sustain, 25
 And loose the wretched Captive's chain,
 The blind restore, the weak uprear,
 And to the souls that own his fear

318 P S A L M CXLVI.

His Mercies, each revolving day,
 In endless series to display: 30
 Through distant regions doom'd to roam,
 In Him the stranger finds a home;
 'Tis His, the Orphan's breast to chear,
 And wipe the heart-swoln Widow's tear.
 From His Decrees who dare to stray, 35
 Shall reap the error of their way.
 O *Sion*, in thy God confide,
 And know how fix'd his Reign, how wide:
 O'er subject Worlds his just Command
 To endless age confirm'd shall stand. *Hallelujah.* 40

P S A L M CXLVII:

O Bless *Jehovah*: Sweet the joy,
 When tasks like these the voice employ;
 To Him our highest thanks belong,
 And Praise sits comely on our tongue.
 'Tis He, who builds fair *Salem's* walls, 5
 And *Israel's* exil'd sons recalls;
 Yields to the contrite heart relief,
 And binds its wounds, and sooths its grief;
 Assigns the starry flock their names,
 (As, scatter'd wide, their vivid flames 10
 Adorn the bright ethereal plain,)
 And numbers with his eye their train.
 Great is our God: beyond all bound
 His Pow'r, beyond all search is found
 His Knowledge; in his Arm the Meek 15
 With sure success their Aid shall seek;
 That

That Arm, whose unresisted stroke
On Each who dares his Wrath provoke
With swift descent its aim shall guide,
And level to the dust their pride. 20

Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry chord,
Exalt the name of *Jacob's* Lord,
Whose hand with clouds the Heav'n obscures ;

On Earth the genial moisture pours ;
Bids the green herb its mantle spread, 25

Luxuriant, o'er the Mountain's head :
With lib'ral care th' unconscious Beast

Sustains, and stills the Raven's nest,
When urg'd by want her clam'rous Brood

Request from Him their wonted food. 30

If o'er the field the battle bleed,
Regardless of the strengthful Steed,

Regardless of the Chiefs, whose feet
Unmov'd the shock of legions meet,

On You, in whom his Fear resides, 35

On You, whose heart in Him confides,

His Grace its signals shall bestow,

His Arm with conquest bind your brow.

O *Solyma*, his lov'd Abode,

Him praise, unceasing ! Bless thy God, 40

O *Sion*, who thy gates has barr'd ;

Whose various gifts thy Sons have shar'd ;

Who crowns with peace thy happy plain ;

Calls from thy glebe the purest grain ;

Whose Word, from heav'n in swift career 45

Convey'd, suggests to Nature's ear

The Laws that regulate her frame,
 And gives her ev'ry act its aim.
 Flak'd by his Art, the woolly snow
 Falls silent on the ground below; 50
 By Him the frost, as ashes hoar,
 Lies sprinkled earth's wide surface o'er:
 In harden'd fragments through the air,
 While Man its rigours shuns to bear,
 His hail descends; in icy chains 55
 His hand the gliding stream detains,
 Till, at his word, th' instructed wind
 With friendly breath the wave unbind,
 And bid it, onward borne, again
 With liquid lapse its course maintain. 60

Such is the God, and such his Might,
 Whose Precepts *Israel's* Love invite,
 And to his Tribes in full display
 His Life-directing truths convey.
 What Realm, through earth's extended Coasts, 65
 His Care, like thine, O *Judah*, boasts,
 Or, taught, as Thou, his fear to own,
 The dictates of his Will has known?
 O come, your thankful voices join,
 And bless the Majesty divine. 70

P S A L M CXLVIII. *Hallelujah.*

YE Blest Inhabitants of Heav'n,
 To God be all your praises giv'n;
 O praise him from the realms that lie
 Above the reach of mortal eye.

Him

Him praise, ye Angels of his Train, 5
Him All whom Heav'n's vast Hosts contain;
Praise Him, Thou Sun, that round the pole
With restless course art seen to roll,
And Thou, O Moon, whose sharpen'd horns
A lustre not their own adorns; 10

Praise Him, ye Stars: His praise repeat,
Thou Heav'n of Heav'ns, his awful Seat,
And You, ye Floods, that, heap'd on high,
Press with your weight th' extended sky.
Let These to God their voices rear, 15
Who bade them be; and strait they were:
Who bids them stand; and stand they shall;
Nor aught the Mandate shall recall,
That, fix'd by his Almighty Mind,
To endless age their date assign'd. 20

Nor let the Heav'n his praise confine;
O All of Earth the chorus join:
Ye Whales, ye Deeps, in praise conspire,
Snow, Vapour, Hail, and bick'ring Fire,
And ev'ry Wind, and ev'ry Storm, 25
That duteous his behests perform;
Ye lesser Hills, ye Mountains high,
Ye Trees, whose fruits Man's food supply,
Ye Cedars, whose expanded Shade
Nor Storms nor Ages teach to fade, 30
Ye Beasts, that range th' uncultur'd soil,
Or patient lend to Man your toil:
Praise Him, each Bird that wings the air,
Each Reptile, nurtur'd by his care;

Ye

Ye Kings and Nations of the Earth; 35
 O praise him All of princely birth,
 And Ye, whose Doom, as Justice guides,
 The long-contested cause decides.
 Ye Youthful Bands and Virgin Choir,
 Each lisping Babe, and hoary Sire, 40
 Wake to his Name your grateful songs;
 To Him alone all Praise belongs;
 His glory Earth's wide bounds o'erflows,
 Nor highest Heav'n its limit knows.
 Ye Tribes, exalted by his Arm, 45
 You, chief, the heav'nly Theme shall warm,
 Blest Sons of *Israel's* hallow'd Land,
 Who neighb'ring to his presence stand.
 O come, your thankful voices raise,
 And consecrate to Him your praise. 50

P S A L M CXLIX. *Hallelujah.*

SING to our God the new-form'd lay;
 Ye Souls who his commands obey,
 Assembling join your thankful tongues,
 And hallow with his praise your Songs.
 O *Israel*, let thy Maker's Name 5
 With joyous zeal thy breast inflame,
 And *Sion's* sons exulting sing
 The Mercies of their heav'nly King.
 Range in the dance the sacred Band,
 And urge the Minstrel's well-taught hand 10
 (Its touch with varying force applied,)
 The reins of harmony to guide,

While

P S A L M CXLIX.

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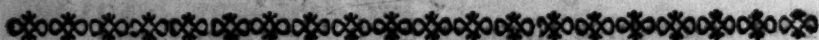
While with the loud-resounding lyre
 The timbrels in his praise conspire.
 With what delight, great God, behold 15
 Thine eyes the People of thy fold !
 Thy Strength the Souls of humble frame
 Their ever present Aid proclaim.
 With conquest crown'd, and rapt in joy,
 Let All whom thy Decrees employ 20
 Thy Name exalt with thankful mind,
 Nor cease, when on their beds reclin'd,
 The silent midnight's list'ning ear
 With songs of loudest mirth to cheer.
 Thy Mercy let their lips record; 25
 Give to their grasp the two-edg'd sword;
 And let them, guided by thy hand,
 Thy vengeance through each Heathen Land
 Distribute, and the Tribes chastise
 Whose impious Arm thy pow'r defies, 30
 Triumphant in the iron chain
 Their Nobles and their Kings detain,
 And while, inspir'd with active zeal,
 Thy prescript thus their hands fulfill,
 The glories wear for All prepar'd, 35
 Whose hearts thy just behests regard. *Hallelujah.*

P S A L M CL. *Hallelujah.*

PRAISE, O praise, the Name divine;
 Praise it at the hallow'd Shrine;
 Let the Firmament on high
 To its Maker's praise reply :

Lct

Let his Acts, and Pow'r supreme, 3
 To your Songs suggest a theme:
 Be the harp no longer mute;
 Sound the trumpet, touch the lute;
 Wake to life each tuneful string;
 Bring the pipe, the timbrel bring; 10
 Let the organ in his praise
 Learn its loudest note to raise,
 And the cymbal's varying sound
 From the vaulted roof rebound.
 All who vital breath enjoy, 15
 In his praise that breath employ,
 And in one great Chorus join;
 Praise, O praise, the Name divine.



G L O R I A P A T R I.

1. **I**N Thee, O Heav'n, O Earth, in Thee
 Be Glory to th' Eternal Three;
 That Glory, which through ages past
 Was; is; and shall for ever last.

O R T H I S.

2. To Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
 Be praise in Heav'n and Earth address'd,
 As was, and is, and yet shall be,
 When Time its latest hour shall see.

O R T H I S.

3. To Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
 Be praise in loudest notes address'd,

Such

Such as the Stars of Morning sung,
When Earth was on its balance hung,
Such praise as from th' Angelic Choirs,
And Saints whom zeal like theirs inspires,
In Heav'n above and Earth below
Still flows, and shall for ever flow.

A N O T H E R .

4. All Glory to th' Eternal Three;
Thee, Father; Thee, O Son; and Thee,
The Spirit ever blest:
That Glory, which through ages past
Unchang'd has stood, and yet shall last,
When Time has sunk to rest.

A N O T H E R .

5. All Glory to th' Eternal Three,
As was, e'er Time began to roll,
As is, nor yet shall cease to be,
When Time has reach'd its destin'd goal.

A N O T H E R .

6. Be Glory to th' Eternal Three
Ascrib'd, and highest Praise,
As was, and is, and still shall be
Beyond the end of days.

A N O T H E R .

7. To th' Eternal Three be giv'n
Praise on Earth, and Praise in Heav'n;
Such as was through ages past,
Is, and shall for ever last.

 The Translations of the GLORIA PATRI, here given, exhibit a Specimen of five different Sorts of Metre used in the Version or Paraphrase of the Psalms.



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TABLE of REFERENCES

TO THE

English BIBLE Translation of the PSALMS ;

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<i>Bible Transl.</i>	<i>Paraphr.</i>
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E R R A T A.

- Pſalm VII. Line: 21. read *Nor let my*.
 Pſ. XXII. l. 17. read *wiſh'd for*.
 Pſ. XXX. l. 21. read *obtrufive*.
 Pſ. LXIX. l. 27. read *Domestic*.
 Pſ. LXXVIII. l. 203. read *Dwellings*.
 Pſ. LXXXIX. l. 51. read *thine Arm*.
 Pſ. XCIX. Stanza 5. dele the Comma after *Aaron*.
 Pſ. CVIII. l. 30. insert a Comma after *and*.
 Pſ. CXLII. l. 8. read *infidious*.

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